



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

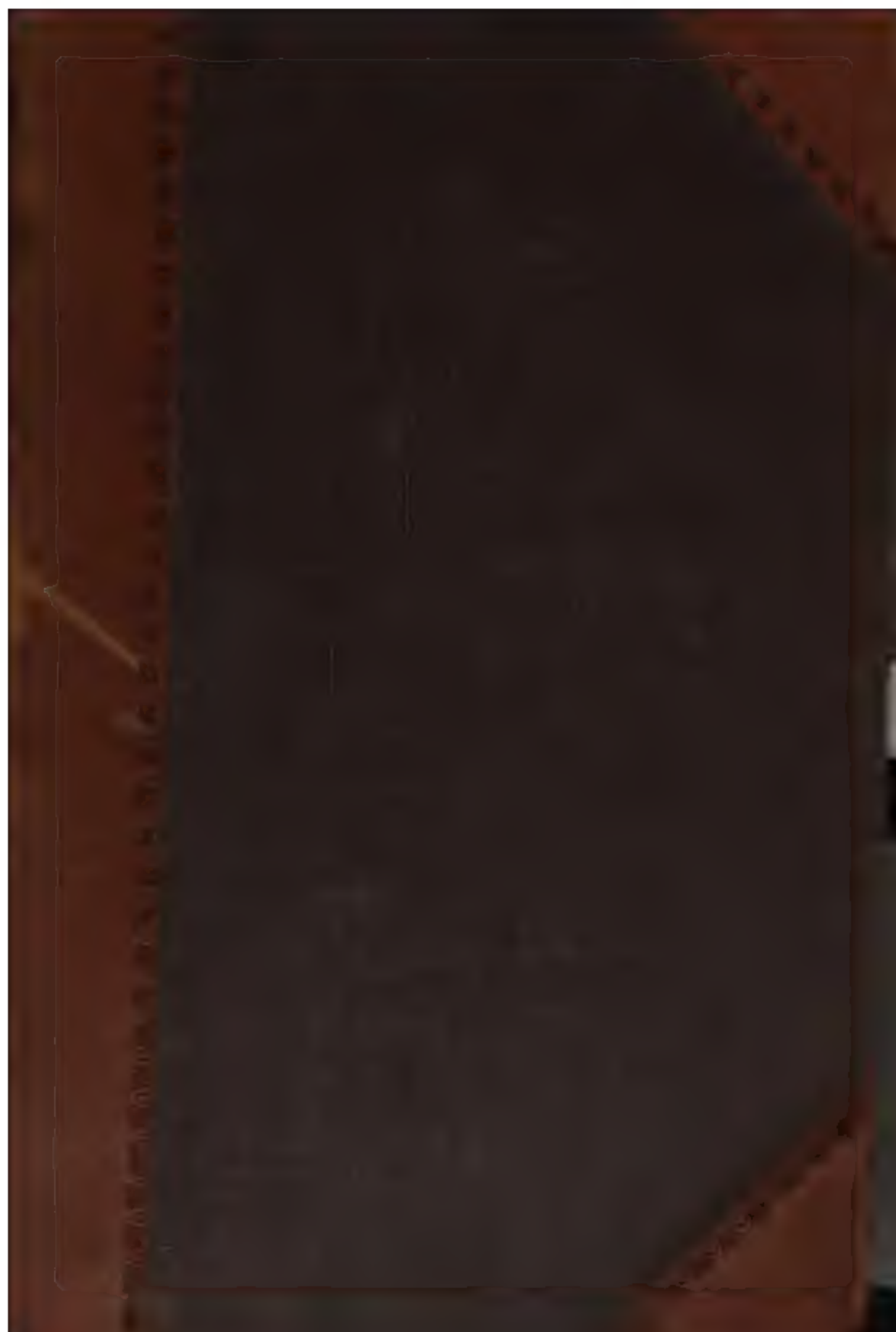
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>





600008008M

34.787.



LAYS AND LEGENDS

OF

VARIOUS NATIONS:

ILLUSTRATIVE OF THEIR

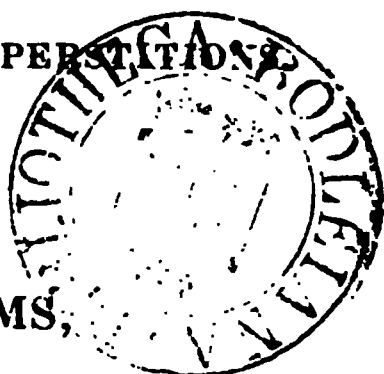
TRADITIONS, POPULAR LITERATURE,

MANNERS, CUSTOMS, AND SUPERSTITIONS.

BY

WILLIAM J. THOMS,

EDITOR OF THE "EARLY ENGLISH PROSE ROMANCES."



Lays and Legends of Germany.

"He who desires to be well acquainted with a people will not reject their Popular Stories or Local Superstitions."—SIR JOHN MALCOLM

LONDON :

GEORGE COWIE, 312, STRAND.

MDCCCLXXXIV.

LAYS AND LEGENDS

OF

VARIOUS NATIONS:

ILLUSTRATIVE OF THEIR

TRADITIONS, POPULAR LITERATURE,

MANNERS, CUSTOMS, AND SUPERSTITIONS.

BY

WILLIAM J. THOMS,

EDITOR OF THE "EARLY ENGLISH PROSE ROMANCES."



— — — — —
Lays and Legends of Germany.
— — — — —

"He who desires to be well acquainted with a people will not reject their Popular Stories or Local Superstitions."—SIR JOHN MALCOLM

— — — — —
LONDON :

GEORGE COWIE, 312, STRAND.

— — — — —
MDCCCLXXXIV.

G. COWIE, PRINTER,
13, NEWCASTLE STREET, STRAND.

INTRODUCTION.

The importance of National Tales is rather a startling phrase wherewith to commence a volume, even though such volume should be one exclusively devoted to that particular subject. Many readers, probably, will at first be somewhat disposed to smile at the high sounding tone in which such trifles as Old Wives' Legends, and Fire-side Stories, are alluded to; but a very few moments' consideration will satisfy all doubts as to whether or not such materials for reflection and history (we say history advisedly) are not worthy to be pronounced valuable and important.

Every thing that exists is, either positively or relatively, possessed of those qualities; and, should the worth of any object not be immediately apparent, it must be sought for in the uses to which it is capable of being applied: and it is this disposition to search for and exhibit "good in every thing," which principally distinguishes the Philosopher from his fellow-man.

To the former, the recovered treasures of Herculaneum abound in deeply-interesting facts and copious historical illustrations, enriching his mind with knowledge which was not elsewhere to be acquired, and exhibiting views

the state of manners and society, in by-gone days, such as the most minute historian would never dream of recording; while, to the latter, they are but so many pictures, vases, &c., which would have been as well burnt as brought to light.

To the one, a brick picked up upon the spot where Babylon once stood, teems with interest, and is fraught with information respecting "the glory of kingdoms and the beauty of the Chaldee's excellency;" while to the other, the only reflection which it suggests is a momentary wonder, that such a useless fragment of calcined earth should have endured for so many ages, or that any one should be found foolish enough to bring it from the place from whence it came. Well has it been sung of such a mind—

" A primrose on the river's brim,
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more ;"

and proudly does he, who penned that lay, mark his distinction from the common herd, when he proclaims that unto him—

" The meanest flower that blows, can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

The examination of popular tales and legends in this philosophical spirit, is a study of recent growth. Sir W. Scott, in his notes to the *Lady of the Lake*, has an interesting passage upon this subject, which we shall venture once more to extract, familiar as it must be to many of our readers, from the frequency with which it has already been quoted:—

" A work of great interest might be compiled upon the origin of Popular Fiction, and the transmission of similar tales from age to age, and from country to country. The mythology of one period would then appear to pass into the romance of the next century, and that, into the nursery tale

of the subsequent ages. Such an investigation, while it went greatly to diminish our ideas of the richness of human invention, would also show that these fictions, however wild and childish, possess such charms for the populace as enable them to penetrate into countries unconnected by manners and language, and having no apparent intercourse to afford the means of transmission. It would carry me far beyond my bounds, to produce instances of this community of fable, among nations who never borrowed from each other anything intrinsically worth learning. Indeed, the wide diffusion of popular fictions may be compared to the facility with which straws and feathers are dispersed abroad by the wind, while valuable metals cannot be transported without trouble and labour. There lives, I believe, only one gentleman whose unlimited acquaintance with this subject might enable him to do it justice : I mean my friend Mr. Francis Douce, whose usual kindness will, I hope, pardon my mentioning his name, while on a subject so closely connected with his extensive and curious researches."

To this call, it is much to be regretted, that Mr. Douce has not replied; it however attracted the attention of Sir Francis Palsgrave, and the articles on the Antiquities of Nursery Literature, and the Popular Superstitions of the Middle Ages, which that gentleman contributed to the "Quarterly Review," while they are admired for the learning and research which they exhibit, and for the agreeable style in which they are written, have also the additional merit of being the first attempts at a philosophic History of Fiction.

By all to whom this subject is interesting,—and it must be recollected, that, under whatever form it may appear, the History of Fiction is but the history of the human mind, its errings and its weaknesses,—these papers will always be looked upon with admiration and delight. Nor will

learned and amusing preface of Mr. Price, to the last edition of Warton's *History of English Poetry*, afford them less satisfaction.

To dedicate a work to the especial object pointed out by Sir Walter Scott, has been reserved for Mr. Keightley, who, in the preface to his learned and amusing volumes on the "*Fairy Mythology*," thus expresses his opinion on the subject:—

"The truth I apprehend to be this: some tales and legends are transmitted; others are, to speak geologically, independent formations. When in a tale of some length a number of circumstances are the same, and follow in the same order, I would term it transmitted.

"*** Other circumstances may be referred to what we may call the poverty of human invention; such are the swords of sharpness, and the shoes of swiftness, every where to be met with. Who knows not how valiant Jack the Giant Killer out-witted the Giant, who thought to slay him in the night with his club? The god Thor was on his journey to Utgard illuded in the same way by his guide Scrymner; and that sly rogue, Ahmed of Isfahan, played the very same trick on the stupid Goole. Must we suppose this device to have been a part of the stock our forefathers brought from the back of Caucasus."

"There is a third class which I find more difficult to dispose of. Mr. Morier heard Whittington and his Cat in Persia; Magalotti told it in Italy of one Ansaldo Degli Ormanni; and two churches in Denmark were raised by the possessors of lucky cats. Who now can take it upon him to assign the birth-place of this legend? And is it not possible that the European and Asiatic versions of so simple a fiction may be independent?"

Such were the views which resulted from his researches

into the wide field of Fairy Lore. His reasons for entertaining such views he has now given in the little volume just alluded to,* a volume to which we earnestly call the attention of all who are wise enough to deem this chapter in the history of the human mind, one not unworthy of study. They will find in the work before us ingenious speculation, graceful learning, and abundance of amusing narratives; and though they may not admit the validity of all the writer's arguments, they must certainly accord to them the merit of being agreeably and skilfully advanced. The Editor of this little work dissents from several of the propositions laid down in the volume in question; why he does so, the present is not the time or place for declaring, and moreover there are few men with whom he would be less willing to break a lance than Mr. Keightley, who is a giant in his learning, and withal "skilful of fence." As opportunities however occur, and they will, in the course of this publication, he will take the liberty of pointing out what he considers the untenable points of that gentleman's theory, and, at the same time, such further confirmations of the well founded parts of it, as they from time to time suggest themselves.

Since we have mentioned Mr. Keightley's name, we cannot pass over in silence another important work relating to this subject, in the preparation of which that gentleman appears to have had no inconsiderable share—we allude, of course, to Mr. Crofton Croker's "*Fairy Legends of the South of Ireland*,"—a work which has contributed largely to the amusement of the general reader—as well

* *Tales and Popular Fictions, their Resemblance and Transmission from Country to Country.* London, 1834. Whittaker and Co.

as to the gratification of the antiquarian enquirer in the wide field of romantic fiction. With the "German Popular Stories" translated from Grimm's inestimable little volumes, and which were illustrated, no less ably, by the notes of the translator, than by the delightful graver of George Cruikshank, we must close our list of English works, on the subject of Legendary Lore. Not one of them, alas ! dedicated to the preservation of the Legends of our "*Father Land*."—To rescue these scattered relics from the destroying hand of Time—is one of the principal objects of our little work, and one in which we most earnestly implore the assistance of our readers.*

On the continent, meanwhile, this study has long been pursued with avidity, and the works of Thiele in Denmark, and of the Brothers Grimm in Germany, attest the consequence which may be given to a subject of such apparently trivial importance. The tales of Denmark and Germany, preserved in their volumes, are of considerable interest to us, from their affinity to those of our native country, and this interest has been increased by the illustrations which they have received at the hands of their respective Editors, whose taste and acquirements have thus enabled them to place

" Upon old Hyems' chin and icy crown
An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds."

With the Tales of France and Italy, we have better acquaintance ; and, although those of our northern brethren

* The communication of any inedited English Lays or Legends, addressed to the Editor (post paid) at 312, Strand, will be considered favour : and one which will be considerably enhanced if their genuineness be confirmed by the confidential disclosure of the real &c. of the relator.

bear evident traces of their alliance to these sparkling productions, yet the marks of national character which are everywhere so strongly impressed upon them, give them at once an appearance of novelty, and that raciness which is considered the best test of originality. One feature, which will most forcibly point out the distinction between the fictions of the north and south, is the introduction into the former, as into the old mysteries of this country, of sacred personages and events—even of the Creator himself. The sober inhabitants of Germany, but little accustomed to the debasing irony of the sceptic, are habituated from their earliest childhood to look upon sacred subjects with the reverence which is so justly due to them; and thence it is, that the familiarity with which the names and personages of Scripture are so frequently introduced into their tales, and which the less religious would consider as a sign of contempt, is, by their pious and well-ordered minds, recognised only as an evidence of endearment and respect.

But our limits here compel us to break off our enquiry; for entering into which, should any apology be required of us, we shall offer it in the example of those great men, who have preceded us in our admiration of those legends—

“Quas ad ignem aniculæ
Narrant puellis.”

A perusal of Shakspeare must satisfy us of his fondness for them: Luther, in his Table Talk, has expressly declared his intense admiration of them. The opinion of the Ariosto of the North has already been recorded: a quotation (now somewhat trite) from Sir John Malcolm's Sketches of Persia, shall conclude our list of authorities:—“I quite understand, my good friend,” said I, “the contempt you

bestow upon the nursery tales with which the Hajee and I have been entertaining each other; but believe me, he who desires to be well acquainted with a people, will not reject their popular stories, or local superstitions. Depend upon it, that man is too far advanced into an artificial state of society, who is a stranger to the effects which tales and stories like these have upon the feelings of a nation; and his opinions of its character are never likely to be more erroneous than when, in the pride of reason, he despises such means of forming his judgment."

After this declaration in favor of National Tales, do National and Popular Ballads, which

"The spinsters and the knitters in the sun.

And the free maids that weave their thread with bones,

Do use to chaunt,"

require a word in their praise? If their own merits and intrinsic beauty do not secure them favour in the sight of the reader, no eulogium emanating from this pen could avail aught, in procuring it for them. One word, however, the translator hopes he may here be permitted—and it is—that he trusts the fidelity with which he has endeavoured to render the Ballads of other Countries into English, will prove a sufficient apology for any lack of spirit discernible in his translations. His object has been to translate—and not to paraphrase.

LAYS AND LEGENDS.

Germany.

LEGENDS OF THE KYFFHAUSER MOUNTAIN.

It is commonly said of this mountain that the Emperor Frederick holds his court there, and that he at times appears to travellers, and converses with them. It is indeed believed by many that the Emperor Frederick still lives, and will continue to do so until the day of judgment; nay more, that there has been no rightful Emperor since his time, and the supporters of these opinions have long existed—and never even attempted to conceal them. It is therefore supposed by many, that before the last day, a mighty Emperor shall arise, who will procure peace for Christendom—make a voyage over sea—and conquer the holy sepulchre—and he has been called Frederick, on account of his love of peace, not that he was so christened.

THE CELLAR OF THE OLD KNIGHTS IN THE KYFFHAUSER.

There was a poor, but worthy, and withal very merry fellow at Tilleda, who was once put to the expense of a christening—and as luck would have it, it was the eighth.

According to the custom of the time, he was obliged to give a plain feast to the child's sponsors. The wine of the country which he set before his guests was soon exhausted, and they began to call for more.—“Go,” said the merry father of the newly baptized child, to his eldest daughter, a handsome girl of sixteen—“Go, and get us better wine than this out of the cellar.”—“Out of what cellar?”—“Why, out of the great wine-cellar of the old Knights in the Kyffhauser, to be sure,” said her father, jokingly.

The simple-minded girl did as he told her, and taking a small pitcher in her hand, went to the mountain. In the middle of the mountain she found an aged housekeeper, dressed in a very old-fashioned style, with a large bundle of keys at her girdle, sitting at the ruined entrance of an immense cellar. The girl was struck dumb with amazement. But the old woman said very kindly—“Of a surety you want to draw wine out of the Knights' cellar.” “Yes,” said the girl timidly, “but I have not any money.” “Never mind that,” said the old woman, “come with me, and you shall have wine for nothing, and better wine too, than your father ever tasted.”

So the two went together through the half blocked up entrance, and as they went along, the old woman made the girl tell her how affairs were going on at that time in Tilleda. “For once,” said she, “once I was as young, and good looking as you are, when the knights stole me away in the night-time, and brought me through a hole in the ground from the very house in Tilleda which now belongs to your father. Shortly before that, they had carried away by force from Kelbra, in broad daylight, the four beautiful damsels who occasionally still ride about here on horses richly caparisoned, and then disappear again. As for me, as

soon as I grew old, they made me their butler, and I have been so ever since."

They had now reached the cellar door, which the old woman opened. It was a very large roomy cellar, with barrels ranged along both sides. The old woman rapped against the barrels—some were quite full, some only half full. She took the little pitcher, drew it full of wine, and said: "There, take that to your father, and as often as you have a feast in your house you may come here again; but, mind, tell nobody but your father, where you get the wine from.—Mind, too, you must never sell any of it—it costs you nothing, and for nothing you must give it away. Let any one but come here for wine, to make a profit of it, and his last bread is baked."

The girl took the wine to her father—whose guests were highly delighted with it—and sadly puzzled to think where it came from. And ever afterwards, when there was a little merry-making in the house, would the girl fetch wine from the Kyffhauser in her little pitcher. But this state of things did not continue long. The neighbours wondered where so poor a man contrived to get such delicious wine, that there was none like it in the whole country round. But the father said not a word to any one—and neither did his daughter.

Opposite to them, however, lived the publican who sold adulterated wine. He had once tasted the Old Knights wine, and thought to himself, one might mix this with ten times the quantity of water, and sell it for a good price after all. Accordingly, when the girl went for the fourth time with her little pitcher to the Kyffhauser, he crept after her, and concealed himself among the bushes, where he watched until he saw her come out of the entrance which led to the cellar, with her pitcher filled with wine.

On the following evening he himself went to the moun-

tain, pushing before him in a wheelbarrow the largest empty barrel he could procure. This he thought to fill with the choicest wine he could find in the cellar, and in the night to roll it down the mountain—and in this way, he intended to come every day, as long as there was any wine left in the cellar.

When, however, he came to the place where he had the day before seen the entrance to the cellar, it grew all of a sudden totally dark. The wind began to howl fearfully, and a monster threw him, his barrow and empty butt, from one ridge of rocks to another, and he kept falling lower and lower, until at last he fell into a cemetery.

There he saw before him a coffin covered with black, and his wife and four of her gossips, whom he knew well, by their dress and figures, were following the bier. His fright was so great that he swooned.

After some hours he came to himself again, and saw, to his horror, that he was still in the dimly-lighted vaults, and heard just above his head the (to him) well-known town clock of Tilleda strike twelve; and thereby he knew that it was midnight, and that he was then under the church, in the burying-place of the town. He was more dead than alive, and scarcely dared to breathe.

Presently there came a monk, who led him up a long, long flight of steps, opened a door, placed, without speaking, a piece of gold in his hand, and deposited him at the foot of the mountain. It was a cold frosty night. By degrees, the publican recovered himself, and crept, without barrel or wine, back to his own home. The clock struck one as he reached the door. He immediately took to his bed, and in three days was a dead man; and the piece of gold, which the wizard monk had given to him, was expended on his funeral.

THE GOLDEN KNOPS OF FLAX.*

Many, many years ago, there once went a whole swarm of boys from Kelbra to the Kyffhauser to gather nuts. They went into the old castle, came to a winding staircase which they descended, and there they found a small apartment with beautiful octagonal red and blue windows. In one corner there laid a spindle with flax, and in the other a large heap of knops of flax. Every boy took a hatful of these last, and then they ran laughing out, and strewed them about on their way home. When the boys got back to Kelbra, it was supper time.

The poorest of the boys found his parents just about to say grace : he took his hat off, and something shining fell out of it, and jingled upon the floor ; and then another piece, and then another piece, and then seven more. The mother went to pick them up, and behold ! they were golden knops of flax which some magic lady, or, perhaps, the Empress herself, had sent as a gift to the poor man that he might be enabled to apprentice his son to some trade.

All the neighbours came, of course, to see the wonderful knops of flax. On the following day all Kelbra flew to the Kyffhauser : all sought, but nobody found, either the red and blue windows, or the heaps of golden knops of flax.

THE WONDERFUL FLOWER.

There was once a shepherd who fed his flocks at the foot of the Kyffhauser. He was a good-looking man, and be-

* Knops of Flax.—So, on the authority of the Yorkshire dialect, in which the hanks, or balls of flax, are thus designated, do I venture to translate the German, FLACHSKNOPFEN.

loved of a very good, but poor girl. Yet neither he, nor she, had house or money to begin house-keeping with. Sorrowfully, indeed, did he ascend the mountain ; but, the higher he got, (it was a lovely day) the more readily did he seem to shake off his sorrows. No sooner had he reached the top of the mountain than he found a wondrously beautiful flower, whose like he had never seen. He gathered it, and placed it in his hat, intending it as a present for his future bride.

Above the castle he found an open vault, the entrance to which was only in part filled up : he entered, and found a number of small glittering stones scattered upon the ground, and picked up as many of them as his small pockets would hold. He was just about returning into the open air again, when he heard a hollow voice call out to him, "Forget not the best." He knew not what followed, nor how he got out of the vault again. But no sooner did he once more see the sun and his flock, than he shut close after him the door, which he had never noticed before.

He seized his hat, and the wonderful flower, which he intended for his bride, was gone. It had fallen out with his stumbling. All of a sudden there stood before him a dwarf. "What have you done with the wonderful flower which you found." "Lost it," sorrowfully exclaimed the shepherd. "It was destined for you," said the dwarf, "and is worth more than the whole Rotenburg."

With a downcast heart did the shepherd return that evening to his bride, and when he related to her the history of the wonderful flower which he had lost, both wept. For they had lost their only chance of a house and a wedding.—At last the shepherd remembered the shining pebbles, and threw them playfully into the lap of his beloved—and be-

hold! they were pieces of pure gold. They were not long before they purchased a house and a piece of ground, and in less than a month they were man and wife.

And the wonderful flower—it has vanished! and is, to the present day, sought by mountaineers, not only in the Kyffhauser, but since hidden treasures move from place to place, in the Quastenburg also, and even on the northern side of the Hartz: and the fortunate one, for whom it is destined, will have it still.

THE GOAT-HERD.*

Peter Klaus, a goatherd of Sittendorf, who tended herds on the Kyffhauser mountain, used to let them rest of an evening in a spot surrounded by an old wall, where he always counted them to see if they were all right. For some days he noticed that one of his finest goats, as they came to this spot, vanished, and never returned to the herd till late. He watched him more closely, and at length saw him slip through a rent in the wall. He followed him, and caught him in a cave, feeding sumptuously upon the grains of oats, which fell one by one from the roof. He looked up, shook his head at the shower of oats, but, with all his care, could discover nothing farther. At length he heard overhead the neighing and stamping of some mettlesome horses, and concluded that the oats must have fallen from their mangers.

While the goatherd stood there, wondering about these horses in a totally uninhabited mountain, a lad came and

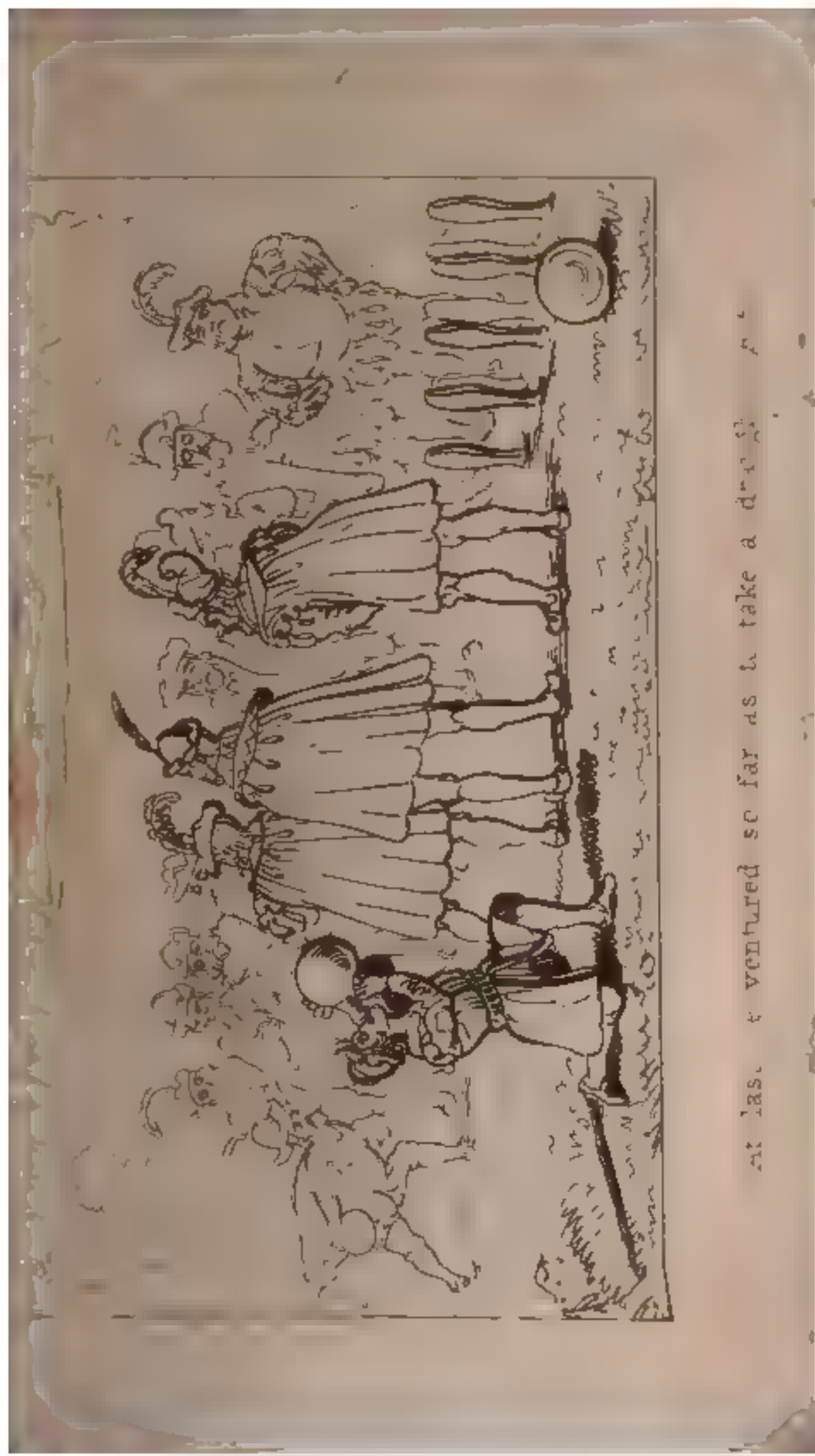
* This Legend will at once be recognised, as the original of Washington Irving's quaint and delightful Story of Rip van Winkle.

made signs to him to follow him silently. Peter ascended some steps, and, crossing a walled court, came to a glade surrounded by rocky cliffs, into which a sort of twilight made its way through the thick-leaved branches. Here he found twelve grave old knights playing at skittles, at a well levelled and fresh plat of grass. Peter was silently appointed to set up the ninepins for them.

At first, his knees knocked together as he did this, while he marked with half-stolen glances, the long beards and goodly paunches of the noble knights. By degrees, however, he grew more confident, and looked at every thing about him with a steady gaze; nay, at last he ventured so far as to take a draught from a pitcher which stood near him, the fragrance of which appeared to him delightful. He felt quite revived by the draught; and as often as he felt at all tired, received new strength from application to the inexhaustible pitcher. But at length sleep overcame him.

When he awoke, he found himself once more in the enclosed green space where he was accustomed to leave his goats. He rubbed his eyes, but could discover neither dog nor goats, and stared with surprise at the height to which the grass had grown, and at the bushes and trees, which he never remembered to have noticed. Shaking his head, he proceeded along the roads and paths which he was accustomed to traverse daily with his herd, but could no where see any traces of his goats. Below him, he saw Sittendorf, and at last he descended with quickened step, there to make enquiries after his herd.

The people whom he met at the entrance of the town were unknown to him—were dressed, and spoke, differently from those whom he had known there; moreover, they all



at las. e ventured so far as to take a dress

stared at him when he inquired about his goats, and began stroaking their chins. At last, almost involuntarily, he did the same, and found to his great astonishment that his beard was grown to be a foot long. He began now to think himself and the world all bewitched together, and yet he felt sure that the mountain from which he had descended was the Kyffhauser, and the houses here with their gardens and fore-courts, were all familiar to him. Moreover, several lads whom he heard telling the name of the place to a traveller, called it Sittendorf.

Shaking his head, he proceeded into the town straight to his own house. He found it sadly fallen to decay: before it lay a strange herd-boy in tattered garments, and near him an old worn out dog, which growled and showed his teeth at Peter when he called him. He entered by the opening, which had formerly been closed by a door, but found within all so desolate and empty, that he staggered out again like a drunkard, and called his wife and children. But no one heard—no voice answered him.

Women and children now began to surround the strange old man with the long hoary beard, and to contend with one another in inquiring of him what he wanted. He thought it so ridiculous to make inquiries of strangers before his own house, after his wife and children, and still more so, after himself, that he mentioned the first neighbour that occurred to him—"Kirt Stiffen?" All were silent, and looked at one another, till an old woman said, "he has left here these twelve years: he lives at Sachsenberg, you'll hardly get there to day." "Velten Maier." "God help him!" said an old crone leaning on a crutch, "he has been confined for these fifteen years in the house, which he'll never leave again."

He recognized, as he thought, his suddenly aged neighbour, but he had lost all desire of asking any more questions. At last a brisk young woman, with a boy of a twelvemonth old in her arms, and with a little girl holding her hand, made her way through the gaping crowd, and they looked for all the world like his wife and children. "What is your name?" said Peter, astonished. "Maria." "And your ather?" "God have mercy on him—Peter Klaus. It is twenty years since we sought him day and night on the Kyffhauser; when his goats came home without him. I was only seven years old when it happened."

The goatherd could no longer contain himself. "I am Peter Klaus," cried he, "and no other;" and he took the babe from his daughter's arms. All stood like statues for a minute, till one and then another began to cry, "Here's Peter Klaus come back again. Welcome, neighbour—welcome, after twenty years—welcome, Peter Klaus."

THE OLD NEW MARRIED COUPLE.

There dwelt in Tilleda a poor, but pious, working man, whose daughter was engaged to be married to a very honest, but needy, workman. Their wedding-day arrived; the guests were all invited; and no one had ever recollected that in the whole house there was nothing more than one earthen pot, one dish, and two plates. "What are we to do?" they all exclaimed, and no one knew what to advise. At last, the father said, half in joke and half in earnest, "Oh! go up the Kyffhauser, and perhaps the Princess will lend you all you want."

Thither the happy pair actually went. Before the opening in the mountain, there stood the Princess. They approach-

ed her with bows and curtseys, and laid before her all their troubles. Her Imperial Highness laughed and commanded them to follow her, whereupon Hans and Grethel were beside themselves for joy. The Princess first gave them something to eat, and then packed with her own never-withering hands, a great hamper of plates, dishes, spoons, &c. Hans and Grethel thanked her in their best style, and promised to take them all safe back again on the following morning, and to bring with them at the same time some of the rice pap and wedding-cake.

How they hurried to get back to Tilleda, although the covered hamper was so very heavy ! but how surprised they were, when they reached it, to see an entirely new Tilleda stand before them ! On the spot, where her father's hut should be, they found a large farm-yard. Not a neighbour's house was there that they had recognised—nor even a tree or a garden—where they had been wont to see them. There were none but strangers, who gathered around the perplexed pair and regarded them with as much wonder and curiosity, as they, in their turns, bestowed upon the gaping crowds.

They placed their burthen on the ground, and began to consider their condition. In the meanwhile, up came the parson of the parish. Grethel made up to him, complained that they were betrayed, and, as it were, hoaxed by the people ; told him how she had gone the day before to the Kyffhauser ; and, in short, made him acquainted with the whole adventure. The priest thereupon took the new-married couple home with him, examined the church books, and thereby discovered that Hans and Grethel had been n't more than two hundred years in the Kyffhauser.

THE ENCHANTED EMPEROR.

We have already mentioned the enchanted Emperor Frederick, we will now relate some instances of the manner in which he still shows himself to the living. He having cursed and condemned himself to this place, with some of his companions, he there sits with them upon a bench round a stone table, holding his head upon his hand. He appears to rest or sleep; his red beard has grown through the table down to his feet; he every now and then nods his head and twinkles his eyes, as if he either did not sleep comfortably, or else was about to wake up again.

THE SHEPHERD AND THE EMPEROR.

A shepherd once upon the Kyffhauser mountain whistled a little song, with which the Emperor was so well pleased, that he sent for him by one of his attendants and gave him out of the treasury, there buried, a large sum of gold, in return for the pleasure which the shepherd had afforded him. He then asked whether the ravens still flew about the mountain, and when the shepherd answered they did, then, said he, 'Now must I still sleep for a hundred years!'

THE EMPEROR AND THE MUSICIAN.

In his enchanted condition the Emperor is very fond of music. Many a goatherd, who has here played upon his pipe, has before now been invited to perform something before the Emperor, and liberally rewarded by him for doing so. *This was well known to the whole country.* A company of

musicians determined, therefore, to treat him to a full serenade. Accordingly, one gloomy midnight, they all ascended the mountain; and when they heard the clock of Tilleda below, strike twelve, they began to play.

After awhile the princess came dancing towards them, with lights in her hands; and, by gestures, invited them to follow her. The mountain opened, and the whole band marched in, playing as they went. Eating and drinking of the best was set before them, in the first style; and they did justice to the entertainment. It was, indeed, thoroughly good; but they would willingly have had into the bargain a few of the brilliant things which they saw lying every where about them. Nobody, however, offered them any. Not quite pleased, therefore, they at length broke up, as soon as morning dawned, thinking in their own minds that they were sure, at their departure, of some drink-money. But the Emperor bowed them out, in a very friendly way, just as great lords are in the habit of doing; and his daughter presented each of the musicians with a green bough.

Out of respect to her every one accepted of it; but when they were once more in the open air they threw their boughs away, and laughed and joked at the idea of such an imperial gift. One of the party only took care of his bough, intending to keep it as a memorial of the event. When he reached home and handed it to his wife, lo, and behold! every leaf upon it was changed into a ten-dollar piece. The others were not long before they ran back to the mountain, in hopes of recovering their branches, but they had all vanished.

before him, and reached down to his feet. At the sight of him the miner lost all sense of seeing or hearing.

At length the monk returned, and drew his companion away. The silver doors closed of themselves, the iron doors slammed together after them with a dreadful clatter. After they had again passed through the cloister to the place where they first arrived, the round mass of earth gradually descended. They stepped upon it, and were gently lifted up once more into the open air.

Before they parted, the monk gave the miner two small fragments of an unknown ore, which he had brought with him from the chapel; and which his great grand-children preserve till this day, as a memorial of this event.

NORZ.—Busching's *Völksmärchen* 319—339. The reader whose curiosity may prompt him to make further enquiries into the history of Frederick Barbarossa, is referred to Grimm's *Deutsche Sagen* 1. s. 382—384, and Dobeneck, *Des Deutschen Mittelalters* Bd. 2.—s. 136—149.

SONG OF THE UNFAITHFUL MAIDEN.

There shine three stars in heaven

Which to Love a glory lend ;

“God greet thee, fairest maiden,

My steed where shall I bind?”

“Oh! take thy steed by bridle and bit,

And up to yon willow-tree fasten it:

Then sit thee here a little while,

And merrily we'll the time beguile.”

"I cannot, and may not, sit me here,
And I may not merry be;
For, oh! my heart is troubled sore,
And, dearest, 'tis all for thee!"

What did he from his pocket draw?
A sharp knife and a true;
He thrust it in his dearest's heart,
The red blood o'er him flew.

And when he drew it out again
It was all red with blood;
"Oh! how bitter, now, will my death be,
Thou gracious God and good!"

What did he from her finger draw?
A fair small ring of gold;
He threw it in the running stream,
Bright was it to behold!

"Swim here, swim there, thou little gold ring,
Swim where the deep seas roar;
For she I loved, alas! is dead,
No dainty love have I more."

Thus is't if a maiden have lovers twain,
It rarely endeth well:
The sorrows which these two endured,
Such false Love's fate will tell.

NOTE.—Herder, 1, p. 38.—"The subject of the song," says Herder, "is a daring and frightfully proceeding action: a small lyric picture. Othello is a huge sublime fresco-painting."

GAFFER DEATH.

There was once a poor man, who had twelve children, and he was obliged to labour day and night, that he might earn food for them. When at length, as it so happened, a thirteenth came into the world, the poor man did not know how to help himself, so ran out into the highway, determined to ask the first person he met, to be godfather to the boy.*

Then there came stalking up to him, Death, who said, "Take me for a godfather." "Who are you?" said the man. "I am Death, who make all equal." Then said the man, "you are one of the right sort, you seize on rich and poor without distinction, you shall be the child's godfather." Death answered "I will make the boy rich and renowned throughout the world, for he who has me for a friend can want for nothing." Said the man, "Next Sunday will he be christened, mind and come at the right time." Death accordingly appeared as he promised, and stood godfather to the child.

When the boy at length grew up, his godfather came to him one day, took him with him into a wood, and when they were quite alone said. "Now shall you have your godfather's present, I will make a most famous physician of you. For whenever you are called to a sick person, I will take care and show myself to you; if I stand at the foot of the bed, say boldly, I will soon restore you to health, and give

* The passages which here follow in the original, could not be translated, without offending the religious feeling of the majority of English readers. The Creator and the Spirit of Evil are both introduced, in a manner perfectly consonant with that tone of feeling, which in our introductory notice, we have pointed out as one of the *characteristics of the spirit of the German Tales.*

the patient some of a little herb which I will point out to you, and he will soon be well; if however I stand at the head of the sick person, he is mine, then say, 'All help is useless, he must soon die.' " Then Death shewed him the little herb and said: "Take heed that you never use it in opposition to my will."

It was not long before our hero was the most celebrated physician in the whole world. The moment he sees a person, said every one, he knows whether or not he'll recover; accordingly, he was in great request, people came from far and near to consult him; they gave him as much money as he desired, so that he very soon had made an immense fortune. Now it so happened that the King was taken ill, and the physician was called upon to say whether he must die. As he went up to the bed he saw Death standing at the sick man's head, so that there was no chance of his recovery. The physician thought perhaps if he outwitted Death, he would not be much offended, seeing that he was his godfather, so he caught hold of the king and turned him round, so that by that means Death was standing at his feet; then he gave him some of the herb, and the king recovered and was once more well. But Death came to the physician with a very angry and gloomy countenance, and said, "I will forgive you this time what you have done, because I am your godfather, but if you ever venture to betray me again, you must take the consequences."

Shortly after this, the King's daughter fell sick, and nobody could cure her. The old King wept day and night, until his eyes were blinded, and at last, he proclaimed, that whosoever rescued her from death should be rewarded by marrying her and inheriting his throne. The physician came, but *Death was standing* at the head of the princess.

Yet when the physician beheld the beauty of the King's daughter, and thought of the promises which the King had made, he forgot all the warnings which he had received; and although Death frowned angrily all the while, he turned the patient so that Death stood at her feet, and gave her some of the healing herb, so that he once more put life into her veins.

But when Death saw that he was a second time cheated out of his property, he stepped up to his physician, and said,—"Now, follow me," laid hold of him with his icy-cold hand, and led him into a subterraneous cave, in which there were thousands and thousands of burning candles, ranged in innumerable rows. Some were whole, some half-burnt out, some nearly consumed; every instant some went out, and fresh ones were lighted, so that the little flames seemed perpetually hopping about. "Behold!" said Death, the life-candles of mankind. The large ones belong to children, those half consumed to middle-aged people, the little ones to the aged. Yet children and young people have oftentimes but a little candle; and when that is burnt out, then life is at an end, and they are mine." And the physician said, "Show me now my candle!" Then Death pointed out a very little candle-end, which was glimmering in the socket, and said, "Behold!" Then the physician was afraid, and said—"Oh! dearest godfather, light me up a new one, that I may first enjoy my life—be king and husband of the beautiful princess."—"I cannot do so," said Death; "one must burn out before I can light up another." "Place the old one upon a new one, then, that that may burn on when this is at end," said the physician. Then Death pretended as if he would comply with this wish, reached a large new candle—but to revenge himself, pur-

posely failed in putting it up, and the little piece fell and was extinguished. Then the physician sunk with it, and so he himself fell into the hands of Death.

¹ **NOTE.**—Grimm, *Kinder, und Haus Märchen*, i—215—218. This tale is from Heese. It forms the subject of an Easter night play, by Jacob Ayer, and is likewise related by Proterius in his *Gluckskopf*, 1669. p. 147—149.

The late Mr. Price in his learned preface to Warton's *History of English Poetry*, p. 87, says: "The mysterious cave of Gaffer Death receives its chief importance from its resemblance to a similar scene in the vision of Timarchus." Adding, in a note upon the above passage: "In Plutarch's tract, *De Genio Socratis*, Timarchus is made to address his mysterious guide thus: 'But I see nothing except a number of stars shooting about the chasm, some of which are plunging into it, and others shining brilliantly and rising out of it.' These are said to be the intellectual portions of the soul, (Noms) or demoniacal intelligences, and the ascending stars souls upon their return from earth; the others, souls descending into life, C 23. In this we receive the key to the attributes bestowed upon the ancient divinities, who presided over generation, childbirth, &c. such as Lucina, Artemis Phosphorus, &c. and hence also the analogies between the stories of Melenger and Nornagest, may be explained from a common point of popular faith."

THE LAY OF THE YOUNG COUNT.

I stood upon a lofty hill
And looked down in a vale,
And there I saw a little ship
In which three Counts did sail.
The youngest of the Countys three,
Who in that ship did pass;
Did sore entreat his love to drink
Out of a Venice glass.*

NOTE.—According to tradition, a glass which poisoned every thing that was poured into it so says Herder."

What is't thou pourest for me to drink ?

What is't thou givest to me ?

Now will I to a cloister go,

And God's handmaiden be !

And wilt thou to a cloister go,

And God's handmaiden be ?

Go, go—in God's name go, I say,

There are others fair as thee !

When midnight came, the young Count dreamt,

A dream filled him with dread,

That she his heart so dearly prized

Had to a cloister fled.

Up, up, my page, bestir thyself,

And saddle our good steeds twain,

For we will ride, be it day or night,

My love is worth the pain.

And when they 'fore the cloister came,

And its high gate beheld ;

He called for the youngest nun,

Who in that cloister dwell'd.

The young nun she came forth to him

In snow white garb and veil,

Her hair it was all cut off,

Her red mouth it was pale.

The youth he sat him down there,

On a stone his seat he's ta'en ;

He wept full sore, bright were his tears,

His heart it burst in twain.

NOTE.—There are many variations of this song, which is still popular and frequently sung in Germany. We have however adopted the

version printed by Herder, in his *Volkslieder* Bd. 1. s. 15. (the most beautiful book of its sort that ever was written!) Herder says of the song in question, that he gives it as it is "sung by the people in Alsace." The air is doleful, and moving, and resembles a psalm in its simplicity,

BROTHER MERRY;

OR, THE ADVENTURES OF AN OLD SOLDIER.

In days of yore, there was a great war; and when the war was at an end, a great number of the soldiers were discharged. Among the rest, Brother Merry received his discharge, and nothing more for all he had done than a very little loaf of soldier's bread, and four halfpence in money—and with that he went his way. But St. Peter had seated himself in the road, like a poor beggar-man, and when Brother Merry came there, he asked him for charity. Then said the soldier, "Dear beggar-man, what shall I give you: I have been a soldier, and have got my discharge, and with it nothing but a very little loaf and four halfpence; and when that is gone, I must beg as well as yourself." Then he divided the loaf into four parts, gave the apostle one, and also one halfpenny. St. Peter thanked him, and went a little farther, and seated himself like another beggar in the way of the soldier; and when he came up, as formerly, asked alms of him. Brother Merry spoke as before, and gave him again another quarter of the loaf, and another halfpenny.

St. Peter thanked him, and seated himself in the way for the third time like another beggar, and again addressed Brother Merry. Brother Merry gave him *then* the third quarter of the loaf, and *the third halfpenny*.

St. Peter thanked him, and Brother Merry journeyed on; and all he had left was one fourth of the loaf and one halfpenny. So he went into a tavern, and ate the bread and spent the halfpenny in beer to drink with it. When he had finished, he journeyed on; and St. Peter, in the disguise of a disbanded soldier, met him again, and saluted him: "Good day, comrade," said he; "can you give me a morsel of bread, and a halfpenny to get a drop of drink?" "Where shall I get it?" answered Brother Merry. "I got my discharge, and nothing with it but a loaf and four halfpence. Three beggars met me on the road, and I gave each of them a quarter of the loaf and a halfpenny. The last part I have just eaten at the tavern, and spent the last halfpenny in drink. Now am I quite empty, and if you also have nothing more, let us go begging together." "No, that will not be necessary just now," said St. Peter: "I understand a little of doctoring, and therewith will I in time obtain as much as I need." "Ha!" said Brother Merry, "I know nothing about that; so I must go and beg by myself." "Now only come along," said St. Peter; "if I can earn any thing, you shall go halves." "That will suit me well enough," said Brother Merry. So they travelled together.

Now they came to a cottage, and heard great lamenting and screaming inside; and when they went in, there lay a man sick to the death, as if about to expire, and his wife crying and weeping loudly. "Leave off whining and crying," said St. Peter; "I will make the man well again;"—and he took a salve out of his pocket, and cured the man instantly, so that he could stand up, and was quite hearty. The man and his wife in great joy demanded, "How can we pay you? What shall we give you?" But St. Peter would not take any thing, and the more they pressed him to

do so, the more firmly he declined. But Brother Merry nudged him and said, "Take something, take something: we want it indeed." At last the peasant brought a lamb, and insisted upon St. Peter's accepting it; but he would not. Then Brother Merry jogged his side, "Take it yet, you foolish fellow! we want it bad enough." Then said St. Peter at last, "Well, I'll take the lamb; but I shall not carry it, you must carry it." "There's no great hardship in that," cried Brother Merry; "I can easily do it;"—and he took it on his shoulders.

After that, they went on till they came to a wood, when Brother Merry found the lamb a heavy load, and being now very hungry, he called to St. Peter, "Hallo! here is a nice place for us to dress and eat the lamb." "With all my heart," said St. Peter; "but I don't understand any thing of cookery, so do you begin, and I will just walk about till it is ready; but mind you don't begin to eat till I return; I will take care to be back in time." "Go your ways," said Brother Merry; "I can cook it well enough—I'll soon have it ready." So St Peter wandered away while Brother Merry lighted the fire, killed the lamb, put the pieces into the pot, and boiled them. The lamb, however, was thoroughly boiled, and his companion not returned; so Merry took it up, carved it, and found the heart. "That is the best part of it," said he, and kept tasting it till he finished it. At length St. Peter came back, and said, "I only want the heart; all the rest you may have, so you give me that." Then Brother Merry took knife and fork, and turned the lamb as if he would have found the heart; but he could not. At last he said, in a careless manner, "It is not there." "No! where should it be then?" said the Saint. "That I don't know," said Merry; "but now I think of it,

what a couple of fools we are to look for the heart of a lamb!—a lamb, you know, has not got a heart.” “What!” said St. Peter, “that’s news indeed; why, every beast has a heart, and why should not the lamb have one as well as the rest?” “No, certainly, comrade, a lamb has no heart: now only reflect, and it will occur to you that it really has not.” “Well, it is quite sufficient—there is no heart there, so I need none of the lamb—you may eat it all.” “Well, what I can’t eat, I’ll put in my knapsack,” said Brother Merry. Then he ate half, and disposed of the other as he had said.

Now as they journeyed on, St. Peter managed that a great stream should flow right across their path, through which they must ford. Then, said he, “Go you first.” “No,” answered Brother Merry, “go you first;” thinking, if the water were too deep, he would even stay where he was. So St. Peter waded through it, and the water only reached to his knees; but when Brother Merry ventured, the water was much deeper, and he was up to his neck in it. “Help me, comrade!” cried he; but the Saint said, “Will you confess, then, that you ate the lamb’s heart?” But he still denied it—and the water got still deeper, and reached his mouth. Then said St. Peter again, “Will you confess, then, that you ate the lamb’s heart?” But he still denied it; St. Peter, however, would not let him be drowned, so helped him out of his danger.

Now they journeyed on till they came to a kingdom where they heard that the king’s daughter lay dangerously ill. “Holloa, brother,” said the soldier, “here’s a catch for us; if we can only cure her, we shall be made for ever.” But St. Peter was not quick enough for him; “Come, Brother Heart,” said he, “put your best foot forward, that we may

yet come in at the right time." But the Saint went still more slowly, though his comrade kept pushing and driving him, till at last they heard that the princess was dead. "This comes of your creeping so," said the soldier. "Now be still," said St. Peter, "for I can do more than make the sick whole, since I can bring the dead to life again." "Now, if that's true," said Merry, "you must, at least, earn half the kingdom for us by the job."

Thereupon they went to the king's palace, where every body was in trouble ; but St. Peter told the king he would restore his daughter to him. Then they conducted him to where she lay, and he commanded them to let him have a cauldron of water, and when he received it, he ordered them all to go away, and let nobody remain with him but Brother Merry. Then he divided the limbs of the dead princess, and threw them into the water, lighted a fire under the cauldron, and boiled them. And when all the flesh had fallen from the bones, the Saint took the beautiful white bones and laid them on a table, and placed them together according to their natural order. When that was done, he walked before them and said, "In the name of all things holy, arise, thou dead one !" And at the third time the princess arose up, alive, well and beautiful.

Now was the king greatly rejoiced thereat, and said to St. Peter, "Require for thy reward what thou wilt, though it should be half my empire, I will give it to you." But he answered, "I desire nothing for what I have done." Oh, thou Jack Fool, thought Brother Merry to himself, then nudged his comrade's side and said, "Don't be so silly ; if you won't have any thing, yet I need somewhat." St. Peter, however, would have nothing ; yet because the king saw the other would gladly, he commanded the keeper of his

treasures to fill his knapsack with gold, at which Brother Merry was right well pleased.

Thereupon they went their way till they came into a wood, when the saint said to his fellow traveller, "Now we will share the gold." "Yes," answered he, "that can we do." Then St. Peter took the gold, and divided it into three portions. "Well," thought Brother Merry, "what whim has he got in his head now, making three parcels, and only two of us!" But St. Peter said, "Now I have divided it fairly, one for me, one for you, and one for him who ate the heart." "Oh, I ate that," said the soldier, quickly taking up the gold,—"I did, I assure you." "How can that be true?" said St. Peter, "a lamb has no heart." "Aye, what, brother? what are you thinking of—a lamb has no heart? very good! when every beast has, why should that one be without?" "Now that is very good," said the saint, "take all the gold to yourself, for I shall remain no more with you, but will go my own way alone." "As you please, Brother Heart," answered the soldier, "a pleasant journey to you, my hearty."

But when St. Peter took another road, his comrade be-thought him, "well, it is all right that he has marched off, for he is an odd fellow."

Now had Brother Merry plenty of money, but he did not know what to do with it, but spent it and gave it away, till, in the course of a little time, he found himself once more pennyless. Then he came into a country where he heard that the king's daughter was dead. "Ah!" thought he, "that may turn out well: I will bring her to life again." Then went he to the king and offered so to do.

Now the king had heard that there was an old soldier, who went about restoring the dead to life, and thought that

Brother Merry must be the very man; yet because he had no confidence in him, he first consulted his council, and they agreed, that as the princess was certainly dead, he might make the attempt. Then Brother Merry commanded them to bring him a cauldron of water, and when every one had left the room, he separated the limbs and threw them into the cauldron, and made a fire under it exactly as he had seen St. Peter do; and when the water boiled and the flesh fell from the bones, he took them and placed them upon the table, but as he did not know how to arrange them he piled them one upon another.

Then he stood before them and cried, "In the name of the Holy Heaven, thou dead arise," and he cried so three times, but still to no purpose. "Stand up, you vixen, stand up, or it shall be the worse for you." Scarcely had he said this, ere Saint Peter came in at the window, just as before, in the likeness of an old soldier, and said, "You impious fellow, how can the dead stand up when you have, thrown the bones thus one upon another?"

"Ah, Brother Heart," answered Merry, "I have done it as well as I can."

"This time will I help you out of your trouble, but this I tell you, whenever you again undertake anything like this you will repent it: moreover, for this, you shall neither ask for nor take the least thing from the king."

Thereupon St. Peter placed the bones in their proper order, and said three times, "In the name of the Holy Trinity, thou dead arise," and the princess stood up, sound and beautiful as formerly. Then St. Peter immediately went away again out of the window, and Brother Merry was glad that all had turned out so well; but he was sorely grieved that he might take nothing for it. "I should like

to know," thought he, "what he had to grumble about—what he gives with one hand he takes with the other; there is no wit in that."

Now the king asked him what he would have, but he durst not take any thing; yet, he managed by hints and cunning, that the king should fill his knapsack with money; and with that he journeyed forth.

But, when he came out, St. Peter was standing before the door, and said, "See what a man you are; have I not forbidden you to take any thing, and yet you have your knapsack filled with gold?" "How can I help it," answered the soldier, "if they would thrust it in?" "This I tell you then—mind that you do not a second time undertake such a business: if you do, it will fare badly with you." "Ah, Brother, never fear: now I have money, why should I trouble myself with washing bones?" "Ah!" said St. Peter, "that will not last a long time; but, in order that you may never tread in a forbidden path, I will bestow upon your knapsack this power that whatever you wish into it, that shall be there. Farewell!—You will never see me again." "Adieu," said Brother Lusty, and, thought he, I am glad you are gone, you wonderful fellow: I am willing enough not to follow you. But he thought not of the wonderful property bestowed upon his knapsack.

Brother Merry went off with his gold, which he had very soon spent and squandered as before.

When he had nothing but fourpence left, he came to a public house, and thought the money must go; so he called for three pennyworth of wine and one pennyworth of bread. As he ate and drank there, the flavour of roasting geese tickled his nose. So he peeped and pried about, and saw that the landlord had placed two geese in the oven. Then

it occurred to him that his comrade had told him, whatever he wished in his knapsack should be there; so he determined the geese should be the test of it. He went out therefore and stood before the door, and said, "I wish that the two geese which are baking in the oven were in my knapsack," and, when he had said so, he peeped in, and there they were, sure enough. "Ah, ah, that is all right," said he, "I am a made man," and he went on a little way, took out the geese, and began to eat them.

As he was thus enjoying himself, there came by two labouring men, who looked with hungry eyes at the one goose which was yet untouched.

Now when Brother Merry saw that, he said, "one was quite enough for him." So he called them, gave them the goose, and bade them drink his health. When they had finished, they thanked him, and therewith went to the public house, called for wine and bread, took out their present, and began to eat it. When the hostess saw what they were eating, she said to her good man, "Those two men are eating a goose, you had better see whether it is not one of ours out of the oven." The host opened the oven, and lo! it was empty. "Oh, you pack of thieves!—this is the way you eat geese, is it?—pay for them directly, or I will wash you both with green hazel-juice." The men said, "we are not thieves: an old soldier whom we met on our road made us a present of the goose."—"You are not going to hoax me that way: the soldier has been here, but went out of the door like an honest fellow—I took care of that,—you are the thieves and you shall pay for the geese." But, as they had no money to pay him with, he took a stick and beat them out of doors.

Meanwhile, as Brother Merry journeyed along, he came

to a place where there was a noble castle, and not far from it a little public house. Into this he went and asked for a night's lodging, but the landlord said his house was full of guests, and he could not accommodate him. "I wonder," said Brother Merry, "that the people should all come to you, instead of going to the castle." "They have good reason for what they do, for whoever has attempted to spend the night at the castle, has never come back to say how they were entertained." "If others have attempted it why should'nt I?" said Merry.—"You had better leave it alone," said his host, "you are only thrusting your head into danger."—"No fear of danger," said Brother Merry, "only give me the key and plenty of brave eating and drinking." So the hostess gave him what he asked for, and he went off to the castle, relished his supper, and when he found himself sleepy, laid himself down on the floor, for there was not a bed in the place.

Well, he soon went to sleep, but in the night he was awakened by a great noise, and when he aroused himself, behold! he saw nine very ugly devils, dancing in a circle which they had made round him. "Dance as long as you like," said Brother Merry, "but don't come near me." But the devils kept coming nearer and nearer, and almost trod on his face with their misshapen feet. "Be quiet," said he, but they behaved still worse. At last he got angry, and crying "Holla! I'll soon make you quiet," he caught hold of the leg of a stool and struck it about him. But nine devils against one soldier were too much, and if he laid about lustily upon those before him, those behind pulled his hair and pinched him miserably. "Aye, aye, you pack of devils, now you are too hard upon me, but wait a bit," and thereupon he cried out, "I wish all the

nine devils were in my knapsack," and it was no sooner said than done: there they were; so he buckled it close up and threw it into a corner. Then was all still again; so Brother Merry laid himself down and slept till morning, when the landlord and the nobleman to whom the castle belonged came to see how it had fared with him; and when they saw him sound and lively, they were astonished, and asked "Did the ghosts, then, do nothing to you?" "Why not exactly," said Merry; "but I have got them all nine in my knapsack. You may dwell quietly enough in your castle now; from henceforth they won't trouble you." Then the nobleman thanked him, and gave him great rewards, and begged him to remain in his service, saying that he would take care of him all the days of his life. "No," answered he, "I am used to wander and rove about: I will again set forth."

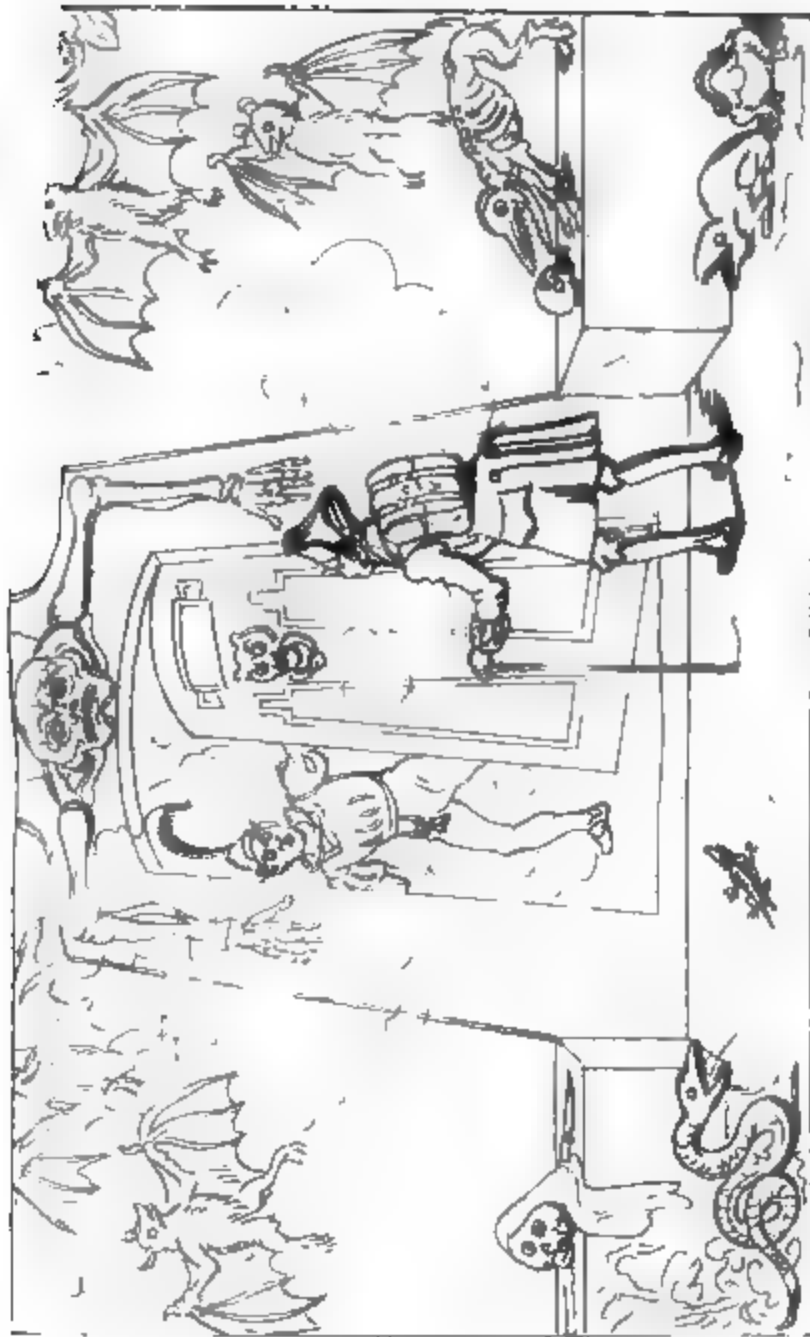
Then he went on till he came to a smithy, and he went in and laid his knapsack on the anvil, and bade the smith and all his men to hammer away upon it as hard as they could,—so they did, with their largest hammers, and all their might; and the poor devils set up a piteous howling. And when at last they opened the knapsack, there were eight of them dead; but one, which had been snug in a fold of the knapsack, was still alive, and he slipped out and ran away to his home below in a twinkling.

After that, Brother Merry wandered about the world for a long time; but at last he grew old, and began to think of his latter end. So he went to a hermit, who was held to be a very pious man, and said, "I am tired of roving, and will now endeavour to go to heaven." The hermit answered, "There stand two ways,—the one broad and pleasant, that leads to hell; the other is rough and

narrow, and that leads to heaven." "I must be fool, indeed," thought Brother Merry, "if I go the rough and narrow road." So he went the broad and pleasant way, till he at last came to a great black door, and that was the door of hell.

Brother Merry knocked, and the door-keeper opened it; and when he saw that it was Merry, he was sadly frightened for who should he be but the ninth devil, who was in the knapsack, and thought himself lucky to have escaped with nothing but a black eye! So he bolted the door again directly, and ran to the chief of the devils and said, "There is a fellow outside with a knapsack on his back, but pray don't let him in, for, he can get all hell into his knapsack, by wishing it. He once got me a terrible ugly hammering in it." So they called out to Brother Merry, and told him he must go away, for they should not let him in. "Well, if they will not have me here," thought Merry, "I'll e'en try if I can get a lodging in heaven,—somewhere or other I must rest." So he turned about and went on till he came to the door of heaven, and there he knocked.

St. Peter, who sat close by, had the charge of the entrance, and Brother Merry knew him, and said, "Are you here, old acquaintance? then things will go better with me." But St. Peter said, "I suppose you want to get into heaven." "Aye, aye, brother, let me in; I must put up somewhere. If they would have taken me into hell, I should not have come hither." "No," said St. Peter; "You don't come in here."—"Well, if you won't let me in, take your dirty knapsack again; I'll have nothing that can put me in mind of you," said Merry, carelessly. "Then give it to me," said St. Peter. Then he handed it through the grating into heaven, and St. Peter took it, and hung it up be-



When he saw it was Merry he was sadly frightened." p 34.

hind his chair. "Then," said Brother Merry, "Now I wish I was in my own knapsack,"—and instantly he was there; and thus being once actually in heaven, St. Peter was obliged to let him stay there.

NOTE.—Grimm's K. u. H. *Marchen* B 2. s. 405. There are many versions of this story, several of which are given in the notes, with which this tale has been illustrated by the Brothers Grimm. The tale itself was taken down by them from the recital of an old woman at Vienna.

LEONORA.

The stars they stand in Heaven,
The moon it shines so bright,
How fast the dead do ride !

Open thy window, darling,
And let me in to thee,
Long with thee I can't be.

The cock will soon be crowing,—
When he sings in the day
I may no longer stay.

From far, here have I ridden,
And miles two hundred more,
Must ride e'er day is o'er.

All that my heart holds dearest !
Come mount thee by my side,
The way is worth the ride.

Yonder in Hungary,
A little house have I,
Thither our road doth lie.

'Tis there my house is built
A grass-green heath beside,
For me and for my bride.

Keep me no longer waiting,
Come, darling, to me now,
For we have far to go.

The little stars they light us,
The moon it shines so bright,
How fast the dead do ride !

But where wouldst thou then lead me ?
Oh God ! what wouldst thou do
All in the dark night too ?

I cannot ride with thee,
Thy little bed's too spare,
And thy way lies too far.

Alone lyeest thou down,
Sleep, dearest, sleep away,
Until the judgment day.

NOTE.—Des Knaben Wunderhorn, Bd. 2, s. 19, where it is said to have been heard by Burger in a night cellar. It is the original of his celebrated Poem of the same name, which he was long supposed to have copied from an English Ballad called "The Suffolk Miracle," which will be inserted in the "Lays and Legends of England." This, however, has been satisfactorily disproved by his biographer, Althof, who states, that, Burger, one night, heard a peasant girl sing an old German song, of which he only remembered a small portion, and of which he never indeed recovered the whole. That song, of course, is the one we have here translated as closely as we possibly could, that our readers might compare it with the more finished production to which it gave rise: an admirable translation of which is, if we recollect rightly, to be found in Taylor's *Historic Survey of German Poetry*.

THE MAIDEN OF BOYNEBURG.

Once upon a time three maidens dwelt together on the Boyneburg. The youngest of these dreamt one night, that it was determined in the Council of God that one of them should be killed by a tempest. On the morrow she told her sisters what she had dreamt ; and when it was noon clouds arose, which kept increasing in size and darkness, so that by evening a heavy storm of thunder and lightning rolled along the heavens, and the thunder kept growing nigher, until it at last burst over them ; and when the fire fell down on every side of them, the eldest of the maidens said, " I will hearken unto the will of God, for it is I who am destined to die ;" and she carried forth a seat, and sat thereon for one day and for one night, in expectation of the lightning striking her. But it was not so.

And on the second day, the second maiden arose and said, " I will hearken unto the will of God for it is I who am destined to die," and she sat as her sister had done, the second day and the second night, and the lightning consumed her not, though the weather did not abate. Then on the third day the youngest sister said, " Now see I the will of God ; it is that I should die," so she called for a priest, prayed with him, made her will, and decreed that on the day of her death the whole neighbourhood should be feasted and presented with gifts. As soon as she had done so, she went forth cheerfully, sat herself down, and after a few moments a flash of lightning struck her, and she was dead.

From thenceforth *the castle was no longer inhabited,*

but she has often been seen there as a beneficent spirit. A poor shepherd who had lost nearly all he possessed in the world, and whose last little property was to be distrained from him on the following day, was tending his flock on the Boyneburg, and saw a snow-white maiden sitting at the door of the castle. She had a white cloth spread out before her, on it lay knots which she was disentangling in the sun. The shepherd wondered much at seeing her in so lonely a place, went up to her and said "What pretty knots those are," took a pair up in his hand, looked at them, and then laid them down again. She looked at him kindly and yet sorrowfully, but answered him not, at which the shepherd was so alarmed that he fled without looking back, and drove his flock homewards. But while he was standing there a pair of knots had fallen into his shoes, and they hurt him on his way home. Therefore he sat down, took off his shoes to throw the knots away, but as he laid hold of them five or six grains of gold fell into his hands. The shepherd hastened back to the Boyneburg, but the white maiden with her knots had vanished, the gold however sufficed to get him out of all his troubles, and to set his house once more in order.

NOTE.—Grimm's Deutsche Sagen, Bd, 1, s. 13.

ST. ANDREW'S NIGHT.

It is commonly believed in Germany, that on St. Andrew's night, St. Thomas' night, and Christmas and New Year's nights, a girl has the power of inviting and seeing her future lover. A table is to be laid for two persons, taking care, however, that there are no forks on it. Whatever the lover leaves behind him at his departure must be carefully preserved; he then returns to her who has it, and loves her passionately. It must, however, be kept carefully concealed from his sight, because he would otherwise remember the torture of superhuman power which he that night endured, and be conscious of the charms employed, and this would lead to fatal consequences.

A fair maiden in Austria once sought at midnight, after performing the necessary ceremonies, to obtain a sight of her lover; whereupon a shoemaker appeared, having a dagger in his hand, which he threw at her and then disappeared again. She picked up the dagger which he had thrown at her and concealed it in a trunk.

It was not long afterwards before the shoemaker visited her, courted her, and married her. Some years after their marriage, she chanced to go one Sunday about the hour of vespers to the trunk, in search of something which she required for her work on the following day. As she opened her trunk her husband came to her, and would insist on looking into it: she kept him off, until at last he pushed her away with great violence, looked into her trunk, and there saw his long lost dagger. He immediately seized it, and demanded of her how she obtained it, because he had lost it at a very

particular time. In her fear and alarm she had not the power to invent any excuse, so declared the truth, that it was she same dagger which he had left behind him on the night when she had obliged him to appear to her. Her husband hereupon grew enraged, and said with a terrible oath, " 'Twas you then, that caused me that night of dreadful misery !" and with that he thrust the dagger into her heart.

NOTE.—Grimm (*Deutsche Sagen*, Bd. 1. s. 172.), who mentions that the story is still current in many parts of Germany, varying as to the actors and precise nature of the incidents, according to the locality where it is related. Grimm gives several similar legends; but, as he has unfortunately not accompanied his *German Legends* with illustrative notes, like those to his *German Popular Stories*, we cannot ascertain the opinion of this learned antiquarian as to the origin of this mysterious incantation. A belief of a similar nature obtains in England; and its resemblance to the principal features of Maturin's tale of *Lexslip Castle*, in the *Literary Souvenir* for 1825, will immediately strike every one who reads that curious specimen of the *Terrific Legends of the Sister Isle*.

THE LITTLE SHROUD.

There was once a woman, who had a little son of about seven years old, who was so lovely and beautiful that nobody could look upon him without being kind to him, and he was dearer to her than all the world beside. But it happened that he suddenly fell ill and died, and his mother would not

be comforted, but wept for him day and night. And shortly after he was buried, he showed himself at night in the places where he had been used in his lifetime to sit and play, and if his mother wept, he wept also; and when the morning came he departed. Till since his poor mother never ceased weeping, the child came one night in the little white shroud in which he had been laid in his coffin, and with the chaplet upon his head; and seating himself at her feet, upon the bed, he cried, "Oh, Mother, Mother, give over crying, else I cannot sleep in my coffin, for my shroud is never dry because of your tears, for they all fall upon it." And when his mother heard this she was sore afraid, and wept no more. And the Babe came upon another night, holding in his hand a little taper, and he said, "Look, Mother, my shroud is now quite dry, and I can rest in my grave." Then she bowed to the will of Providence, and bore her sorrow with silence and patience, and the little child returned not again, but slept in his underground little bed.

THE LITTLE SHROUD.

BY L. E. L.

She put him on a snow-white shroud,
A chaplet on his head;
And gathered early primroses
To scatter o'er the dead.

She laid him in his little grave—
'Twas hard to lay him there,
When spring was putting forth its flowers,
And every thing was fair.

She had lost many children—now
The last of them was gone ;
And day and night she sat and wept
Beside the funeral stone.

One midnight, while her constant tears
Were falling with the dew,
She heard a voice, and lo ! her child
Stood by her, weeping too !

His shroud was damp, his face was white :
He said—" I cannot sleep,
Your tears have made my shroud so wet ;
Oh, mother, do not weep !"

Oh, love is strong !—the mother's heart
Was filled with tender fears ;
Oh, love is strong !—and for her child
Her grief restrained its tears.

One eve a light shone round her bed,
And there she saw him stand—
Her infant, in his little shroud,
A taper in his hand.

" Lo ! mother, see, my shroud is dry,
And I can sleep once more !"
And beautiful the parting smile
The little infant wore.

OF GERMANY.

And down within the silent grave
 He laid his weary head;
 And soon the early violets
 Grew o'er his grassy bed.

The mother went her household ways—
 Again she knelt in prayer,
 And only asked of Heaven its aid
 Her heavy lot to bear.

NOTE.—This tale was originally translated from Grimm's *K. u. Haus-Marchen*, Bd. 2. s. 118, for "THE ORIGINAL," a little weekly paper, in the management of which the translator bore a share, and which was doomed to a short life, though a merry one, The story of Brother Merry was translated from the same periodical; and the outline of the introductory notice to the present volume first appeared there. It has, of course, been re-written and amplified for the present occasion.

On the first publication of "The Little Shroud," it was spoken of as a tale, which L. E. L. or Mrs. Hemans might weave into as sweet a ballad as heart could wish. The hint was not lost upon Miss Landon; for shortly afterwards, the above delightful version of it appeared in the *Literary Gazette*, with a complimentary acknowledgment from the fair authoress of the source from which she derived it.

 ULRICH AND ANNIE.

It is outrideth Ulrich in gallant array,
 And to his dear Annie he taketh his way;
 "Dear Annie, with me to the wood wilt thou go?
 And I'll teach thee the little birds' song to know."

The one with the other, they went on their way,
They reached the spot where the hazel trees lay ;
By little and little, they went further on ;
At last a green meadow they came upon.

There Ulrich sat down in the grass so high,
And besought his dear Annie to sit him by ;
And then in her lap he rested his head,
And hot were the tears which o'er him she shed.

“ Oh, Annie, oh, dearest Annie, mine ;
What is it that causeth thee weep and pine ?
Is it that thou weep'st for thy father's good ;
Is it that thou weep'st for thy young blood ?”

“ Or, am I not fair enough for thee ?”
“ Oh, it is not I weep for my father's good :
Oh, it is not I weep for my young blood :
And Ulrich thou'rt fair enough for me.”

“ But I weep for that on yon fir tree high,
Eleven maidens hanging I spy.”

“ Oh, Annie, my own true Annie dear,
How soon shalt thou be the twelfth one there ?”

“ Oh, shall I then now the twelfth one be ?
I pray thee then grant three cries to me.”
The very first cry that she cried here,
She call'd upon her father dear.

And when she cried her second cry,
She called upon her God on high ;
And the third, and last of her cries three,
On her youngest brother called she.

Her brother sat by the cool red wine,
 Her cry at the window it entered in:
 " Oh, brothers all, listen, do you not hear,
 From yonder wood cryeth my sister dear?"

" Ah! Ulrich, dear brother-in-law, tell unto me,
 My youngest sister, say, where is she?"
 " Oh, she upon yonder linden green,
 Is twisting the dark-brown silk, I ween."

" Say, why are thy shoes so bloody red?"

* * * * *

" And why should they not be bloody red,
 Since a turtle-dove I have just shot dead?"

" The turtle dove which you shot I wist,
 Did my mother carry at her own breast."

* * * * *

* * * * *

Dear Annie they straight to the grave conveyed,
 False Ulrich upon the wheel was laid;
 O'er Annie the little angels sung,
 O'er Ulrich there croaked the raven's young.

NOTE.—Herder *Volkslieder*, Bd. 1. s. 79—82. This song has been translated into the Scottish dialect by Dr. Jamieson, in the "*Illustrations of Northern Antiquities*," p. 349. et seq. The Doctor says of it:—

" The following Ballad is popular, at least, in the nurseries wherever the German language is spoken. As a ballad, (at least in any thing like a perfect state), I have never met with it in Scotland; but as a tale, intermixed with scraps of verses, it was quite familiar to me when a boy; and I have since found it in much the same state in the Highlands, in Lochaber, and Ardnamurchan. According

to our tradition, Ulrich had seduced the youngest sister of his wife (as, indeed, may be gathered from the German ballad), and committed the murder to prevent discovery. I do not remember that any names were specified either in the Scotch or Gaelic manner of telling the story: in every other particular, the British tradition differed nothing from the German."

The allusion which Dr. Jamieson speaks of, consists in the appellation of (Schwager), brother-in-law, which is applied to Ulrich in the last stanza of the original. This epithet, (which is by no means euphonious), is however, omitted by the Doctor, and transferred by the present translator to the tenth stanza.

THE SEXTON OF MAGDEBURG.

In Magdeburg there was to be seen formerly, and may be still, a house, on the front of which was a stone-tablet representing a horse looking out from the upper window of a house, and which is reported to have been placed there in commemoration of the following circumstance:—

A wealthy burgher, upon the decease of his wife, buried her with all the splendour which his circumstances permitted, leaving upon one of her fingers a diamond ring of inestimable value. The sexton of the place, aware of this circumstance, allowed his avarice to get the better of his fears, and ventured to go in the middle of the night, and, having removed the lid from the coffin, endeavoured to draw off the ring from the finger of the corpse. This was not, however, an easy task, and in his attempt to force off the ring, he awoke from a trance the seeming and supposed dead lady. Horrified at the first symptoms of her awakening, he had fallen senseless to the ground, while the lady, upon coming to herself, was not much less alarmed at her helpless situation.

Taking courage, however, she seized upon the sexton's lantern, and made the best of her way to the house of her disconsolate husband. She knocked—"Who is there?" enquired a domestic. "It is I, your mistress," was the reply, "hasten and open the door." The terrified servant flew to the chamber of his master, and related what he had heard. "Alas!" cried the afflicted burgher, "my wife can no more return from the grave, than my old horse could come up these stairs to look out at the window!"

Instantly he heard something come tramp, tramp, up the stairs—it was the old horse. Then the man believed, went down, opened the door, and received into his bosom his supposed dead wife—and many more happy years did they afterwards live together.

NOTE.—Busching's *Volksmärchen* s. 389—391, where it is related from oral tradition. The incidents of persons being awakened from trances, in the manner here described, is of frequent occurrence—but no where else, I believe, combined with the part which the horse plays in the present tale.

THE MANNIKIN AND THE THREE PRINCESSES.

There was once a king who had three daughters, who used to walk daily in the royal gardens, which were filled with all sorts of wonderful trees, for of these was the king a great admirer; and among the trees there was one, from which, if any one ventured to pluck an apple, they were immediately charmed a hundred fathoms deep into the earth. Now it was the time of harvest, and the apples on the tree were red as blood: and the three Princesses went every day to the tree to see if the wind had blown off any of the

apples, but they never found any, although the tree was so loaded that they thought it would break, and the branches of it were bent down to the ground. And the youngest of the king's children longed exceedingly to taste of this fruit, and said to her sisters, "I am sure our father loves us too much to let us be charmed down into the earth for an apple. I believe he has only threatened to do so to strangers."

Thereupon she plucked a huge apple from the tree, and gave it unto her sisters; but no sooner had they tasted of it, than all three of them sank down into the depths of the earth where no cock ever crew.

When it was mid-day, and the king sat down to dinner, his daughters were no where to be found; the palace and the gardens were searched in vain, and the king, in his sorrow, proclaimed that whosoever restored his daughters to him should have one of them for his wife. All the young men of the nation went in search of the three lost princesses; who were not only the most amiable, but also the most beautiful that were ever seen. Among others who were seeking them were three young huntsmen, who, after travelling eight days, arrived at a great castle filled with beautiful chambers; in one of these there was a banquet spread, and the viands were all hot and smoking; yet, throughout the whole castle, no one was to be seen. And they waited half a day, expecting to see the persons to whom it belonged, and the dishes kept hot all the time; but at last they grew so hungry, that they fell to and enjoyed themselves; and agreed that they would make a stay at the castle, one remaining there all day, while the others went forth in search of the king's daughters: and they drew lots, and it fell to the eldest to remain at home on the first day.

The next morning the two youngest went forth accord-

ingly, and at noon a very little Mannikin came into the room where the eldest huntsman was, and begged for a little piece of bread, so he cut him a round off the loaf which he found there, and handed it to him; but the little Mannikin, as he reached it, let it fall, and begged him to be so good as to pick it up for him. He stooped to do so when the Mannikin took a stick, and, seizing the huntsman by the hair of his head, thrashed him soundly. On the following day, the second remained at home and fared no better; and when his brothers came home at night, the eldest asked him, "How has it gone with you?"—"Oh, badly enough," was his answer. Then complained they of this bad treatment to one another, but said not a word to their youngest brother, whom they called Silly Hans, because he was not skilled in the ways of the world.

On the third day Hans staid at home; and at noon the Mannikin came as before, asked for a slice of bread, dropped it, and asked Hans to be so good as pick it up again for him. Then, said Hans to the little Mannikin—"What, can't you pick it up for yourself? If you wont give yourself the trouble to help yourself to your daily bread, you don't deserve to eat." The Mannikin thereupon grew very angry, and told him he must do it; but Hans was not afraid, and began to beat the Mannikin soundly, but he begged him to leave off, promising him, if he desisted, to show him where the King's daughters were. When he heard this, he desisted; and the Mannikin having first told him he was an elf, led him to a deep well, in which, however, there was no water, and then disclosed to him that his brothers did not mean to deal fairly by him, and he must therefore release the Princess entirely by himself. His brothers would be ready enough to recover the Princesses, but would not

incur the trouble and danger of doing it ; he therefore must take a large basket, and having provided himself with a sword and a bell, take his seat therein, and be gradually let down below : there he would find three chambers, in each of which sat one of the King's daughters, guarded by a many headed dragon, and the heads of these dragons he was to cut off. And when the Mannikin had said thus, he vanished.

When evening arrived, home came his brothers, and asked him how it had fared with him ; and when he told them what had happened, they were vexed at his better fortune. On the next morning, however, they went to the well, and then cast lots who should be the first to descend, and the lot fell to the eldest, who got into the basket with the sword and bell, saying at the same time, " Mind, pull me up again as soon as ever I ring." But he did not descend far before he rang the bell, and was pulled up again ; and the second brother did the like. It now came to the youngest, and he went the whole way down to the bottom readily enough. And when he stepped out of the basket, he drew his sword, went to the first door, listened there, and heard the dragon snoring very loudly ; so he opened the door very gently, and there he saw one of the Princesses, and the dragon's nine heads were laid in her lap. But with his good sword he soon lopped them all off. Then the Princess sprang up, threw her arms around him, kissed him, and hung her necklace of pure gold about his neck. Then in like manner he released the second daughter, who was walking by a dragon with seven heads, and the youngest, who was watched by a dragon with four heads.— And they were all greatly rejoiced, and embraced and kissed him without ceasing. Then he rang his bell so loudly,

that those above heard him, and he placed the three Princesses, one after the other in the basket, and when it came to his turn to be drawn up, he bethought him of what the Mannikin had told him that his brothers would not deal fairly by him. So he placed a great stone in the basket, and when it was about half-way up, his false brothers let go of the rope, and the basket and stone fell to the ground. Then they believed he was dead, and they fled with the Princesses, making them promise that they would tell their father that it was they who had released them, and when they had done so, they restored them to the king.

In the meanwhile the youngest huntsman traversed sorrowfully the three chambers, thinking in his heart that he must surely die. And he saw hanging against the wall a little pipe, and he said to himself, "Thou art but of little use, for no one can ever be merry here." Then he looked down at the dragons' heads and said, "Neither can you help me at all," and he kept walking up and down until the ground was polished by his feet. At last he thought he would try and cheer himself with the music of his pipe; but no sooner did he begin to blow it than little Mannikins made their appearance, for every note he blew fresh ones came, and at length the whole place was full of the elves. Then they asked him what were his commands; and when he told them that he wished to get above ground, and see day light once again, an elf took hold of each hair that he had upon his head, and so they flew with him up to the face of the earth.

No sooner was he there than he hastened to the King's Court, and found that the marriages of the Princesses were about to be celebrated; *thereupon* he went to the chamber

where the King sat with his daughters. And when the princesses saw him, they were so ashamed that they fainted; whereupon the King thinking that he had in some way injured them, commanded that he should be cast into prison. But the princesses no sooner recovered than they solicited his release. The King demanded why they did so, but they said they dare not divulge it; then their father said they should divulge it in an oven. Then he went out and listened at the door, and heard all. Then he had the two eldest brothers hanged, and gave Hans his youngest daughter to wife.

NOTE —Grimm. Kind; und Haus Marchen 2, s. 32—37. This tale is from Paderborn, and is given by Grimm in his dialect of that district. Several similar tales are quoted in the notes upon it. And it will be found to correspond in many particulars with the Romance of the Horney Siegfried. That hero being assisted by the Dwarf Engleyn, as Hans by the Mannikin, &c.

OF ONE THAT WENT FORTH TO LEARN TO BE AFRAID.

There was an old man who had two sons, the elder of whom was a sharp, clever lad, able to help himself; but the younger one was a silly youth, who could not learn or understand any thing; and the people, when they spoke of him, would shake their heads and say, he would give his poor father a great deal of trouble. So that when there was any thing to do, the elder one was always called upon—but if his father sent him to fetch any thing late at night, and the road lay by the church-yard, or any other dismal place, he

would say, "Oh, father, I'm afraid!" But the young one had no feelings of this sort, so that when they used to sit round the fire of an evening, telling stories that made their blood run cold, and one said, "Oh, I'm frightened," and another, "Oh, it frightens me so," he used to say, "'I'm frightened'—what does that mean? It must be something clever. I should like to learn to be frightened."

Now it happened that his father said to him one day, "You, Sir, sitting there in the corner, you are getting a great strong fellow, and ought to get your own living. Your brother works hard enough; but you don't earn salt to your porridge." "Well, father," said he, "I should like to learn to be afraid, for I don't at all understand it." His brother laughed when he heard this, although he was shocked to think that his brother was an idiot: but his father sighed: "Well, you shall soon learn to be afraid, but I don't think you will earn much by knowing it."

Soon after this, the sexton of the village called upon the old man, who told him all his troubles, and what anxiety he felt about his son, who was so clumsy and ignorant, that he could not learn any thing to get his own living. "Only think!" said he, "when I asked what he wished to learn to earn his bread by, he said, he should like very much to learn to be afraid." "Well," said the sexton, "send him to me for awhile, and I'll soon teach him that." The father was pleased enough when he heard this, and soon dispatched him to the sexton, who employed him to toll the bell.

After he had been with him a couple of days, the old sexton woke him at midnight, and bade him go to the belfry and toll the bell—"You will soon learn, my fine fellow, what it is to be afraid!" and, as soon as he saw the young lad preparing to do as he was told, he slipped out by

another door, and placed himself in the belfry, in hopes the youth would think it a ghost.

Accordingly, when the young man came to the church tower, he saw a figure standing in the corner. "Who's there?" cried he; but the figure never moved. Then he continued—"Who are you? what do you want here at this time of night?—if you don't answer me, I'll pitch you down headlong." But the sexton thought he would certainly not have sufficient courage to attempt such a thing; so he kept perfectly quiet. Then the young man called out for the third time, but as he still got no answer, he laid hold of the ghost, pitched him out, and broke his neck: and when he had done so, tolled the bell, as he had been ordered, and then went home and went to bed, without saying a word to anybody.

The sexton's wife watched for her husband for a long time, and at last began to feel anxious that he did not return. She awoke the lad and said, "Do you know where my good man is staying all this time? He went out to the belfry, and has not yet returned." "No," said the boy—"but there was somebody standing there in a corner who would not answer me when I called out, so I pitched him into the churchyard—you can go and see whether it is he or not." The woman ran in a great fright to the churchyard, and there she found her husband lying dead upon the ground.

Then she ran screaming to the boy's father, and cried—"Your good-for-nothing son has thrown my poor husband from the church tower into the churchyard, and broke his neck." The father was shocked to hear it, and scolded the boy for his folly; but his talking was all thrown away upon him. "Why," said the boy, "it's no fault of mine; he

stood there in a corner as if he was no good, and I did not know who it was. I called out to him three times. Why didn't he go his way?" "Ah," cried his father, "you were born to disgrace me, get away about your business; I'll have nothing more to do with you." "Well, father, just as you please; only wait till it is daylight, and then I'll start, and learn to be afraid, so that I may know a trade that will support me." "Learn what you like," said his father, "it is all one to me; here are fifty dollars—go your ways, and tell no man who you are, or who your father is—for I am ashamed of you."—"Well, father, just as you please."

At day-break, accordingly, up he got, put his fifty dollars into his pocket, and set off on his journey, crying, as he went along—"Oh, that I could learn to be afraid!" And as he journeyed on, a man who was passing heard his cry, and when they had got on a little farther, seeing a gibbet by the road side, said to the lad, "Do you see yonder tree, where those seven fellows have been marrying the rope-maker's daughter—sit down under it till midnight, and you'll soon know what it is to be afraid." "Indeed," said he: "well, I can easily do that—and if I really learn to be afraid, I'll e'en give you my fifty dollars, if you only meet me here again, early to-morrow morning."

No sooner had he said this, than he took his station under the gibbet, and there watched till nightfall; and, as the evening was very cold, he lighted himself a fire: but at midnight the wind blew so heavily, that, in spite of the fire, he could not keep himself warm. The wind, too, drove the dead men one against another, and as they swung backwards and forwards over his head, he said to himself, "here am I shivering, who am close to the fire—those poor fellows up there may well tremble and shake;"

and, being a very good-natured fellow, he must needs take the ladder, go up, and cut down one after another, the whole seven of them. Then he stirred up the fire, blew it, and placed them in a circle round it, that they might get themselves warm. And there they sat, and never moved, although the fire scorched their clothes. At last he said to them, "If you don't behave yourselves properly, I shall take and hang you up again." But the gallows-birds never heard him, so they never stirred an inch, but let their old rags burn away. This made him angry, so he said, "If you will not take care of yourselves, I can't help you, but I don't intend to burn myself with you," and then he strung them up again upon the gibbet.

And as soon as he had done this, he sat himself down by the fire, and slept till morning, when the man came for the fifty dollars that he had promised him. "Now," said he, "you know what it is to be afraid, don't you?" "No," said the boy, "how should I?—those fellows up there have never opened their mouths, and are such a pack of block-heads, that they let the fire scorch the very rags that they have got on." Then the man saw directly that he should not get the fifty dollars, and as he turned away, he said to himself, "Well, I never met with such a fellow before in my life."

Then the lad continued his journey, and, as before, kept crying, "Oh, that I could be frightened—Oh, that I could learn to be afraid!" Presently a waggoner overtook him, and hearing what he said, asked him who he was. "I don't know," said the boy. "Where do you come from?" said the waggoner. "I don't know," continued the boy. "Who is your father?" "I mustn't say," was the reply. "What is this that you are harping upon?" "Why, I

want to be frightened, and can't get any body to show me how." "Don't talk such a pack of nonsense," said the waggoner, "only come with me, I'll soon manage that for you." So the lad went with him, and when it was evening, they entered a hostelry, where they were to pass the night; and as they went into the house, the boy set up his usual cry, "Oh, that I could learn to be afraid!" When the landlord heard this, he laughed, and said, if that was all he wanted he should soon be accommodated. But his wife interfered and said, so many had already perished in trying to do what the landlord was talking of, that it would be a shame and a sin to let such a good-looking lad never see daylight again. But the lad said "Let it be ever so hard, I shall be glad to learn it—I left home on purpose to do so,"—and he would not let mine host rest, until such time as he told him of an enchanted castle in the neighbourhood, wherein any one who watched for three nights, would very soon learn to be frightened. He told him, besides, that the king had promised that whosoever should spend three nights in that castle, should marry his daughter, who was the most beautiful princess on whom the sun ever shone: for that the castle was filled with treasures guarded by ghosts, and which could only be obtained by him who staid there for three whole nights. Many had entered the castle, but none had yet come out of it again. All this did not intimidate the lad, who went next morning to the king, and said that, if his majesty would permit him, he should like to keep watch in the enchanted castle for three nights. The king was pleased with the offer, and granted his request; and said, besides, that he would let him take with him into the castle any three things he pleased, that had not

already gone—the other two will soon follow it.” Then he went and called upon the innkeeper, who stared at him with the greatest astonishment, and said, “Well, I never thought to have seen you again alive. Have you now learnt what it is to be afraid?” “No,” said he, “that I have not; I only wish some one would teach me.”

When the second night came, he returned to the old castle, seated himself by his fire, and began his customary cry, “Oh, that I could learn to be afraid!” Towards midnight, he heard a noise and a bustle; at first it was very soft, then it got louder; then it was still for a little while; and at last there was a great cry, and half a man’s body came down the chimney, and fell right before him. “Hey-day!” said he, “what, is there only half of you? this is too little.” Then the noise began afresh; there was a blustering and a howling, and presently down came the other half. “Oh, very well,” said he, “wait a little, while I blow the fire.” And when he had done so, and looked round again, lo, and behold! the two halves had joined themselves together, into a very terrific fellow, and had taken his place. “That won’t do,” said the boy, “that is my place, and I’ll have it.” The man would have kept possession, but our hero was too strong for him, and thrust him out of it. Then there fell down the chimney plenty more such men, who brought with them nine thigh-bones and two skulls, and played at skittles with them. This was a game the lad liked, and he asked them to let him play. “Yes, to be sure,” was the answer; “if you have got any money.” “Money enough,” said he; “but your balls are not quite round.” Then he took them, placed them in the lathe, and turned them till they were perfectly round. “Now they’ll roll

better ; let us play merrily." He began, and lost a little money to them ; he might, perhaps, have won it again, but no sooner did the clock strike twelve, than the whole party vanished from his sight, and there was nothing left for him to do, but to lay himself by the fire, and sleep till morning. Then the king came to him again, and inquired of him how he had passed the second night. The boy told him he had played at skittles, and lost a trifle ; but the king asked him if he had not been frightened!—"Frightened!" said the boy, "I was merry enough ; I only wanted to be frightened."

On the third night he seated himself at his old seat, and began saying, quite peevishly, "Oh, that I could but be frightened." And when it got late, there came into the room six men, bearing a coffin. "Ah," said he, "that is certainly my little bed," and he beckoned to it with his finger, and cried, "Come, little bed, come." The men put the coffin down on the ground, and he must needs go and lift off the lid, and when he did so he saw a dead man in it ; and he put his hand upon the face of the dead man, and it was as cold as ice. "Well," thought he, "I'll see if I can warm him a little bit;"—then went to the fire, warmed his hands, and rubbed the face of the dead man, but it got never the warmer. So he took him out of the coffin, and, seating himself before the fire, took him in his lap, and rubbed his arms to try and warm them. But all his efforts were of no avail ; and at last he recollected that when two people lay in the same bed, they warm one another : so he took the corpse to his bed, covered it well over, and laid himself down beside it. After a little while, the dead man became warm, and began to move about. Then said the lad to him, "Well, bedfellow, I have warmed you at last." But the dead man

got up and cried, "Now will I strangle you." "What," said he, "are these the thanks I am to have?—very well, you shall go back to your coffin for this." He then seized upon him, threw him in, and fastened down the lid; and when he had done so, in came the six men again and bore it away. —"Alas!" cried he, "there is no chance of my being frightened—I shall not learn it if I pass my life here."

Just then, there entered a man who was far bigger than the others had been, and a very terrific looking fellow; but he was old, with a very long white beard: and he said to the lad, "You shall soon learn what it is to be frightened, for you shall die." "Not so quick," answered he, "you must get my consent first." Said the man, "I will soon master you." "Don't make yourself too sure of that," said the boy, "I am as strong as you, if not stronger."—"Stronger, indeed! that we shall see; come, let us go and try our strength." Then he led him through a long dark passage till they came to a smithy, and there took an axe, and with one blow drove an anvil into the earth. "I can beat that," said the boy, and went to the other anvil; the old man keeping so close, (in order to watch him the better) that his white beard hung upon it. Then the lad seized the axe, and split the anvil at one blow, and jammed his beard into the cleft. "Now I have got you," cried he, "and you it is who shall die;" and seizing an iron bar, he laid on so lustily, that the old fellow roared with pain, and promised that if he desisted he would give him great riches. The lad accordingly released him, and followed him into the vaults of the castle, where the old man showed him three chests of gold—one for the poor, one for the king, and one for himself.

At that minute the clock struck twelve—the spirit va-

nished, and the lad was left in total darkness; however, he contrived to grope his way back again to his room, and soon fell asleep by the fire side. On the following morning came the king again, saying, "Well, have you learnt what it is to be afraid?" "No," said he, "who was to teach me? I have seen nobody but a dead fellow, that I put into my bed, and an old man with a beard, who showed me where the riches were: how should I learn it then?" "Well," said the king, "you have delivered the castle from enchantment, and shall, therefore, marry my daughter." "That is all very well, but still I don't know what it is to be frightened."

The gold was removed, the wedding took place, and the young king, though he loved his wife very much, and had every thing to make him happy, was always crying, "Oh, that I could but be frightened!" And his wife's waiting-woman said, "It shall be hard but I will teach you what it is to be afraid." And she had a large barrel, filled with water and little fishes, and at night, while he was sleeping, his attendants went in and pulled off the bed clothes, and threw the water and fishes over him, and the fishes leaped and sprung about, and the water awoke him: then he jumped up and cried out, "I am frightened, I am frightened, dearest wife; now I have learned what it is to be afraid!"

NOTE.—Grimm. K. u. H. *Marchen*, Bd. 1, s. 14—25.—In their notes upon this tale, the Brothers Grimm give many curious versions of the adventures of this bold and curious hero, who bears a considerable resemblance to a character in one of the Icelandic Tales—Hreidman, who is just such another dolt, who would fain know what anger was, and at length experienced it.

ABSTRACT OF THE ROMANCE
OF THE
ADVENTURES OF THE HORNY SIEGFRIED.

Siegfried, the son of Sigmund, king of the Netherlands, was in his youth so unmanageable, that his father summoned his council, to take into consideration what was best to be done with him. With the sanction of the council, Siegfried set forth in search of adventures, and it was not long before he was compelled by hunger, to apprentice himself to a smith.

In the morning when he began to work, his first blow split the iron in pieces, and drove the anvil into the earth. The master somewhat alarmed at this conduct, seized Siegfried by the head, and gave him a gentle shaking; Siegfried, however, not being accustomed to such treatment, seized his master by the collar, and flung him and all his workmen to the earth.

The master was somewhat puzzled how to get rid of his unruly apprentice; and, at length, resolved to send him for charcoal to a neighbouring wood, inhabited by a terrible dragon, in hopes that he should never see him come back again.

Siegfried went accordingly, and no sooner had he entered the forest than he encountered the dragon. He immediately tore a tree up by the roots, and threw it upon the dragon—whose tail got so entangled in the boughs, that it could not stir from the spot, while Siegfried, in an instant, tore up a couple more of the largest trees, and threw them also over the dragon, who thereby got more and more entangled. Siegfried next set fire to the trees and roasted the dragon alive. The horny covering* of the dragon be-

* *Siegfried is generally said to have anointed himself with the*

gan to melt and to flow like a little brook. Siegfried dipped his finger into it, and finding that when it cooled, his finger was covered with a horny hide—he anointed his whole body with it, except his two shoulders, which he could not reach.

Our hero next proceeded to the court of King Gybich, at Worms, on the Rhine, who had three sons, and a most beautiful daughter named Chrymhild.* She was one day taking the air at a window, when she was carried off by a monstrous flying dragon. The king and queen were sadly distressed at this event, as may be supposed; knights and messengers were every where dispatched after her—but their attempts to release her were all in vain.

The dragon carried the maiden to his dragon-stone, a stone about a quarter of a mile long, on the top of a high mountain, laid his head in her lap, and, wearied with his exertions, slept, but so hard was his breathing, that the very mountain shook with it.

When the maiden had been with the dragon three months, Easter-day arrived, and the frightful monster was on that occasion transformed into man. The fair Chrymhild in vain besought him to release her, but he was as obdurate in his human shape, as he had been before. “Your intreaties are in vain,” said he, “you will never see father, mother, or other human being more.” Chrymhild implored him still more earnestly, but all attempts to soften

melted FAT of the dragon. That it should be, as we have said, is clear from the original poem.

“Das horn der warm gund weychen,”

* So at least, in the poem, in the chapbook, which is said, but not believed, to be translated from the French, she is called “Florigunde,” a name which certainly smacks of a French original.

his heart were in vain. "This day five years," continued he, "I shall again become a man—and then you must be my bride—and at last must go with me to hell, where every day will appear to be a year long." It is impossible to describe the anguish with which the Princess was filled by this intelligence.

In the meanwhile, Siegfried continued at the Court of King Gybich, carrying off the prize at every tournament; and when not so engaged, following the chase with hawk and hound. One day while bent upon the latter pastime, he encountered in a vast forest an armed knight, who called upon him to yield himself a prisoner. Siegfried, although not armed, trusted to his horny skin, drew his sword upon the knight, and a vigorous contest ensued between them.—At last the strange knight bit the ground. Siegfried immediately rendered every assistance to the brave and wounded knight, loosened his armour, and did every thing he could for his recovery.

When somewhat restored, the knight acquainted Siegfried, that in that forest there was a perilous adventure to be achieved. "A frightful dragon," gasped out the dying knight, "here holds in confinement, a beauteous maiden." Before he could give Siegfried any directions to the precise spot, he died leaving him in the greatest uncertainty.

He resolved, however, to prosecute the adventure, took the shield and helmet of the dead knight, and swore to seek out the place and set the imprisoned maiden free.—He rode forth for this purpose, but had not proceeded far before he was surrounded by thousands of mounted dwarfs, attendants upon their sovereign, King Eugleyne, who, with a crown of gold upon his head, came riding up to Siegfried on a beautiful black jennet. The

two worthies were soon acquainted with each other. Siegfried told the king his object in searching the forest, and Eugleyne availing himself of his supernatural knowledge, related to the hero, his (Siegfried's) birth, parentage and education; but what was of more service to him, some further particulars relative to the imprisoned Princess, but still refused to show him the way to the dragon's hiding-place. Siegfried thereupon thrust his sword into the earth, and swore three oaths, that he would not leave the adventure unaccomplished. The Dwarf Monarch was afraid to assist in the attempt, and sought to get out of it by running away; but Siegfried seized him, and thrust him with such violence against a rock, that his golden crown was shivered into a thousand pieces. Eugleyne expecting worse treatment if he refused, now promised his advice and assistance to Siegfried. "The devil thank you," said Siegfried, "Why could you not say so before." The King of the Dwarfs very prudently took no notice of this rudeness, and proceeded to tell him that the country belonged to the Giant Kuperan, who had a legion of giants under him, and moreover had possession of the key of the Dragon-stone.

Siegfried proceeded, according to the dwarf's directions, to the giant's dwelling-place, which he entered without any ceremony, and requested him, very civilly, to give up the key of the dragon-stone. The giant not only refused to comply with this request, but he prepared to punish Siegfried for his impudence in making the demand, with his massive iron club. Siegfried never attempted to fly, and a furious combat immediately ensued between them. Our hero skilfully slipped aside from the mighty blows of Kuperan's club, which the giant wielded with such force, that he drove it every time the depth of two ells into the

ground ; and thereby afforded Siegfried abundance of opportunity of inflicting some severe wounds upon him, which not only made his blood flow in torrents, but drove the monster into a furious rage. After a while the giant retreated to his cave, from which he speedily returned armed in richly-gilded armour, which had been hardened in the blood of a dragon. His helmet was of immense strength ; his shield a foot thick ; and his four-cornered club was so sharp, on every side, that he could with one blow shiver into pieces the strongest cart-wheel that was ever seen.

Siegfried mounted his horse, and the combat began anew between them. When at length he had inflicted sixteen wounds upon the giant, he begged for his life, and promised with an oath to deliver up to Siegfried the key of the Dragon-stone.

But Kuperan's ideas of the binding nature of an oath appear to have been as lax as those of all giants that ever existed,—

“ Who have no fear of God, nor shame of man.”

Accordingly, as he followed Siegfried through the wood towards the Dragon-stone, he suddenly struck him so violent a blow, that he fell to the earth ; and, but for the assistance of the Dwarf Eugleyne, who instantly placed a cap of darkness upon his head, which rendered him invisible, he would certainly have been slain by his treacherous enemy. The giant, upon no longer seeing Siegfried, flew into a violent rage, and smote with his club every thing that came within his reach.

As soon as Siegfried was somewhat recovered, he threw aside the cap of darkness, and again began a combat with the giant ; again vanquished him, and spared his life. The *giant*, however, was, upon this occasion, as good as his

word. He actually conducted our hero to the Dragon-stone, and opened the door of it, which was concealed eight fathoms under ground.

Chrymhild was pleased enough to see her deliverer, and many pretty speeches passed between them on the occasion.

These, however, were interrupted by the giant's informing Siegfried that there lay concealed in a certain spot, a sword, with which alone it would be possible to slay the dragon. Siegfried immediately proceeded in search of it, and his enemy seizing the opportunity, again felled him unexpectedly to the ground. Siegfried, however, speedily rallied—fought with and conquered the giant. The maiden, who had wrung her hands and rent her hair during the combat, was heartily rejoiced, when, at its termination, she saw her beloved Siegfried seize the treacherous giant in his arms, and hurling him from the Dragon-stone, dash him into a thousand pieces.

The beneficent dwarf Eugleyne now placed before the lovers a splendid banquet, at which they were attended by a numerous retinue of dwarfs. Their enjoyment of his hospitality was put an end to by a roaring like a coming tempest, and by an announcement from some of the dwarf scouts that the sound proceeded from the dragon, who was speedily approaching, being then only about three miles off—a distance at which he appears to have been discernible, from the flames and smoke which he poured forth. Siegfried comforted the terrified maiden, and prepared to encounter this frightful enemy. Dire was the combat which ensued when the dragon arrived, attended by sixty young dragons. The monster vomited forth fire and flames over Siegfried, while the dwarfs filled the atmosphere with cooling airs, that he

might the better resist the heat. At length Siegfried's horny covering began to melt, and he was forced to fly with his beloved into a cave. Here he soon got cool; and, telling Chrymhild to trust in Providence, he returned to the dragon-stone, found his enemy alone, the other sixty dragons having taken their departure, and, renewing the combat, struck his enemy right and left, hip and thigh, and at length slew him. And this he had no sooner accomplished, than he fell down senseless, exhausted by heat and fatigue. On coming to himself, he returned to the cave, and found Chrymhild lying as if dead upon the earth. His piercing cries brought Eugleyne to his aid, who, having recovered the damsel by placing in her mouth some powerful root, swore allegiance to Siegfried in behalf of himself and his dwarfs, whom Siegfried had delivered from the tyranny of Kuperan, and agreed to accompany the happy pair to Worms. v

To Worms accordingly the whole party now proceeded, and Eugleyne beguiled the journey by foretelling to Siegfried the events of his future life; and which, we may here observe, occurred exactly as the dwarf prophesied.

King Gybich and his queen were, as may be supposed, well enough pleased when their daughter was restored to them, and did not hesitate to give their consent to her marriage with her deliverer.

The nuptials of the horny Siegfried and Chrymhild were therefore celebrated with great solemnity; the festivities on the occasion lasting for fourteen days, and the bridegroom carrying off on all occasions the prize from the tournaments held in honour of his marriage.

At length, as the dwarf foretold, our hero received his death at the hand of one of his brothers-in-law. Gunther, Hagen, and Gyrnot, the three sons of King Gybich, were

envious of Siegfried's fame, and they plotted together with the view to his death. At length, eight years after his marriage—the very time announced by Eugleyne, Hagen, who knew the only vital spot about him, stabbed him between the shoulders, when they were hunting together in the Otten forest, and thus end the adventures of the Horny Siegfried.

NOTE.—The above extract from the romance containing the Adventures of the Horny Siegfried, has been made from a comparison between the common chap-book, one of the most popular of the German story-books, and the original poem, which is preserved in "v. der Hagen's Heldenbuch in der Ursprache," Theil 2. The reader who would wish for further information respecting this mighty champion, who plays so important a part in the Teutonic cycle of romance, especially in the Nibelungen Lied, is referred to v. der Hagen and Busching's "Litt. Grundrisse zur Geschichte der Deutschen Poesie," s. 48--53; to Grimm's Deutsche Sagen, passim; and lastly to Gorres, Die Teutschen Volksbücher, s. 93--99, who says, when speaking of this romance, "For the age of the poem this fact speaks, that not merely the traditions upon which it is founded are lost, but the traditions of its foundation are also lost."

THE STOLEN PENNIES.

A man and his wife and children were once upon a time sitting at their noon-tide meal with a good friend, whom they had invited to share it with them. And while they were so seated, the clock struck twelve, and the stranger saw the door open, and a very little child, dressed all in white, came; it neither looked about nor spake a word; but went right through the chamber. Soon afterwards it came

back, as silently as before, and went out of the door again. And it came again in like manner on the second and third days; until at length the stranger asked the good man of the house to whom the beautiful child belonged, who came every day at noon into the chamber? "I have never seen it," said he, "nor do I know to whom it can belong." On the following day the stranger pointed it out to the father when it came in, but he saw it not, neither did his wife or children see it. Then the stranger arose, went to the door through which it had passed, opened it a little way, and peeped in. Then saw he the child sitting on the ground, groping and raking very busily in the crevices of the floor; as soon, however, as it perceived the stranger it vanished. Then he related what he had seen, and described the child so minutely, that the mother knew it at once, and said, "Alas! that is my own dear child, that died four weeks since." Then he broke up the flooring, and there found two pennies which the child had once received from the mother, to give to a poor beggar, but it had thought that it could buy sweetmeats with the two pennies, so had kept them and hidden them in the crevices of the floor; and therefore it had found no rest in the grave, but had come every day at noon to search after the pennies. Thereupon the parents gave the money to a poor man, and after that the child was never more seen.

NOTE.—Grimm. K. u. H. Marchen, B. 2, s. 277-8. This story is from Cassel. We recollect reading a similar one from the pen of Mr. Lockhart some years since in *The Christmas Box*. In that instance, the scene of the legend was laid in Scotland.

THE HAUNTED CASTLE.

It is with fear and trembling that the wanderer approaches the ruins of the Dumburg, and the greatest alarm seizes on him, if night chance to overtake him in its neighbourhood. For when the sun is gone down, if he set foot upon the grounds of the castle, he hears in the depths hollow groans, and the clanking of chains. And at the hour of midnight, he sees in the moonshine the spirits of those knights of former days, who once ruled the neighbouring country with sceptres of iron. Twelve tall white figures spring up from the mouldering rocks, bearing a mighty open coffin, which they place on the summit of them, and then disappear. Moreover, the skulls which are lying about here and there among the rocks, are frequently seen to move.

Robbers who slew the passing travellers and merchants, whom they found on the road from Leipsic to Brunswick, dwelt for a long time in this haunted castle, and there hoarded up the treasures which they got from despoiled churches, and the surrounding country; and guarded it in the subterraneous vaults. Deep wells were filled up with the slain, and in the horrible dungeons of the robbers' castle many an unhappy victim died the lingering death of famine. For a long time did the lurking place of the robbers remain undiscovered; at length the revenge of the allied nobles reached it.

The pilfered treasures of gold and silver, and precious jewels, are still towered up in the closed vaults and cellars of the robbers' castle. Yet rarely is it that any one is fortunate enough to hit upon the door which leads to

them; even though he discover any of the ruined entrances which are scattered about it. Frequently spirits in the shape of monks, or perhaps, real living monks, are here seen to descend.

Once upon a time, a poor wood-cutter who was busied in felling a beech-tree behind the fragments of rocks, seeing a monk slowly approaching through the forest, concealed himself behind the tree. The monk passed him, and entered a crevice of the rock. The wood-cutter crept after him, and saw that he was standing at a little door which none of the neighbouring villagers had yet discovered. The monk tapped gently, and said, "Open, door!" and the door sprang open; and he heard him cry, "Shut, door!" and the door closed accordingly. Although trembling in every limb, the wood-cutter marked the ruined entrance with twigs and stones piled on one another. From that moment he could neither sleep nor eat, so anxious was he to know what there could be in the vault, to which that wonderful door was the entrance.

On the following Saturday he fasted, and on the Sunday morning at sunrise, he went with his rosary in his hand to the rock, which he had previously marked; and when he reached the door, his teeth chattered when he thought that he might, perchance, see a spirit in the shape of a monk. But no spirit made its appearance. Trembling with fear he crept close to the door, listened for a long time, and heard nothing. At last, in the anguish of his heart, he offered up prayers to the Virgin and all the saints, and then scarcely knowing what he did, knocked quickly at the door; "Open, door!" said he, in a feeble, tremulous voice. The door flew open, and he saw before him a small gloomy passage. He entered in, and the passage speedily ter-

minated in a spacious beautifully lighted vault. "Shut, door!" said he, unwittingly, and the door closed behind him.

Then he went forward timidly, and found large open barrels and sacks filled with old dollars, fine gold, and heavy gold pieces. There were also numbers of caskets filled with pearls and other jewels; costly reliquaries and highly decorated figures of the Saints were spread over silver tables, in one corner of the cave. The wood-cutter crossed and blessed himself, and wished himself a thousand miles from the enchanted spot, yet could not withstand the temptation of carrying off some of the treasure, that he might therewith procure clothing for his wife and children, who had long been in rags.

Trembling, and with half-closed eyes, he stretched forth his hand towards the sack which was nearest to him, and took a handful of florins out of it; then, in his fright, laid hold of his own head: but finding it, notwithstanding what he had done, still in its right place, he plucked up a little more courage, and, blinking through his eye-lashes, he took a few dollars and a couple of handsfull of the small shining tin money, and, crossing himself, staggered out of the door.

"Come again!" exclaimed a hollow voice from the innermost part of the cave. Scarcely could he stammer out, "Open, door!" He did, however, and it flew open. Gladly and much more loudly did he call out, "Shut, door!" and it did so.

He then ran home as fast as his legs would carry him; but said never a word of the treasure which he had found—went straight to the neighbouring monastery, and there bestowed two-tenths of what he had taken from the cave, on the church and on the *poor*. On the following day he went

into the town, and bought for his wife and children the new clothes of which they stood so much in need. He had, he said, found under the root of the tree which he had felled, an old dollar and a couple of old florins.

On the following Sunday he went with firmer step to the door in the rock, did as he had done on the first occasion, and filled his pockets better than before, but still moderately and sparingly. "Come again!" exclaimed the hollow voice. And on the third Sunday he went again, and filled his pockets as before.

Now he began to look upon himself as a rich man. But, what was he to do with his riches? He gave two tenths of all that he had taken to the church and to the poor; the rest he determined to bury in his cellar, and to use it from time to time as he had occasion to do so. But he could not resist the temptation of first measuring his money, for he had never been taught to count it.

So he went to a neighbour, a very rich man, but who thirsted for more riches, who dealt in corn, deprived workmen of their hire, wrung their property from widows and orphans, lent on pawn, and who did all this, and yet had no children. Of him he borrowed a measure, measured his gold, buried it, and took the measure back again.

But the measure had great cracks in it, through which the corn dealer, when he was serving a poor labourer, contrived, by shuffling and shaking it, to let some portion of the corn fall back into his store. In one of these crevices there remained sticking some of the little shining tin-money, which the wood-cutter had not noticed when he shook out the gold.

But the eagle eyes of his rich neighbour did not overlook them. He sought the wood-cutter in the forest, and in-

quired of him what he had measured with his measure ? “ Oats and wood-seeds, and the like,” faltered the wood-cutter. But with a knowing shake of the head, the corn dealer showed him the little pieces of money, and then by threatening him with the law and the rack, and next holding out to him all sorts of magnificent promises, so worked upon the poor wood-cutter, that he at length wormed out of him the secret, and learned from him the all-powerful words.

The whole of the following week did the rich man spend in contriving how he might carry away at one time all the treasure from the cave, and also that which was probably concealed in deeper caverns, and that which might be buried in the earth. Then he considered if he had got all this treasure, how he might purchase cheaply from his neighbours’ field after field, and house after house; till at length he became lord over the whole village, and perhaps several surrounding villages, how he would then be ennobled by the emperor, and as a robber-knight make the whole neighbourhood tributary to him.

In the meanwhile, the wood-cutter was not pleased that his wicked neighbour would go to the castle. He begged of him to give up the intention, represented to him the danger, and related to him a hundred instances of the calamities which had befallen treasure-seekers. But what will keep back a miser from an open sack full of gold pieces ?

By threats and entreaties, the woodcutter was at length persuaded to accompany him, for once, to the door; that he might take the sacks, which the usurer would drag out entirely by himself, at the entrance, and conceal them among the brush-wood. For this he was to have one half, and the church a tenth part of *the treasure*; and all the poor of the

village were to be newly clothed. So said the miser. But in his heart, he had determined, as soon as the woodcutter had done all he required of him, to thrust him into the well of the castle, to give nothing to the poor, and to the church only some of the tin-money, and in his mind he was already looking out for the lightest of that.

On the next Sunday the miser and the woodcutter set off, as soon as it was light, to the Dumburg. The miser carried on his shoulders a three-bushel sack, which was crammed full of smaller ones, and he took with him a spade and a large pick-axe. The wood-cutter warned him over and over again against covetousness, but in vain, and advised him to pray to the Saints, but that, too, was of no avail.—But swearing and gnashing his teeth did the miser lead the way.

At length they reached the door. The woodcutter, who was not well pleased with the job, but who was acting as he did from the fear of the rack, stood a little way off, ready to take the sacks from the entrance. "Open, door!" cried the miser hastily, and trembling from very eagerness. The door opened and in he went. "Shut, door!" The door closed after him.

Scarcely had he entered the vault and seen the barrels and sacks full of money, and jewels, and pearls, and shining gold, than he devoured it all with his eyes, and snatched with shaking hands the small sacks out of the large one, in order that he might fill them.

Then there came from the depth of the cave, with slow and solemn steps, a huge black hound with fiery flashing eyes, and laid himself by turns on every one of the full sacks, and upon every parcel of gold.

"Hence with thee, thou miser," grinned forth the huge

black hound. He fell trembling to the ground, and crept upon his hands and feet to the door. But in the anguish of his heart, he called out, "Shut, door," instead of "Open, door," and the door remained closed.

Long did the woodman, with beating heart, tarry for his coming. Then it seemed to him as if he heard a groaning and moaning, and the hollow howling of a dog, and then it was suddenly all still again.

Presently he heard the sound of mass in the neighbouring monastery. He counted his beads, then tapped lightly at the door,—“Open, door!” The door opened, and, oh! horror! there lay the bloody corse of his wicked neighbour stretched out upon his sack, and the barrels and chests of gold and silver, and diamonds, and pearls, sank before his eyes, gradually, deeper and deeper into the earth.

THE ROMANCE OF TYLL EULENSPIEGEL, OR, HOWLEGLAS.

An unfortunate notion has for some time prevailed in this country, that mysticism and metaphysics have long reigned paramount in Germany and German literature, to the utter exclusion of humour, or works wherein humour is the distinguishing feature. A celebrated French critic, whose dictum once was law, pronounced the Germans to be destitute of wit: a still later writer, the Baron de Grimm, states in his correspondence, that he has seen German gentlemen, weighing fifteen or sixteen stone, jumping over the backs of chairs, by way of proving their sprightliness. These and many similar assertions *with regard to our Teutonic brethren*,

have been echoed and re-echoed, till German gravity has become almost a byword. Our pages, however, must have disproved the accuracy of this opinion; and before we conclude our "Lays and Legends of Germany,"* we shall insert other specimens of the Early Comic Romances of that country, and thereby contribute some new materials for the amusement and information of our readers.

We have selected the Life of Tyll Eulenspiegel to begin with, for many and good reasons; among others, because the "merry rogue" is in the enjoyment of an European reputation, and because, as Gorres observes in his work on the popular literature of the Germans, "the book abounds in inventive humour, in rough merriment and broad drollery, and is not without a keen rugged shrewdness of insight; which properties must have made it irresistibly captivating to the popular sense, and, with all its fantastic extravagances and roguish crotchets, in many points instructive." But our last reason is not the one which has had the least weight with us;—it is the circumstance of our being enabled to lay before our readers an old English version of it; so that such parts as we may select will be given in language which, by its quaintness and antiquity, will afford a far better idea of the spirit of the original, than any modern translation could do.

* We purpose devoting several other parts of the Lays and Legends to Germany; a fact which we mention upon this occasion, lest our readers should be led by our announcement of every part being complete in itself to conceive that one part only would be devoted to the traditions of each nation. The numbers of parts allowed to each country, must of course be regulated by its traditional stores. Germany will probably be completed in four.

Our limits will not, however, allow us to indulge in a long preliminary discourse ; we shall therefore merely observe, that the merry wanderer on whom the jests and rogueries recorded in the work in question are fathered, actually lived in the first half of the fourteenth century ; his tombstone, on which, in allusion to his name, an owl and glass are sculptured, being still in existence, at Mollen, a village four miles from Lubeck.

The merry history of his exploits was first published in the low German language. This was afterwards translated into high German by the celebrated Thomas Murner. It has also been translated into every one of the languages of Europe—and into some, we believe, it has been translated more than once. It has likewise been twice translated into Latin verse—once by Nemius, and again by Periander ; the latter, which was printed at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, being illustrated by wood-cuts by the celebrated Jobst Ammon. Tyll's adventures have, indeed, furnished abundant materials for artists ; and in our day they have been spiritedly illustrated in 55 outline engravings by Ramberg, the modern illustrator of Reynard the Fox.

The nature of the book being such that we cannot give an abstract of it, we shall only therefore give a few samples of Tyll's rogueries, as they are related in the translation printed by Copeland, now among the Garrick Plays in the British Museum. They will give at best, however, but a poor notion of the original, which, be it remembered, was the pet book of that extraordinary genius, Fuseli.

“ How that Howleglas, when that he was a child, answered a man that asked the way.

“ Upon a time went Howleglas' father and mother out, and left Howleglas within the house. Then came here a

man riding half into the door, and asked, 'Is there nobody within?' Then answered the child, 'There is a man and a half, and a horse's head.' Then asked the man, 'Where is thy father?' And the child answered and said, 'My father is of ill making worse; and my mother is gone for scathe or shame.' And the man said to the child, 'How understandest thou that?' And then the child said, 'My father is making of ill worse, for he ploweth the field, and maketh great holes, that men should fall therein when they ride; and my mother is to borrow bread—and when she giveth it again, and giveth less, it is shame—and when she giveth it, and giveth more, that is scathe.' Then said the man, 'Which is the way to ride?' And the child answered and said, 'There where the geese go.' And then rode the man his way to the geese, and they flew into the water. Then wist he not where to ride, but turned again to the child and said, 'The geese be flown into the water, and thus wot I not what to do, nor whither to ride.' Then answered the child, 'You must ride where as the geese go, and not where they swim.' Then departed the man, and rode his way and marvelled of the answer of the child.

"How Howleglas fell from the rope into the water, whereof the people had good sport.

"Upon a time Howleglas played upon the cord that was set over the water, where he made good sport; but at the last there was one that cut the rope, so fell he into the water and was all to wet; and he came out as well he might. For that little spite he thought to quiet them again, and said to them, 'Come again to-morrow, and I will do many more wonders upon the rope.' And the next day after came Howleglas and danced upon the cord; and then he said to the young folk, 'Ye shall see what news I can do. Give me

everybody your right shoe upon the rope-end.' So they did, and the old men also. And when he had danced a while, he cast them their shoon upon a heap, and bade them take their shoon each of them again. Then ran they after their shoon, and for haste one tumbled over the other; and then they began to lie together by the ears and smite with their fists so hard that they fell both to the earth. One said, weeping, 'This is my shoe;' and the other laughed and cried, 'That is my shoe.' And thus for their shoon lay they together by the ears. Then began Howleglas to laugh, crying, 'Seek your shoon : yesterday ye bathed me.' And he leapt from the cord, and went his way to his mother's and durst not come out again in the space of a month. And so he tarried with his mother; whereof his mother was glad, but she knew not the cause why he tarried with her, nor what he had done.

How Howleglas crept into a bee-hive, and how he was stolen in the night.

"Upon a time went Howleglas with his mother to the dedication of the church. And there he drank so much, that he was drunken; and then went he into a garden thereby, where stood many bee hives; and there he sought where he might have a place to sleep in, and at the last he found an empty bee-hive, wherein he put himself to sleep for that night. Then came there, in the dead of the night, two thieves for to steal away the hives; and they felt which of the hives was heaviest, for they thought therein was most honey; so that at the last they felt the hive that Howleglas was in, and then said the thief to his fellow, 'Here is one that is very heavy; this will I have, take thou another, and let us go.' Then took they the bee-hives on their necks

and departed. Then awoke Howleglas, and heard all what they said. And it was so dark, that the one knew not the other. Then put Howleglas his hand out of the hive, and pulled the foremost by the ear; wherewith he was angry, and said to his fellow behind him, 'Why pullest thou me by the ear?' And then he answered, 'I pull thee by the ear! and I have as much as I can do to bear my hive.' And within a while after he pulled the hindermost by the ear, that was right angry, and said, 'I bear so heavy that I sweat; and for all that, thou pullest me by the ear.' Then answered the foremost, 'Thou liest; how should I pluck thee by the ear, and I can scantly find my way?' And thus went they chiding by the way; and as they were chiding, Howleglas put out his hand again, and pulled the foremost by the ear; whereof he was angry, and set down his hive, and took his fellow by the head, and thus they tumbled together by the ears in the street; and at the last, when the one had well beaten the other, they ran their way and left the hives lying; and then slept Howleglas in the hive till the morning.

"How Howleglas was made clerk of Buddenest."

"And then, in the mean season, while Howleglas was parish-clerk, at Easter they should play the resurrection of Our Lord. And for because then the men were not learned, nor could not read, the priest took his leman and put her in the grave for an angel; and this seeing, Howleglas took to him two of the simplest persons that were in the town, that played the three Marys; and the parson played Christ, with a banner in his hand. Then said Howleglas to the simple persons, 'When the angel asketh you whom you seek, you may say—The parson's leman with one eye.' Then it fortuneth that the time was come that they must

play ; and the angel asked them whom they sought, and then said they as Howleglas had showed and learned them afore ; and then answered they, ‘We seek the priest’s leman with one eye :’ and then the priest might hear that he was mocked. And when the priest’s leman heard that, she arose out of the grave, and would have smitten with her fist Howleglas upon the cheek ; but she missed him, and smote one of the simple persons that played one of the three Marys ; and he gave her another. And then took she him by the ear ; and that seeing, his wife came running hastily to smite the priest’s leman : and then the priest, seeing this, cast down his banner, and went to help his woman, so that the one gave the other sore strokes, and made great noise in the church. And then Howleglas, seeing them lying together by the ears in the body of the church, went his way out of the village, and came no more there.

INDEX.

	Page
Introduction - - - - -	p iii. x
Legends of the Kyfhauser Mountain - - - - -	1
The Old Knights' Cellar in the Kyfhauser - - - - -	ib
The Golden Knops of Flax - - - - -	5
The Wonderful Flower - - - - -	ib.
The Goatherd - - - - -	7
The Old New Married Couple - - - - -	10
The Enchanted Emperor - - - - -	12
The Shepherd and the Emperor - - - - -	ib.
The Emperor and the Musician - - - - -	ib.
The Enchanted Emperor - - - - -	14
Song of the Unfaithful Maiden - - - - -	16
Gaffer Death - - - - -	18
Lay of the Young Count - - - - -	21
Brother Merry - - - - -	23
Leonora - - - - -	35
Maiden of Boyneburg - - - - -	37
St. Andrew's Night - - - - -	39
The Little Shroud - - - - -	40
The Little Shroud, by L. E. L. - - - - -	41
Ulrich and Annie - - - - -	43
The Sexton of Magdeburgh - - - - -	46
The Mannikin and the Three Princesses - - - - -	47
Of one that went forth to learn to be afraid - - - - -	52
Abstract of the Romance of the Horny Siegfried - - - - -	64
The Stolen Pennies - - - - -	71
The Haunted Castle - - - - -	73
The Romance of Tyll Eulenspiegel; or, Howleglas - - - - -	79

LAYS AND LEGENDS.

Germany.—PART II.

19.—THE LEGEND OF DANIEL'S CAVE.

On the northern declivity of the mountain upon whose summit is situated the Huyseburg Monastery, which lies about a mile from Halberstadt,* there is shown a cave artificially formed out of the rock; its entrance, though very ingeniously contrived, may now easily be discovered owing to the cutting down of the forest, but it was formerly concealed by the wide-spreading oaks and impenetrable underwood by which it was surrounded. Nothing is now to be seen but the bare sides of the rock of two chambers, one adapted for the abode of a human being, the other fitted up as a stable. In the roof, a hole, wrought through the solid rock is moreover discernible, and the following is the tradition which the peasantry of the neighbourhood relate upon the subject:—

In this cave there once dwelt a robber, who was the terror of the whole country round. His name was Daneel, or Daniel. His brother, an astrologer, had discovered this hiding-place for him, and fitted it up for him accordingly; and was, for his pains, murdered by his ungrateful brother that he might never divulge his secret retreat.

For a long time did Daniel, sallying forth from his cave,

* In Lower Saxony, S. West of Magdeburgh.—Ed.

carry on his robberies in the Hartz Mountains. He had, moreover, for the furtherance of his nefarious practices, laid down over a very large circle, wires, which were connected with small bells arranged in his cave, whose ringing pointed out to him the spot to which to betake himself for the purpose of robbing the unwary traveller.

This contrivance procured him likewise a wife and house-keeper. Susan, a beautiful peasant girl from one of the neighbouring villages, went into the forest nutting, and lost herself among the thickets which concealed the robber's cave. Scarcely had she touched one of the treacherous wires ere Daniel sprang out, and, in spite of her resistance, thrust her into the cave. Here he compelled her to become his wife, binding her with a terrible oath never to forsake him maliciously—never to betray his hiding-place to any living man.

Long did the dwelling of the robber remain undiscovered. For, since he for the most part perpetrated his crimes in distant parts, and returned in the darkness of night to his unsuspected retreat, it was for many years supposed that he had not taken up his abode in the Hartz Wood; and when at length the magistrates of the neighbourhood were, by frequent complaints, compelled to take notice of his conduct, Daniel, by various stratagems, contrived to keep out of their clutches. Among other plans adopted by him, was that of having his horse shod, with shoes put on the wrong way, so that his foot-marks, if traced, would necessarily mislead those who were in search of him. The last traces, too, were lost in the turf which covered the declivity of the mountain, in whose centre lay the robber's cave. But retribution sleeps not for ever.

Five children had Susan borne unto him, and all five had

the inhuman monster stabbed as soon as they were born, that he might not be betrayed by their cries. At length the robber conceded to the thousand times preferred entreaty of his wife, of whose fidelity he was convinced, and whom he supposed to have been so long forgotten that she would never be recognised—and consented to her going to one of the neighbouring villages to purchase some articles of clothing which she had long stood in need of. After six sorrowful years he opened for the first time her prison, and she once more looked upon cultivated lands. Yet, before her departure, must she repeat, with the strongest asseverations, the oath which she had made to him, and swear, moreover, to return home from the city before the bustle of the day commenced.

Before sun-rise she left the robber's cave, moved by a thousand emotions. Only one month before had she witnessed the cruel murder of her fifth-born child, a fine healthy boy, and his cries were still ringing in her ears ; ever since had the robber, whose return home had ever been a source of misery to her, and whose tales of murder and rapine she had shuddered to listen to, become wholly unbearable. She trembled at the thought that in a few hours she was to return again to the cave, and there be imprisoned, perhaps, for ever. And yet she was bound by a dreadful oath, and her heart kept whispering "soul lost, all lost." Thus, she now felt herself free ; but, at the same time, chained to the cave and to the robber.

As she passed the Huyseburg Monastery she hoped her guardian angel would so order it that she might encounter some priest, who would, before she discovered to him her secret, absolve her from her oath. But no priest appeared. Midnight and sleep still overhung the monastery and those

that dwelt therein. She went on, now stood at the outskirts of the wood, and saw the city lying before, still veiled in mist. The silence which surrounded her was awful—she felt alone and abandoned by the whole world.

At length the sun arose, and the whole landscape was laid open before her; but her breast was sore troubled; it was to her as if the first breath of morning, which she had often wished once more to breathe, would crush her very heart. Anguish lent wings to her feet, and she came without meeting a human soul into the city; found the houses of the Jews, who all dwelt near the gate, and from whom she was to purchase what she wanted, still closed, and was about to turn back into her gloomy prison.

But the tumult of her thoughts made her dizzy. She missed her way in the city, and, scarcely conscious where she was, found herself in the market-place in the very heart of it. It was so early in the day that even there she saw not a single human being. She lifted up her eyes from the ground, and saw the statue of Roland* at the corner of the court-house. Overcome by her sufferings and her anxiety to give vent to her bursting heart, she threw herself on her knees, before the stone figure, and related to it with streams of tears and loud sobbings, her sufferings and the horrors which she had seen and heard in the cave of the robber.

An officer of justice who was passing, heard part of her confession, and compelled her to go with him to the magistrate. Here, when she found that her secret was already discovered, and that three priests absolved her from the oath by which she was bound, she told without any reser-

* The *Roland-Saule*, a figure so called, which was erected in old German towns as a symbol of municipal jurisprudence.—ED.

vation all she knew, and promised moreover to give the wily robber over to justice. Then, she hastened back as quickly as she could to the cave, strewing her path all the way with peas, which had been given to her for that purpose by the magistracy.

As agreed, on the following day, the magistrates, with ten well-armed soldiers, betook themselves to the side of the mountain which she had pointed out to them as that in which the robber's cave was situated, and separated themselves among the bushes. Soon they espied the peas which Susan had scattered, but as they could not hope to gain an entrance by open violence to the cave, which was closed by a massive iron door, fastened by huge locks and bolts, they determined to remain in concealment until the moment arrived which Susan had described as the only one in which they were likely to surprise and overcome the robber.

It was now noon, and the sun shone warm and bright. Then they heard, just above them, the sound of a little bell, which was the signal made to them by Susan, and immediately afterwards the jarring of the locks and bolts of the iron door which was now opened. They looked up, and out came Susan followed by the terrific robber. Susan sat herself down in a small open sun-shiny spot on the side of the mountain; near her, in the tall grass, lay Daniel, with his head resting in her lap, as he was always accustomed to do in the warm weather, and to take his noon-tide sleep. The modern Delilah stroked his cheeks and forehead until he slept.

As soon as she believed him to be sleeping soundly, she gave the soldiers the concerted signal, which was a low whistle, as a sign for them to spring upon him. They began to *ascend the mountain-side* for that purpose. But

Daniel, whom this unaccustomed sound had already half awakened, sprung up suddenly on hearing the rustling in the surrounding bushes, and looking round saw armed men approaching him on every side. He instantly laid hands upon Susan and endeavoured to drag her into the cave with him; but she, resisting his attempts, with all her might, he rushed alone into his den, closed the iron-door after him, and barricaded it with iron bars, fragments of the rock, and stumps of trees.

There, at length, stood the soldiers and their leaders, before the long-sought spot; they had gotten the robber whom they had so often tried to take, completely encircled, and yet they were again deceived. In vain they stormed the entrance with their weapons, and with the sledges which the neighbouring wood afforded; the door offered successful resistance to all their efforts. Besides, none of the party felt desirous to be the first to enter the cave of the robber; so they ceased for a while their attacks upon it, and held a council of war.

The magistrates and soldiers at length agreed, after long deliberation, that their safest plan would be to starve the robber out of his rocky strong-hold, and that a special messenger should carry the news of the siege of the villain to the city, and return with provisions for the besiegers and such reinforcements as seemed necessary to secure them from all accidents.

But Susan explained to the consulting parties that Daniel had for years, in expectation of such an event, been making provision to resist it; and always kept with him in the cave a supply of food and water, which would hold out for many weeks. This delay appeared to the soldiers to be too *great*: this objection to the proposed plan of starving him

out was admitted to be just, and every one suggested a different plan, such as storming, undermining, and blowing up the rock; every one of which was no sooner proposed, than it was pronounced impracticable.

Thus did the besieging party pass the day before the cave, quarrelling and disagreeing until the sun went down. Daniel, who in his strong-hold overheard their contentions, laughed at them, and made preparations for sallying forth about midnight, when the soldiers would be weary, and perhaps asleep, intending, as circumstances would determine, either to slip quietly out, and let them in the morning find the bird flown and the nest empty; or, if his enemies should awake, to break through them like a roaring devil. He would next conceal himself in the neighbouring wood, called the Elm Wood, and from thence get deeper into the Hartz Mountains, and there carry on his old trade. But all his calculations were thrown out.

One of the soldiers to whom the contest appeared likely to be of too long duration, had withdrawn himself unnoticed from the council of war, hastened back to the city, and there made public the circumstance, with all the additions and enlargements which fear, and a desire to exalt his own services, prompted him. And the news spread so rapidly, that before night-fall such multitudes of persons from the surrounding country joined the besiegers, that they remained on their posts in high spirits, and Daniel found he had no chance of escape.

“Night bringeth good counsel,” saith the Proverb: and at length they agreed amongst them that the robber should either be drowned in his retreat, or suffocated by the steam of boiling water. Soon after day-break hundreds, well provided with hatchets and axes, were busily employed in *hewing down all the trees and brushwood which grew*

around the cavern; and in the course of a few hours the whole of that side of the mountain was as open as it is at the present time. No sooner was this accomplished, than water was brought thither from all the towns and villages in the neighbourhood; and, in the meanwhile, some bricklayers and masons had succeeded in boring a hole through that part of the rock which formed the roof of the cave. Finally, they procured from the Huyseberg Monastery a large brewing copper, which they laid upon an immense fire, and therein heated the water.

Then was the entrapped robber stormed and driven to despair, by the streams of boiling water which were passed in buckets from hand to hand through a line of men placed for the purpose, and then quietly poured down the opening into the cave. After some hours they heard him moving about in confusion in the cave, now leaving his dwelling-place for the stable, now making the best of his way back from the stable to his own part. After a time they found the water escaping through a number of small apertures, which it would be impossible to block up. It was therefore resolved that the water should be thickened with meal. The surrounding mills and villages were called upon to give up their stores, and for some hours hot and thick flour and water was poured continually into the cell. At last, all within it seemed quiet; and after all signs of life in the robber had ceased to be heard for some time, the iron door was burst open with crowbars; and there, right at the entrance, they found the crouching body of the guilty one.

NOTE.--This melo-dramatic tale, which is from BUSCHING'S *Volksagen*, s. 359-369, is remarkable for its resemblance to a story of *Black Frederick*, a Silesian robber, whose adventures will hereafter

20.—REBUNDUS IN THE CATHEDRAL OF LUBECK.

In ancient times, when a Canon of Lubeck was destined soon to die, he would find in the morning a white rose under the cushion of his seat in the choir; and thence it became a custom that every one, as soon as he got to his seat, turned up his cushion to see whether or not this token of coming death lay beneath it.

Now it happened that one of the Canons, by name Rebundus, found this rose under his cushion; and because it appeared in his eyes more like a thorny briar than a rose, he took it away very dexterously, and placed it under the cushion of his neighbour, although this one had already looked under it, and there found nothing.

Rebundus then asked whether he would not turn up his cushion: whereupon the other replied that he had already done so; but Rebundus answered to this—‘That if he had, he had not done so thoroughly, and ought to look again; for he (Rebundus) bethought him that he had caught a glimpse of something white when he looked there.’ Accordingly the Canon lifted up his cushion, and there, sure enough, lay the Flower of Death; and he was angered and said ‘he had been betrayed, for when he had entered the Choir he had examined his seat thoroughly, and there was no rose there then.’ So he took it up, and thrust it under the cushion of Rebundus; he, however, would not let it rest there, and threw it back again; and they threw it backwards and forwards from one to another, and there arose a contention and bitter strife between them.

At length, the Chapter interfered, and sought to settle matters between them; but Rebundus would not admit that he *had found the rose* in the first instance,

but persevered in his false statements, until his opponent, losing all patience, expressed the wish—'That God would grant that whichsoever of them had done wrong in this matter, should in future become a token of death instead of the rose ; and should, until the Last Day, knock in his grave whenever a Canon was soon to die !' Rebundus, who looked upon this solemn imprecation as empty wind, answered wickedly—'Amen, so be it !'

Now soon after this, Rebundus died ; and from that time forth, whenever any one of the Canons drew nigh unto his end, Rebundus knocked frightfully under his grave-stone ; and hence arose the saying—'Rebundus has bestirred himself, a Canon will soon die.' Properly speaking, it is not a mere knocking ; but there are heard under his massive, lengthy, and broad grave-stone three blows, which crash not much more softly than thunder, or three shots of a cannon. At the third time, the sound rolls along through the vaulted roof of the church, with such tremendous violence, that one would expect the roof to split, and the church itself to fall to the ground. Moreover, it is then not merely heard in the church itself, but also in the neighbouring houses, and that too very distinctly.

It happened once upon a Sunday, between nine and ten o'clock, in the middle of the sermon, that Rebundus bestirred himself, and knocked so violently, that some labouring men who were standing on the grave-stone, listening to the preacher, were, partly through the violent rising of the stone, and partly through their alarm, cast to the ground as forcibly as if they had been struck by lightning.

At the third terrific blow every body sought to escape out of the church, in the expectation of its falling in ; but *the preacher* exhorted the congregation to remain, and fear

approaching to womanhood, and the time for her marriage with the hump-backed prince was drawing near, they knew not how to keep themselves out of their threatened troubles. In the anguish of her heart, the princess discovered to her nurse her love for the pastry-cook.

The nurse was greatly alarmed when she heard this, and exhorted her to think no more of the pastry-cook, whom she would never be able to marry, but to turn her thoughts upon the young prince who was destined to be her husband. But the princess wept and lamented so grievously, and declared that she would never eat or drink more, until her nurse consented to assist her with her advice, that she, knowing that what the princess said, she would do, was sadly troubled; and at length promised her that, if she would only go to bed quietly that night, she would the next morning see what could be done for her.

The nurse, who was somewhat skilled in fairy matters and the secret sciences, on the following day advised the princess to beg of her father to postpone her marriage for a twelvemonth. She did so; and he having acceded to her request, the old crone contrived opportunities for the lovers to meet, and converse together as long as they wished; the pastry-cook taking care always to bring with him, as a present for her, some tartlets filled with pieces of gold. Now the princess and her lover were so charmed with each other that they met every day; and as they by degrees grew less cautious, and oftentimes remained together during half the day, it at length happened, while they were sitting together, that the prince, her betrothed husband, requested the king to accompany him to his bride.

He did so; and what was their astonishment when, on entering her apartment, they beheld the beautiful princess

in the arms of the pastry-cook ! The father was ready to swoon with affright, but the prince was mad with rage, while the pastry-cook, availing himself of their confusion, speedily took to flight. The prince, who had learned something of magic from his mother, wished that they might all remain immoveable in the same position until such times as he released them. And it was so. But he had no power over the nurse, seeing that she was herself a fairy. She, however, was sadly troubled at this event, and not being powerful enough to undo the charm, she went to the lover, who was no less unhappy than herself, and comforted him by her assurance that if he really loved the princess so dearly as he said, he might yet be the means of releasing her from the spell of his rival.

He having declared himself ready to risk his life in the attempt to set her free, the nurse bade him get ready to undertake a distant journey. ' In a country many thousand miles from here,' said she, ' there dwells a Popanz, the chief of all his kind, from whom nothing is concealed, and who knows the greatest and least thing that magic ever did or can bring about ; him must you seek out, and pluck seven feathers from his tail.'

When the pastry-cook heard this, he was sore afraid, and told her that it was impossible, for he knew the Popanz ate every man that came within his reach. But she told him the Popanz had a fair wife, who was not an eater of men ; he therefore must find an opportunity of speaking to her, and intreat her to assist him. Now, the nurse knew, by her skill in magic, that the Popanz went abroad every afternoon at four o'clock, and never returned until evening ; the pastry-cook was therefore to take that opportunity of seeing his wife, and of begging her to pluck seven feathers

from her husband's tail, and learn from him the answers to these seven questions.

And the first question was, how to free the castle and its inhabitants from the spell by which they were bound. The second, how another princess, who had been in a magic slumber for many thousand years, could be once more aroused; the third, how the vine in the garden of a prince, which had formerly borne such beautiful grapes, and was now withered, and whose owner had in consequence fallen sick, could again be made to flourish; fourthly, how it came to pass that the prince was so ugly and hump-backed, seeing that his mother was a fairy, and could have made him as handsome as she pleased; fifthly, where the man dwells who carries day and night upon his back; sixthly, where to get the ship which goes as well on the land as on the water; seventhly, how the wife of the Popanz might be carried off. for in return for her kindness he was bound to do that. Of her consent to his carrying her away there could be no doubt, for such would be the condition on which she would undertake to pluck the seven feathers from the tail of the Popanz, with whom she lived very unhappily.

When the nurse had explained all this to him, she gave him a sealed paper, and told him not to break it open until he stood, at twelve o'clock at night, outside the gate of the city, and then, upon thrice reading aloud what was written therein, he should immediately find himself in a thick wood, in the midst of which stood a magnificent castle. In this wood he was to remain until the clock of the castle tolled four; he was then to go up to the gate and speak to the wife of the Popanz. All this he vowed *to perform, or die in the attempt.*

And when it was midnight, he stood before the gate of the city; and scarcely had he thrice read aloud the words which were written down for him, before he found himself in a thick wood, close to the castle of Popanz. There he concealed himself until he saw the Popanz go abroad, snorting and sniffing as he went, as if he smelt man's flesh. When he was out of sight, he went up to the castle, and begged a night's lodging of the wife of the Popanz, and intreated her to pluck the seven feathers from her husband's tail, and get his answers to the seven questions. She wondered greatly at his request, and said it was impossible that she could grant it; but he intreated her so earnestly, that she at length promised she would do all he desired, on condition that he carried her away from her wicked husband. Thereupon they laid their heads together how to bring about what they required, and while they were so employed, they heard the Popanz returning. So the pastry-cook was hidden under the bed, there to remain until the Popanz went forth to hunting on the following day.

Scarcely was the new comer concealed, before the Popanz entered the room, and the first words he said were, 'Wife, I smell man's flesh!' and immediately he began to look about for it, and his wife was ready to die for very fright; and he commanded her to tell him where it was, for he was sore hungry and weary with the chase, and had caught nothing. She vowed, however, there was nobody there: there had been a man, certainly, but he had fled instantly upon seeing the approach of the Popanz, and was no doubt concealed in the wood, where he could look for him in the morning.

The Popanz, *feeling satisfied with this explanation, laid himself down to rest*; and no sooner did his wife

find him asleep, and snoring loudly, than she laid hold of one of the feathers of his tail, and pulled it out with all her might. The Popanz instantly awoke with the pain, crying out, 'Wife, art thou mad? Why do you pluck my tail thus?' 'Oh, my dear husband!' said she, 'I have had such a fearful dream of being in a distant country, in a castle, where all its inhabitants were turned to stone by the power of a wicked enchanter, and I among the rest: that is why I caught such fast hold of you. But could such a thing really happen?' 'Yes, indeed,' replied he; 'a similar event has recently taken place in a distant country.' 'Oh, wonderful! and can they never be set free again?' 'Yes, but no man knows by what means.' 'What are the means, then, my dear husband,' quoth she, coaxingly. 'Why, he whom the princess loves, and through whom this misfortune came to pass, must come to this wood of ours, and watch by the waterfall there, until he sees a little ugly dwarf carrying a fragment of the rock upon his shoulders, to throw into the water. But, wife, I'm so weary, and this story is all nothing to you, so pray do let me go to sleep.' She, however, spoke him so fairly, that he continued—'But all this won't help him at all, for the dwarf would not go with him unless he hits him on the face with one of the feathers out of my tail; the dwarf would then instantly become a mighty giant, and follow him faithfully wherever he goes. The giant must then lift up the castle and turn it round; and the lover of the princess must then touch her face with the feather, and the spell will be broken, and they will all be once more restored to life. But that can never happen, for who would venture to take a feather out of my tail? So now let me go to sleep again.'

So the wife remained still until she heard him snoring

again; and then she pulled out another feather. The Popanz started up, still more angrily than before. 'Dearest husband, forgive me, I have had another fearful dream. I dreamt that a beautiful princess, in a distant country, had been cast for many years into a magic slumber, and that in the whole palace there was not a living soul left, for all had died long since.' 'You are right, wife,' replied the Popanz, 'there is certainly such a castle in which a princess sleeps a magic sleep, and every thing else is dead except a little dog that ever watches under the window, and as long as he does that, no living thing can enter; for immediately any one appears, he changes himself into a frightful monster, and devours them. But there is one hour of the day when he leaves the window and sleeps by the side of the princess. This hour is from one to two, and if any one could creep into the castle and draw near to the little dog without waking him, and shoot him in the little white star in the middle of his head, so that his blood should sprinkle the princess—she would be roused from her slumber. But if he who attempts it should miss killing the dog, his death is certain. And now let me go to sleep, and don't wake me a third time with your frightful dreams.'

So saying, he turned round to sleep once more, and soon snored as before. Immediately his wife heard this, she plucked out a third feather, at which the Popanz was in a desperate rage, and vowed he would throw her out of bed. She assured him she had only caught hold of him, out of fear of a dream which she had had. 'What have you dreamt this time?' quoth he. 'I dreamt that a king's son had in his garden a fair vine, which formerly bore most delicious grapes, but which suddenly became unfruitful

and withered; and as the tree withered, the king's son sickened: tell me, husband, is that true?"—"Certainly, you wondrous dreamer." "Tell me, then, what must be done that the vine may flourish, and the prince be restored to health?" "Why, they must go into the fowl-house which stands in the court-yard, and they will there find a beautiful speckled cock which does not belong to the hens; this they must take; but what is the good of my telling you about it—they will want one of my feathers for this too." "Well, but do, husband, tell me all about it?" "Well, then, they must take this cock between twelve and one o'clock to the vine, then stick one of my feathers in his beak, and he will immediately begin to scratch up the earth, and keep on doing so until three toads creep out.—They must then take these toads and burn them, strew their ashes over the roots of the vine and cover them with earth; then stroke the prince with one of my feathers, and immediately the vine will flourish, and the prince get well again. But now, take care you don't wake me a fourth time.'

Scarcely had he gone to sleep again before his wife handed the third feather to the pastry-cook, who lay under the bed, saying, 'Take heed—you have heard what he said; and I know not how I shall be able to pluck the other feathers.'

However, she ventured once more; but no sooner had she pulled out another feather, than the Popanz, full of pain and anger, sprang out of bed, and dealt her a couple of heavy blows. 'You wretch, I can't get a wink of sleep for you to-night! I verily believe you are trying to pull my tail off.' 'Oh, my dear husband! I begin to think I *am bewitched*: I have had another fatal dream. I dreamt

of an ugly prince, who was in love with me, and wanted to kiss me; and he was so frightfully ugly that I fled from him, and caught hold of your tail.' 'Ugly enough he must have been I'm sure, by the way you laid hold of me.' 'And so he was: only fancy a little dwarf scarcely two feet high, with a hunch in front and a hunch behind—his head as broad as his ill-shaped body is long, and his nose with three little noses stuck on the top, and eyes as red as ferrets.' When the Popanz heard this description, he could not keep from laughing. 'Ah, ah!' said he, 'you have certainly seen Prince Kabubulusch.' 'Why, my dear husband, does there then really exist such a fright?' 'Yes, indeed; and his mother is one of the most beautiful women that ever was seen, and a fairy into the bargain.' 'If she is so, can she not give him some more comely figure?' 'No; but the cock of which I spoke just now could give him the shape which his mother wishes him to have, if any one were to cut off its spur and stick it in the heels of the young prince.—But now go to sleep.'

He slept, but his wife took care that his sleep should not be of long duration, but, screaming out with all her might, as if dreadfully frightened, she plucked out another feather. 'Oh, husband, husband! I have had another terrible dream.' 'You seem as if you were going to dream and torture me the whole night long;—if I was not the best tempered creature in the world, I should eat you up on the spot. I have scarcely eaten any thing to-day, and what is more, I certainly smell man's flesh.—Well, what have you been dreaming now?' 'I dreamt that you were gone out, and suddenly there entered a stranger, who carried upon his shoulders a chest, in which were Day and Night. I was very anxious to look in, and begged him

to let me have a peep, and lo! he seized hold of me, and wanted to put me into his chest; and that it was that frightened me so.' 'What strange stuff you do dream: why there is such a man here in my country.' 'Is there indeed?—how comes it then that I have never seen him?' 'Because you do not know the means by which either to see him or to employ him.' 'What are those means then?' 'Why, you must take one of the feathers of my tail, and place it in the crevice of the chest. The man will then do and go as you desire him. And now I hope that you will let me go to sleep, and not bother me with any more of your dreams, for the night is nearly ended.'

He slept again, and out snatched his wife the sixth feather. 'Confusion to you,' exclaimed the Popanz, 'I verily believe you are mad.' 'Oh my dear husband, never was I so troubled with frightful dreams as I have been to-night. I dreamt that in thy absence strangers came in, and told me that you had a ship, that went by land as well as by water, and asked me to look at it; and when I went out, they seized upon me and sought to thrust me into the ship. But there is no such ship is there?' 'Indeed but there is, though, and it belongs to me, but no one can make use of it, unless he has one of the feathers of my tail.' 'And if he had, could you not counteract the power of that feather, with your other feathers?' 'No, because there are only sixty feathers in my tail, and every feather has its appointed purpose: and if any one were to draw out one of my feathers with the thought of any object—he would be sure to draw the right one, and I should have no more power over it.' 'But how can any one find the ship.' 'Oh he can't fail in doing so: if he lays the
in the ground it will rise into the air and fly away

to the spot where the ship is ; here it will settle, and if it be then placed like a flag upon the top of the mast, the ship will sail by land as well as by water.'

So saying, he turned once more to sleep, having first threatened his wife, that if she woke him again, he would fasten her to the bedstead, and so ensure himself a little quiet. But his threats were of little avail ;—as she had gone so far, she determined to have the last feather. So she plucked it out—and the Popanz prepared to put his threat into execution. But she coaxed him and spoke so lovingly to him, declaring she would rather keep awake the rest of the night than terrify him with any more of her dreams, that she at length succeeded in pacifying him. 'And what did you dream this time,' enquired the Popanz. 'I dreamt this time of what can never come to pass—I dreamt that a strange man ran away with me, and that too with my own free will and consent. Now could that happen, and you not know it.'

"Certainly such a thing might happen; but woe unto him, and you too, if you were to undertake it—I would be the death of you both. It must, however, be by his possessing the feather, by means of which I hold you in my power, and this would not be very well for me, although it would for many others : for the prince your husband, whom you supposed I had eaten, is the prince who is always sick, and your son is the vine.'

And when he had thus spoken, he dropped off to sleep, thoroughly tired with his frequent rousings. No sooner did his wife hear him snoring, than she stole softly out of bed, drew out the pastry-cook from under it, and they glided as quietly as possible out of the castle. The first thing *they did, was to find the dwarf in the wood, and to do with*

him as the Popanz had said. So did they likewise with the chest, wherein lay Day and Night, and with the ship, that went by land and by sea, and in the last they seated themselves, and set forth upon their journey.

In the meanwhile day broke and the Popanz awoke. When he missed his wife, his heart sank within him; he looked to his tail, and when he counted the feathers he saw clearly how the matter stood. He immediately seized the feather which informed him of all things, and learned thereby the flight of his wife with the pastry-cock. He was beside himself with rage and malice, and all but lost his senses: he vowed to follow them and avenge himself, although his doing so, should cost him every feather in his tail. He did not lose any time in preparations to accomplish this end—but took one of the feathers which were left, and instantly there were a hundred mounted soldiers, following the ship which contained the fugitives.

But the wife of the Popanz saw them and pointed them out to her companion, who allowed his pursuers to approach close to the ships, and then commanded the giant to smite them a hundred fathoms deep into the earth. This he did on the spot, and all vanished, both man and horse.

When the Popanz saw this he drew out another feather, and immediately the ship was pursued by a swarm of serpents, lizards, toads, and other poisonous reptiles. The pastry cook, in his alarm, placed one of the feathers upon the mast head, and the ship which before only went, now flew. But the reptiles continued to increase in number and in power. At last they came to a mighty sea. Here he commanded the ship to stand still, and as soon as his host of enemies were nigh enough, he opened the chest *and made it dark, dark night.* Scarcely had he done this,



And the beloved prince's with the feather and named duly awake he, p. 42

before the ship again proceeded on its course; the reptiles followed, and all were swallowed up by the waters.

At length they reached their own kingdom; for the Popanz had followed them no longer, fully believing that the beasts of the forest would seize and destroy them. The pastry-cook commanded the giant to turn round the castle, which with all its inhabitants was turned to stone, touched his beloved princess with the feather, and immediately awoke her and all belonging to her out of their trance.

The lovers overjoyed at this restoration to life, embraced each other fervently. The king moved by their true love, and the valour and constancy of his and her deliverer, and at the same time enraged with the misconduct of the dwarf prince, readily consented to the nuptials of the faithful lovers. His new son-in-law thanked him for his kindness, but requested leave to absent himself for a short time, because it was incumbent upon him to break the other magic spell before he could be fully worthy to receive the hand of his beloved princess.

This was granted, although not readily. He set forth, and the wife of the Popanz remained with the princess.— He left them, and that for nearly three years, and they meanwhile were exposed to many vexations, not only from the enchantress, but likewise from the Popanz.

At length he arrived at the castle of the princess, who had slept a thousand years; he did as he had been told to do, and the princess awoke, and spoke to him as follows:—
'Oh, most valorous prince, how deeply am I indebted to you; thou hast restored to me light and life; but alas. thou hast aroused me only to plunge me into the deepest grief. The little dog whom thou hast killed is my lover, by birth a noble prince, and no one can restore him to life

but yourself. Leave not your work half finished, but awake him again to life.' 'How can I do so?' enquired he. 'With this,' said the princess, handing him a trusty sword, 'cut off the head of the little dog, and lay it gently upon the bed.' She then uncovered her own fair neck, which was as white as alabaster: 'next smite off my head, and when you have done so, place my head upon the dog's trunk, and the dog's head upon my trunk, and you shall see wonders.' And the prince did as she had told him. Scarcely, however, had he done so, before the heads flew back, each to its proper body, and the princess arose living and uninjured, and the little hound was suddenly changed into a beautiful prince, who fell about her neck, exclaiming—'Oh, but you do love me, and henceforth will I have an increased confidence in you.' And thereupon she thanked their deliverer, and related to him their history.

The young hero journeyed on, and at length discovered the prince and the grape vine; he did as he had been instructed to do, and they both began once more to flourish, but the vine was now a vine no longer; this change was brought about by his touching it with the only remaining feather, and father and son recognized each other, and were heartily rejoiced; and still more so when their deliverer acquainted them that their wife and mother was not only alive and well, but likewise in some degree their preserver.

They then seated themselves altogether in the ship, took with them the cock, and carried him to the beautiful fairy, by his means to release her son from the spell by which he was bound, and at the same time to restore to him his proper shape by disenchanting the cock whose mother *had in the meantime* died. The fairy and her son, the

rival of our hero, were by this means reconciled to him.—He therefore now returned with his companions to his beloved princess. All were glad to see him once more, more especially she who had been as the wife of the Popanz, when she saw him come back with her true husband and beloved child. They celebrated anew their nuptials, with those of the pastry-cook, now a prince, and his beautiful princess, and they all lived very happy ever afterwards.

NOTE.—This German popular story has much more of the character of the French *Contes des Fees*, than is generally to be found in the household tales of the Tentons. It is, however, given by BUSCHING, in his *Volksagen*, s, 267-286, from oral tradition; and of its genuineness the name of that writer is sufficient proof. The all-powerful tail-feathers of the Popanz, may have some connexion with the hundred eyes of Argus, the visible traces of which, are to this day, discernible in the brilliant markings of the peacock's tail,

24.—THE KOBOLD IN THE MILL.

Two students, who were once making a pedestrian excursion in the neighbourhood of Rinteln, were prevented, by a violent storm and the rapid approach of darkness, from reaching the village in which they purposed taking up their quarters for the night, and compelled to betake themselves to a mill which lay close by, and there knock and solicit a night's shelter. The miller, who was at first but

little disposed to listen to them, was at length overcome by their earnest entreaties, and opened the door for them, and led them into a chamber.

They were both hungry and thirsty, and well pleased to see a well-filled dish, and a can of beer standing all ready upon the table, and requested to be allowed to partake of it, at the same time expressing their readiness to pay for what they had. The miller, however, refused their request, and would not even let them have a morsel of bread, nor any thing better to lie down upon than the hard bench. 'The food and the drink,' said he, 'both belong to the house-spirit: if you value your lives, take care not to touch them; if you refrain from doing so, you need not fear harm. It will, perhaps, make a noise in the night, but if so, you have nothing to do but to keep still and go to sleep.' With these words he departed, and shut the door after him.

The two students thereupon laid down to sleep, but in the course of an hour one of them was so overpowered by hunger, that he arose, and felt for the dish. The other, who was a Master of Arts, cautioned him that he should leave to the Evil One whatsoever was destined for the Evil One. But he replied, that 'he had a better claim to it than the fiend;' seated himself, therefore, at the table, and ate to his heart's content, leaving but little of the pulse unconsumed.

After that, he laid hands upon the beer-can, took a good hearty draught, and, after he had somewhat satisfied the cravings of his stomach, laid himself down by the side of his companion. But, after a while, his thirst plagued him afresh, he arose once again, and took another and such a *lusty pull at the beer-can*, that nothing was left for the

•

Kobold but the dregs. After having thus made himself welcome, he once more laid down and slept.

All remained quiet till midnight, but that hour no sooner arrived, than in rushed the Kobold with a loud noise, that woke them both in a dreadful fright. He rushed twice up and down the room, and then seated himself at the table, as though he would take the meal prepared for him; and they heard him very distinctly pull the dish towards him. In like manner they heard him bang it down again upon the table, as if he were angry, and then lay hold of the can, take off the cover, and then shut it to again in a great passion.

He then began his work, rubbed the table and the legs of the table very carefully, and then swept the floor with a broom as nimbly as possible. When he had so done, he returned to the dish and the beer-can, hoping this second time to meet with better success, and again pushed them away angrily. Then he went on with his work: came to the benches, which he washed, scoured, and rubbed, both top and bottom; but when he came to the place where the two students lay, he passed over them, and set to work upon the place close to their feet. When he had finished, he began a second time, and a second time passed the strangers without notice.

But when he came to them a third time, he stroked the hair, and the whole body indeed, of the one who had not partaken of the meal without causing him the least pain; but he seized hold of the other by the feet, pulled him off the bench, dragged him twice round the floor, there left him, and then ran behind the oven laughing at the trick he had played him.

The student crept back to the bench, but in a quarter of

an hour the Kobold began his work again—swept, scoured, washed. There lay the two students, trembling with fright; he touched the one very lightly as before, but again seized upon him who had partaken of his supper, flung him to the ground, and then ran with a loud and wild laugh behind the oven.

The students thereupon determined that they would no longer remain upon the bench; accordingly they arose, and making their way to the well-closed door, uttered a loud shout, but this was not heard by any one. They then agreed to lay down upon the floor, but not even here would the Kobold allow them any rest. He came a third time, seized the offending party, dragged him about, and then laughed at him. The poor student at last went almost mad, drew his dagger, thrust and stabbed in the corners where the laughter seemed to come from, and with the most provoking language challenged the Kobold to come forth; then seated himself with his weapon upon the bench, to see what further would happen, but the noise ceased, and all remained quiet.

The miller scolded them in the morning for having neglected the caution which he had given them, and laid hands upon the Kobold's supper, which, he assured them, was very likely to have cost them their lives.

NOTE ---GRIMM, *Deutsche Sagen*, Band 1, s. 93--96. The busy spirit who here plays the principal part, is a German variety of the Domestic Spirit, for whom every nation has its peculiar name. He is almost identical with the spirit described by MILTON, who

'Tells how the drudging Goblin sweat

To earn his cream-bowl duly set.'

25.—THE THREE SERPENT-LEAVES.

There was once a poor man who had an only son, but him he could no longer support. Then said the son, 'Dear father, things go so badly you can no longer give me bread; I will, therefore, set forth and see what I can do for myself in the world.' Then his father gave him his blessing, and with great sorrow he took his departure, became a soldier, and went at once into the field of battle. And when he came before the enemy, it went very hard with him, and the blue beans flew about like hail, so that his comrades fell on all sides of him.

At last their general fell likewise, and the soldiers would have taken to flight, but the youth stepped forward, inspired them with courage, and said, 'We will not desert our fatherland.' Then they followed him with one accord, fell upon the enemy, and overcame them. And when the news came to the king, that this youth alone had gained the victory, he promoted him, made him a man of great rank and power, and gave him much riches.

Now this king had a very fair but very extraordinary daughter, who had made a very strange vow,—namely, that whoever would become her lord and husband must first promise never to survive her; and, moreover, that if she died first, he would allow himself to be buried alive with her: she, on the other hand, promising to do the same, provided her husband died first. This oath had, however, driven away all her lovers, for every one was afraid of being thrust alive into the grave with her.

Now this youth, as one of the first persons at the king's court, saw the beautiful princess, and was so completely enamoured of her great beauty, that he at last solicited the king's permission to marry her. Then the king answered, 'Whosoever marries my daughter must not be afraid of going alive into the grave;' and related to him the vow which she had made. But the love which this youth bore towards her was so great, that he made the promise, and never bethought him of the danger of it; and thereupon were the wedding ceremonies celebrated with great magnificence.

Now they lived long and happily together, until it happened that the young queen fell sick, and no physician could cure her, and at length she died. And when she lay there dead, fear fell upon him, because of his promise that he would suffer himself to be buried alive with her; and the old king caused all the doors to be guarded by sentinels, that he should not escape, and told him that he was now to perform what he had bound himself to do. And when the day came, and the body was borne to the royal vault, he was conducted there likewise, and the doors were all closed and fastened upon him. Near the coffin they placed a table, and upon the table a lamp, and four loaves of bread and four flasks of wine; and when these were consumed, he must starve and die.

Now sate he down by the coffin full of sorrow and anguish, and every day he ate a little bit of bread and drank a little drop of wine, and yet saw that death kept approaching nearer and nearer to him. Now it happened that he once saw a serpent creep from out of one of the corners of the vault, and approach the body. And as he thought *it came to prey upon the body*, he drew his sword, and

said, 'So long as I live, thou shalt not injure her;' and he smote the serpent into three pieces.

And after a while, he saw another serpent creep from the same corner, which, when it saw the other lying there dead, and hewn into three pieces, crept back quickly, and soon returned again, bearing in its mouth three leaves. And it took the three pieces of the serpent, laid them properly together, and placed upon every one of the wounds a leaf. And thereupon the dissevered parts immediately joined together, the serpent moved, and was alive, and the two fled together hastily; but the leaves remained upon the ground.

And the man who had looked on, and had seen all that had passed, thought, 'What wondrous powers these leaves must possess!—if they can restore a serpent to life again, they can perhaps do as much for a human being.' So he picked them up, and laid one upon the mouth of the corpse, and one upon each of the eyes; and immediately the blood began to circulate in the body, and rushed into the blanched cheeks, and they became once more red. Then she drew breath, lifted up her eyes, opened her mouth, and said, 'Oh God! where am I?' 'Thou art with me, dearest wife,' replied he, and gave her a little bread and a little wine to strengthen her, and then related to her all that had happened, and by what means he had restored her to life. Then they arose in great joy, and knocked so loudly against the door, that those who were watching it heard them, and informed the king of it. The king came himself and opened the door: there stood they both, sound and well; and he led them forth, and rejoiced with them that now all their sorrows were passed.

And the three serpent-leaves, which the young king had

ample store of provisions; eventually, by good fortune, he was delivered from his imprisonment.

A similar custom between man and wife is mentioned in 'THE ARABIAN NIGHTS,' in one of the voyages of Sindbad.

26.—THE HUNTER HACKELNBERG AND THE TUT-OSEL.*

The wild huntsman, Hackelnberg, traverses the Hartz mountains and in the Thuringian forest; yet, he seems mostly to prefer the Hakel, from which he derives his name, especially in the neighbourhood of the Dummburg.† Oft-times is he heard about midnight, in rain and storm, when the moonlight is breaking by fits and starts through the troubled sky, following through the air with his hounds, shadows of the wild beasts which he slew in day of yore. Generally speaking, his retinue proceeds from the Dummburg, straight over the Hakel to the now desolate village of Ammendorf.‡

* Or Tooting-Ursula, from *tuten*, to toot or blow on the horn

† The *Dummburg*, which is before mentioned, (p. 73.) as the scene of the story of "*The Haunted Castle*," and whose massy walls seem to bid defiance to time and the hand of the spoiler, lies between the Monasteries of Hedersleben and Adersleben, on the eastern summit of the Hakel, a wood in the Principality of Halberstadt, which was at one time connected with the Hartz.

‡ Within the land-marks of the Magdeburghian town of Hakeborn, not far from the little village of Egelu.

Yet, he was only seen by a few Sunday-children.* Sometimes he met them as a lonely huntsman, accompanied by one solitary hound; sometimes he was seen in a carriage drawn by four horses, and followed by six dogs of the chase. But all heard the low bellowing of his hounds, and the splashing of his horse's feet, in the swamps of the moor, all heard his cry of "Hu! hu!" and saw his associate and fore-runner—the Tut-Osel.

Once upon a time three wanderers seated themselves in the neighbourhood of the Dummburg. The night was already far advanced; the moon gleamed faintly through the chasing clouds; all around was still. Suddenly they heard something rush along over their heads; they looked up, and an immense screech-owl flew before them. 'Ha!' cried one of them, 'there is the Tut-Osel! Hackelnberg, the wild huntsman, is not far off.' 'Let us fly,' exclaimed the second, 'before the spirits overtake us.' 'We cannot fly,' said the third; 'but you have nothing to fear if you do not irritate him. Lay yourselves down upon your faces when he passes over us. But remember you must not think of addressing Hackelnberg, lest he treat you as he treated the shepherd.'

And the wanderers laid themselves under the bushes. Presently they heard around them the rushing by, as it were, of a whole pack of hounds, hunting in the under-wood; and high in the air, above them, they heard a hollow sound like that of a hunted beast of the forest, and ever and anon they trembled at hearing the fearful-toned voice of the Wild Huntsman, uttering his well-known

* Children born of a Sunday were formerly supposed to be endowed with the power of seeing spirits.

‘Hu! hu!’ Two of the wanderers pressed closely to the earth; but the third could not resist his inclination to have a peep at what was going on. He looked up slantingly, through the branches, and saw the shadow of a huntsman pass directly over him.

Suddenly, all around was hushed. The wanderers arose slowly and timidly, and looked after Hackelnberg. But he had vanished, and did not return.

‘But who is the Tut-Osel,’ enquired the second wanderer, after a long pause?

‘In a distant nunnery in Thuringia,’ replied the first, ‘there once lived a nun named Ursula, who, even during her life-time, tormented all the sisterhood with her discordant voice, and oftentimes interrupted the service of the church, for which reason they called her Tut Ursel. But it was far worse when she died. For from eleven o’clock at night she thrust her head through a hole in the tower and tooted miserably; and every morning at about four o’clock she joined unasked in the matin song.

‘For a few days the sisterhood endured this with beating heart and on bended knees. But on the fourth morning, when she joined in the service, and one of the nuns whispered tremblingly to her neighbour—‘ha! it is surely our Tut Ursel,’ the song suddenly ceased, the hair of their heads stood up on end, and all the nuns rushed from the church, exclaiming—‘Ha! Tut Ursel—Tut Ursel.’ And despite of the penances and chastisements with which they were threatened, not one of the nuns would enter the church again until such times as the Tut Ursel was banished from the walls of the nunnery. For this purpose one of the most celebrated exorcists of the day, a capuchin friar, from a *cloister on the banks of the Danube*, was put in requisition,

and he succeeded, by prayer and fasting, in banishing Ursel in the shape of a screech owl, to the far distant Dumm-burg.

Here she met Hackelnberg, the wild huntsman, and found in his wood-cry—‘Hu! Hu!’—as great delight as he did in her ‘U! hu!’ And so they now always hunt together, he glad to have a spirit after his own kind, and she rejoiced in the extreme, to be no longer compelled to reside within the walls of a cloister, and to listen to the echo of her own song.

So much for the Tut Osel. Now tell us how it fared with the shepherd who spoke to Hackelnberg. ‘Listen to the marvellous adventure,’ said the third wanderer. ‘A shepherd once hearing the wild huntsman journeying over his folds, encouraged the spirit hounds and called out to him, ‘Good sport to you, Hackelnberg.’ Hackelnberg instantly turned round and roared out to him in a voice like thunder, ‘Since you have helped me to set on the hounds, you shall have part of the spoil.’ The trembling shepherd tried to hide himself. But Hackelnberg hurled the half-consumed haunch of a horse into the shepherd’s cart with such violence that it could scarcely be removed.

NOTE.—Such is the legend of Hackelnberg and of Tooting Ursula, as recorded by OTMAR in his *Volksagen* (s. 241—247), and the following is the illustrative note which he has subjoined to the tradition:—

“A follower of the chase like Nimrod, of the noble family of Hakelberg or Hackelnberg, in all probability gave rise to this legend. The last known hunter of this race was Hans von Hakelberg, who died in the sixteenth century in a hospital which lies by the road side not far from the Bailiwick of Wulperode, near Hornburg, on

the borders of the Duchy of Brunswick. The place of his burial in the churchyard there is still marked by a tombstone, on which is represented a knight in full harness riding on a mule, or a horse which, from the unskilfulness of the carver, looks like one. In former times, travellers through Wulperode used to regard with astonishment the wondrous knightly armour of Hans of Hackelnberg, which was there deposited. Now, however, the helmet alone is to be seen there, all the rest of his armour being now at Deerheim; but how it got there is not known. Of his remarkable death the following legend is there preserved:—

‘ Hans von Hackelnberg, who was High Master of the Chase to the Dukes of Brunswick, found his sole delight in hunting. That he might indulge in his favourite pursuit, he purchased or rented several near-lying hunting-grounds; and thus hunted with his attendants and large packs of hounds through fields, thickets, and the fore-lands of the Hartz from year’s end to year’s end, both by day and night.

‘ It once happened to him to spend the night in the Hartz Mountains, when there appeared to him, in a dream, a terrible wild boar, which, after a long struggle, overpowered him. When he awoke, the fearful vision arose perpetually before his eyes, and all he could do he failed in banishing completely from his thoughts the wild boar, although he himself laughed at the dream.

‘ Some days afterwards, he found in the Hartz an immense wild boar, which in colour, in its upraised bristles, its size, and the length of its tusks, was precisely like that which he had seen in his dream. The contest began with wildness, rage, and strength on both sides, and long was the issue doubtful. Thanks to his activity, the victory remained with Hans von Hackelnberg, and he fortunately stretched

his terrific enemy on the earth. When he saw him lying at his feet, he feasted his eyes for a while on the sight, and kicked his foot against his frightful tusks, saying, 'You have not done me this time.' But he kicked with such violence, that one of the sharp fangs of the boar penetrated his boot, and wounded his foot.

'At first he took but little notice of the wound, and continued the chase until nightfall. On his return, however, his foot was so swollen that he was obliged to have his boot cut off. For want of being carefully dressed, the wound, in a few days, got so inflamed, that he hastened back to Wolfenbuttel to procure assistance. But the motion of the carriage became insupportable to him, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that he reached the Hospital at Wulperode, in which he died shortly afterwards.'

27.—THE BOTTLE-IMP.

There was once a poor wood-cutter, who had worked hard from morning till night; and when at last he had contrived to scrape together a little money, he said to his son, 'You are my only child; the money that I have saved I will spend in educating you, so that when I grow old, and my limbs are too stiff to labour, you may be able to support me.' So the lad went to the village school, and was so diligent that he was a favourite of the master. But the trifle which the old man had saved was soon spent, and the boy was obliged to return home. 'Oh,' said the

father sorrowfully, 'I have no more money to give you, and the times are so hard that I can't earn one farthing more than is enough to keep me.' 'Dear father,' said the boy, 'never mind; it is God's will, and every thing will turn out for the best. I will soon reconcile myself to it; and will remain with you, and go with you into the forests, and there earn my own living.' 'Alas! my son,' said the old man, 'that will go very hard with you; you are unused to labour, and would soon tire: besides, I have only one axe, and no money wherewith to purchase another.' 'Go and borrow one of some neighbour,' said his son, 'until such times as I have earned enough to buy one.'

So the old man borrowed an axe from his neighbour, and the next morning as soon as it was light, they went together into the forest. The son helped his father, and worked quite briskly and actively. And when it was mid-day, his father said, 'Now let us rest, and eat our meal; and we shall work so much better afterwards.' But the son took his little loaf in his hand, and said, 'You rest, father; but I am not tired, and so I shall go into the wood and look for birds' nests.' 'You are a silly fellow,' said the father; 'you will then be tired, and not able to raise your arm: stop and sit by me.'

But the lad went into the wood, ate his dinner quite heartily, and looked about the branches for birds' nests. And he went rambling about until at last he came to an immense oak, which must have been standing for many hundred years, and which five men could not span. And as he was standing and looking at it, and considering how *many birds must have built their nests in it*, he thought all *of a sudden that he heard a voice*. He listened and heard

some one calling to him, in a hollow voice ‘ Let me out, let me out !’ He looked about, but could not see any body : and it seemed to him as though the voice came out of the earth ; so he said, ‘ Where are you ?’ The voice answered ‘ I am stuck down here, among the roots of the oak : let me out, let me out !’ So the lad began to clear the earth from the tree, and examine the roots ; and presently, in a very little hole, there he saw a glass flask. He took it up, held it against the light, and there he discovered something dancing up and down in it, that looked for all the world like a frog. ‘ Let me out, let me out !’ it began again ; and the boy, who thought there could be no harm in doing so, took out the stopper from the flask. As soon as he had done so, out sprung a spirit, and began so to increase his size, that almost instantly he stood before the poor boy a horrible monster, half as big as the tree. ‘ Do you know,’ he cried with a horrible voice, ‘ what you are to get for setting me free ?’ ‘ No,’ said the boy, fearlessly ; ‘ how should I ?’ ‘ Then I’ll tell you,’ said the spirit : ‘ I must break your neck for it.’ ‘ You should have told me that before,’ said the boy ; ‘ and then I would have let you stop where you were. However, my head shall remain on my shoulders ; there are others who must say a word in that bargain.’ ‘ What care I for others ? You shall have your due. Do you think I have been shut up there so long at my own seeking ? No ; it was as a punishment. I am the all-powerful spirit Mercurius ; and whoever let me loose, was doomed to have his neck broken.’ ‘ Softly,’ said the lad, ‘ we have not come to that yet. I must first know that you actually were in the bottle, and are the right spirit : if you can get in again, I shall believe it, and then you must do *with me what you please.*’ ‘ Oh,’ said the spirit haughtily,

‘that is a very easy business;’ contracted himself, made himself as thin and little as he was at first, and then crept in again at the neck of the bottle. But scarcely was he well in, before the boy clapped in the stopper, threw the bottle into its old place, among the roots of the oak; and the spirit was fairly deceived.

The boy now began to make the best of his way back to his father; but the spirit cried out, quite sorrowfully, ‘Do let me out again, do let me out again!’ ‘No,’ said the boy, ‘I don’t let him loose a second time who threatened my life the first.’ ‘Set me free,’ said the spirit, ‘and I will do every thing that you can desire.’ ‘No,’ said the boy, ‘you will betray me, as you did before.’ ‘You are trifling with your good luck,’ said the spirit; ‘let me free, and I will reward you handsomely.’ The boy thought, ‘Well, I’ll risk it! perhaps he will keep his word, and not do me any harm:’ so he took out the stopper. The spirit stepped out, began to increase in size, and soon grew as large as before. Then he handed to the lad a little cloth just like a plaster, and said, ‘If with one end of this you touch a wound, it will instantly cure it; and if with the other you touch iron or steel, it will instantly turn it to silver.’ ‘I must first try that,’ said the boy: so he went to a tree, struck the bark with his axe, and then rubbed it with one end of the plaster. The wound closed up, and was healed. ‘It is all correct,’ said he to the spirit; ‘so now we may separate.’ The spirit thanked him for his freedom, the lad thanked him for his present, and went back to his father.

‘Where have you been,’ said he, ‘running about and forgetting your work? I said right enough, that you would *not* do much.’ ‘Be of good cheer, father; I’ll soon make *up for it.*’ ‘Ah, make up for it!’ said his father angrily;

‘you can’t do that.’ ‘Take care, father; I’ll cut this tree, so that it will crack all round.’ So he took his plaster, smeared his axe with it, and aimed a powerful blow at the tree; but the iron was changed into silver, and the sharpness quite gone. ‘Oh, father, see now what a wretched axe you have given me; it has got quite blunt.’ So his father was quite frightened, and said, ‘Ah, what have you done? Now I must buy this axe, and I don’t know for how much; and that’s what I have got by having you to help me.’— ‘Don’t be angry,’ replied his son, ‘I’ll soon buy the axe.’ ‘You foolish fellow,’ cried the father, ‘how are you to buy it? You have nothing but what I gave you. I don’t know what school-tricks you have got in your head; but I am sure you will never understand wood-cutting.’

After a little while the boy said, ‘I can’t work any more; let us leave off for to-night.’ ‘What,’ said the father, ‘do you think I will put my hands in my pockets as you do? No, I must labour away: you can go home if you like.’ ‘Father, it is the first time that ever I was in this wood, and I don’t know my way alone; I wish you would go with me.’ By this time his anger had left him, and so the old man allowed himself to be persuaded, and went home with him. Then he said to his son, ‘Go and sell that axe, and see how much you can get for it. I must labour hard, and make up the difference.’ The son took the axe, and went into the city to a goldsmith, who proved it, laid it in the scales, and said, ‘It is worth four hundred dollars, but I have not so much by me.’ ‘Never mind,’ said the boy, ‘give me what you have got; I will trust you the rest.’ The goldsmith gave him three hundred dollars, and remained in his debt for the other hundred. The boy went home, and said to his father,

‘ Well, I have got money ; go in and ask our neighbour what he wants for his axe. ‘ Oh, I know,’ said his father ; ‘ he wants a dollar and a half.’ ‘ Then give him three dollars ; that is double, and quite enough. Look here ! here’s money in abundance.’ And he gave his father a hundred dollars, saying, ‘ There, you shall never want ; live in ease and comfort all the rest of your days.’ ‘ My goodness !’ said his father, ‘ how have you contrived to gain all these riches ?’ So he told him all that had happened ; how, by his good fortune, he had caught such a rich prize in the wood. With the rest of the money he went again to school, and learned all that he could ; and as by means of his plaster he could cure all sorts of wounds, he at length became the most wonderful physician in the world.

NOTE.—The foregoing story is taken from GRIMM, *Kinder und Haus Marchen Band 2.* s. 68—84. The learned Editors of that valuable and amusing miscellany call the reader’s attention, in this as in several other instances, to the resemblance which exists between the German story and its Oriental counterpart in the *Arabian Nights*. The story of the *Haunted Castle*, No. 17 of the “ LAYS AND LEGENDS OF GERMANY,” being one of those which they especially remark as proving the undeniable connexion between these national fictions.

Among many similar stories cited by the brothers GRIMM on this occasion, the most important are that of *Virgilius*, which the reader will find in the second volume of the Editor’s *Early English Prose Romances* ; and the following legend of the celebrated Paracelsus.

28.—THE LEGEND OF PARACELSUS.

It once happened that Paracelsus was walking through a forest, when he heard a voice calling to him by name. He looked around, and at length discovered that it proceeded from a fir-tree, in the trunk of which there was a Spirit enclosed, by a small stopper sealed with three crosses.

The Spirit begged of Paracelsus to set him free. This he readily promised, on condition of the Spirit bestowing upon him a medicine capable of healing all diseases, and a tincture which would turn every thing it touched to gold. The Spirit acceded to his request; whereupon Paracelsus took his penknife, and succeeded, after some trouble, in getting out the stopper. A loathsome black spider crept forth, which ran down the trunk of the tree. Scarcely, however, had it reached the ground before it was changed, and became, as if rising out of the earth, a tall haggard man, with squinting red eyes, and wrapped in a scarlet mantle.

He led Paracelsus to a high overhanging craggy mount, and with a hazel twig, which he had broken off by the way, he smote the rock, which splitting with a crash at the blow, divided itself in twain, and the Spirit disappeared within it. He, however, soon returned with two small phials, which he handed to Paracelsus, a yellow one containing the tincture, which turned all it touched to gold, and a white one holding the medicine which healed all diseases. He then smote the rock a second time, and thereupon it instantly closed again.

Both now set forth on their return; the Spirit

his course towards Inspruck, to seize upon the magician who had banished him from that city. Now Paracelsus trembled for the consequences which his releasing the Evil One would entail upon him who had conjured him into the tree, and bethought him how he might rescue him. So when they arrived once more at the fir-tree, he asked the Spirit if he could possibly transform himself once more into a spider, and let him see him creep again into the hole. The Spirit said, it was not only possible, but that he should be most happy to make such a display of his art for the gratification of his deliverer.

Accordingly, he once more assumed the form of a spider, and crept again into the well-known crevice. When he had done so, Paracelsus, who had kept the stopper all ready in his hand for the purpose, clapped it as quick as lightning into the hole, hammered it in firmly with a stone, and with his knife made three fresh crosses upon it. The Spirit, mad with rage, shook the fir-tree, as though with a whirlwind that he might drive out the stopper, which Paracelsus had thrust in; but his fury was of no avail. It held fast and left him there with little hope of escape; for on account of the great drifts of snow from the mountains, the forest will never be cut down, and although he should call day and night, nobody in that neighbourhood ever ventures near the spot.

Paracelsus, however, found that the phials were such as he had demanded; and it was by their means that he afterwards became such a celebrated and distinguished man.

NOTE.—Such, with the exception of substituting the word spirit for devil, is the Appenzelian legend respecting Paracelsus, as quoted by the GRIMMS, *Bd. 3, s. 186, 187*, from the *Morgenblatt*, 1817, *St 231.* ’

29.—SIR TANNHAUSER.

The noble Tannhauser was a knight devoted to valorous adventures and beautiful women. At the Italian courts he was pre-eminent in love as in tournament. In Mantua, especially, he won the affections of a distinguished lady, who loved him to distraction, and the friendship of a learned philosopher, who conversed with him frequently on supernatural subjects, and displayed to him the marvels of the world of spirits as readily as a sacristan opens to the devout the shrines which contain the reliques belonging to the church; and in fact this learned man, whose name was Hilario, was wont to distinguish himself by the title of *Sacristarium Mundi et Cæli*—Sacristan of Heaven and Earth.

In this converse would Tannhauser oftentimes remain so deeply engaged, as to forget the midnight hour, at which his gentle Lisaura was commonly accustomed to open for him the door of her garden, and to conduct him to a bower where wine and love awaited for him. This amour was no secret to the learned Hilario, who contented himself with advising the amorous German to use great caution in the affair. But Lisaura was jealous, and threatened to revenge herself should she discover that another shared with her in his affections. Tannhauser, to quiet her suspicions, made known to her the nature of his connexion with Hilario, and his ardent desire to be acquainted with the mysteries hidden from the eyes of ordinary men.

“Remain content with this world, and love me,” exclaimed Lisaura to him, but in vain; for, enchanted with

the marvellous tales which Hilario had related to him, he now wished for nothing less than to participate in the love of some beauteous elementary spirit, who should, for his sake, assume the form of mortal woman.

‘That is not difficult to be accomplished,’ said Hilario, smiling, ‘there are Sylphs and Undines in abundance who are ready to join in alliance with creatures of this earth. The noble house of Lusignan, in France,* the houses of Ondino and Marello, in Sicily, afford public evidence of this fact; setting aside similar connexions which have never been made known to the world. Nay more, if such were your desire—you might kiss the queen of all love and lovers—Dame Venus herself.

‘What, I?’ exclaimed Tannhauser.

‘You! aye, you; or any one else who has courage enough to venture into the Venusberg.’

‘Why the Venusberg?’

‘Because ’tis there Dame Venus holds her court, and there you may dedicate your life to love and beautiful women, without being tied and confined by laws and vows; to-day you may bestow your smiles on one, to-morrow on another, and change as often as you please. Nay, Dame Venus herself, the Queen of Love, and very Empress of Delight, will receive with rapture the affections of him who has boldly ventured there to claim such distinction at her hands. There, it is said, she holds tournaments, feasts and festivals, gives sumptuous banquets, and in one word fulfils most heartily and bewitchingly the promise held out

* See *Story of Melusine*, No. 16, LAYS AND LEGENDS OF FRANCE, and a similar Legend relative to the Spanish family of Haro, will appear in the following number of the LAYS AND LEGENDS OF SPAIN.

by the inscription over the entrance to the Venusberg, which says, '*Here Dame Venus holds her Court.*'

'Thither will I go then, to gaze on the Queen of this Earth and of Olympus; at her Court will I taste the pleasures of life and participate in her love.'

The infatuated Tannhauser, entangled in the meshes of his unbounded desires, set forth, having withdrawn secretly from Mantua, and entered the Venusberg.

Lisaura no sooner heard of his departure, than finding herself deserted, she thrust a dagger into her heart. This was the pledge and offering of love which the poor blinded creature offered to the goddess of his choice, who received him most affectionately, and bade him welcome into her alluring kingdom.

Long did he tarry there, but all the enjoyments which those realms of love afforded, failed to banish from his memory the remembrance of the world which he had left. Feelings of regret and repentance began at length to be busy within him, and he longed to traverse, as a pilgrim and a penitent, the face of the earth once more, and to learn from the head of his church, 'Thou art forgiven.'

But it was long before he could make up his mind to tear himself from the fair round arms by which he was entwined, —longer before those arms opened to release him. At last, however, permission to depart was readily accorded to him.

He hastened to Mantua, wept over the grave of the gentle Lisaura, and then proceeded to Rome, where he made a public confession of his sins to Pope Urban, and besought him to grant him absolution. But the Holy Father replied, 'Thy sins can no more be forgiven than this dry wand on

which I lean, can bud forth and bear once more green leaves—away! Depart from hence !’

Tannhauser, driven to despair by this announcement, fled from Rome, and sought, but sought in vain for his friend, Hilario. He was gone—no one knew whither.

‘ Alas, then, whither shall I turn ?’ exclaimed the heart-broken and afflicted knight.

And behold, Dame Venus stood before him ; with a most bewitching smile she reached out her hand to him, and the forlorn wretch followed her, and returned to the mountain, there to abide until the day of judgment. What in the mean while happened at Rome. Wonder of wonders—the Pope’s wand sprouted, and green leaves sprang from the sapless wood. Urban alarmed at this miracle despatched messengers after the unhappy knight ; but he was no where to be found, for despair, as we know, had driven him once more to take up his abode in the Venusberg.

NOTE.—Such is the history of the noble Tannhauser, as related in the *Bibliothek der Romantisch-Wunderbaren*, Bd. 1, s. 231—237. The authority whence it is derived is not given by the Editor, and it has the air of being a modern *rifacimento*. This is the more likely to be the case, that the Editor concludes by saying, ‘ that this adventure is related with great *naïveté* in an old popular song, which I give as I have found it ;’ which song, most probably, furnished him with the outlines of his story. The subject is, however, one so frequently alluded to, that, though the old song is somewhat quaint and obscure, we have, for the reasons we have just mentioned, thought right to insert a translation of it.

30.—THE ANCIENT BALLAD OF SIR TANNHAUSER.

Now then, forsooth, I'll straight begin
Of Tannhauser to sing,
Of what he with Dame Venus wrought—
Oh, 'tis a wondrous thing.

Tannhauser was a noble knight,
Great wonders would he see,
So entered in the Venusberg,
For love of Feminie.

' Sir Tannhauser thou'rt dear to me,
Bear that in mind for aye,
And thou hast vowed a vow, from me
Thou'lt never turn away.'

' Dame Venus, I have not done so,
I do deny the deed,
Though no one say so but yourself,
God help me in my need !'

' Sir Tannhauser say as you will,
Here shall you pass your life,
The fairest of my train I'll give
To be thy wedded wife.

' If e'er I take that dame to wife,
Full well I know my doom,
I must and shall in flames of hell,
Eternally consume.'

‘ Thou talkest much of flames of hell,
The which thou ne’er hast seen,
Bethink thee of my rosy mouth
Which aye smiles soft and sheen.’

‘ What helpeth me your rosy mouth ?
It is not to my mind,
Dame Venus, then let me depart
For the fame of womankind.’

‘ Sir Tannhauser, thou prayest my leave,
Which I’ll ne’er give to you,
So rest thee here, Sir Tannhauser,
And here your life renew.’

‘ My life, indeed, is ill at ease,
I can no longer stay,
So lady fair, let me depart
From thy proud love away.’

‘ Sir Tannhauser—oh ! say not so,
For that may never be—
Accept my love—and let our days
In gentle dalliance flee.’

‘ Your love no more will charm me now,
My heart no longer warm,
Oh ! Venus, maiden fair, thou art
A devil in woman’s form !’

‘ Sir Tannhauser, since thus you talk,
I must be angry too,
Here then no longer shalt thou stay,
That word thou’lt dearly rue.’

‘ Sir Tannhauser, thou wouldest have leave,
Then such from greybeards seek,
But be ye sure wheree’er you turn,
My beauty’s praise to speak.’

Then Tannhauser the mountain left,
With sorrow and great grief,
‘ I’ll wend towards Rome, the Pope I’ll pray,
To give my heart relief.

‘ Now cheerfully I tread the path,
(All is by God decreed)
Unto the Pope, Pope Urban hight—
Who’ll help me in my need.’

‘ Sir Pope, thou ghostly father mine,
To you my sins I’ll own,
All I’ve committed in my day,
To you I’ll straight make known.’

‘ For I have dwelt a livelong year
With Venus, that fair dame—
And now, will bitter penance do,
That I God’s grace may claim.’

The Pope he held in his right hand
A white and sapless rod,
‘ Look not—until this rod shall sprout,
For mercy from thy God !

‘ Though I should live years only one,
One year on this earth’s face—
In prayer and penance it should pass,
So I might win God’s grace.’

31.—PEPIN.

High o'er the far Vogesian vallies,
Gloom Blitzburg's towers,
Within whose walls, old legends tell us,
A goblin glowers.

Half dragon seem'd it and half maiden—
By sorceress bann'd,
A virgin she, with foul spells laden,
From Swabian land.

Twice fifty thousand pounds full measured,
In good red gold,
For him who frees that maid lie treasured,
To have and hold.

Ten knights they tell, essay'd the achievement,
For love or lack;
But morn found each upon the pavement
Stark, dead, and black.

A noble squire from Lotharingen,*
Young Pepin, brave—
E'en yet old wives his feats are singing—
Swore her he'd save.

No joy for him in feast or slumber,
At board or bed,
'Till towards these towers one day in Ember,
Full fast he sped.

* Lorraine.

He lights him from his long ride weary ;
 Slow at their foot
Three screech-owls—three black bats so dreary—
 His welcome hoot.

The chapel clock now twelve was tolling,
 Wide opes the door ;
Within, he sees a huge hound rolling,
 Black as a moor.

He straightway to the Saints commends him,
 With fervent prayer ;
Fast flies the brute—and howling, wends him
 Heaven best knows where.

By *ignis fatui* onward lighted,
 He finds a throne
On which, with Chrysopras crown dighted,
 She sate alone.

Like sea-nymph naked sate this maiden,
 Green glare her eyes ;
While her mass'd hair, her dark brow shading,
 Like sea-weed lies.

He starts, but soon the golden treasure
 Gives strength and power :
The devil's own form might well give pleasure
 With such a dower !

‘ How may I serve thee, gracious lady ?—
 Speak frank and free ;
My life and limb,’ so boldly said he,
 ‘ *I'll stake for thee.*’

When he was gone the bishop began expatiating upon the beauty of the ram, which nothing could induce him to part with, and then upon his good shepherd, Conrad, who was honesty itself. The foreign bishop laughed at this declaration; for much travelling, and frequent residence, at various princely courts, had filled him with distrust in his fellow-creatures. He maintained that it was impossible to find a really honest servant, at least in the retinue of an ecclesiastic; for they would all deceive their masters, and were all knaves more or less.

Bishop Henry contradicted this with great earnestness; praised the worthy disposition of the people over whom he wielded his crozier, but above all, Conrad the shepherd, who had never yet told him an untruth, nor deceived him in the most trifling affair. 'What, has Conrad never yet told you a lie—never deceived you—never betrayed his master?' said the foreign bishop sarcastically. 'No,' answered Henry warmly, in defence of his retainer, 'Conrad never has been, nor ever will be, guilty of such conduct.' 'No,' repeated the foreign bishop, 'what wager would you venture upon that?'

After sundry proposals, the bishops at length agreed to support their opinions by a wager of a wine-tun, which should hold one hundred and fifty butts of wine. And, within three days, Conrad was, without being made aware of it, to be put to the test. This done, they took leave of one another for the night, well pleased to have found a fresh source of amusement for the next few days, and each feeling certain of the victory.

The foreign bishop, however, before retiring to rest, *entered*, as was his wont, into conversation and council *with his servant Peter*. This Peter, who was nominally

only the servant and professed jester of the bishop, was in fact much more his secret adviser than many of those who flaunted it in titles and bands ; and to him the bishop looked for advice and assistance in all his difficulties, spiritual and temporal. Peter was accustomed to hear, to see, and occasionally to think, for his master, without any body suspecting it ; and this he had already done upon the very subject in question.

This evening he was, however, not in a very communicative humour ; but the knave, whom his master had made acquainted with every thing, was vexed at heart, and it was only his master's promise of a new scarlet cap in case of winning the wager which at all induced him to open his lips. After many biting remarks upon the cost of a wine-tun which would hold a hundred and fifty butts of wine, and come to more than half the yearly income of the bishoprick, he at length undertook to discover by what means this Conrad,—this paragon, pattern, and phoenix of honesty, as lord and servant jestingly called him,—was to be tempted.

No sooner did the sun arise, than Peter set to work to bring about the object decided upon on the previous evening ; and before noon he was enabled to tell his master that Conrad had a sweetheart, the pretty Lisette, but who would hear nothing of his passion until he had a house of his own to take her to, so poor were they both. The industrious Peter had himself already spoken to Lisette, and found her both ready and willing to assist in the scheme which he had devised. And all that he now had to ask from his master was a small sum of money to ensure the winning of this huge wine-tun. The bishop gave him what he desired, and seated *himself* in good heart at the table.

Peter then returned to the pretty Lisette, showed her the money which he had got, and they discoursed together about a cottage which a poor widow in the neighbourhood had long wanted to dispose of; and Peter ended by promising to give Lisette the purchase-money for it, as soon as she brought what he wished for.

On the following morning, Lisette set herself to work in a spot past which Conrad must necessarily drive his flock. No sooner did Conrad see her in the distance, than he flew to her, accompanied by his favourite ram, and repeated to her all that he had previously told her over and over again, to gain her consent to their marriage. But to all this Lisette answered him very coolly—that she had heard it a thousand times before, and if he had nothing more to say to her about a house of his own to take her to, that he knew very well what her determination was.

Conrad was about to take his leave with a troubled heart, when a half friendly glance from Lisette, made him turn round and ask her—why she always behaved so coyly towards him, and what he should do to please her? ‘Well, for the novelty of the thing, let us see whether you will do anything that I ask you,’ said Lisette, (the bishop’s favorite ram had thrust himself between her and Conrad, and was eating bread out of her hand;) ‘Will you then give me this ram—that I may sell it?’

Conrad’s heart fell when he heard this request. Sorrowfully he replied, ‘Every thing in the world besides, but not that. If the bishop were not to feed my ram every evening, I should be sure to meet with some disaster. Take the ten best sheep of the flock, take the whole fifty of them that belong to me, but leave me the ram.’

‘Well,’ said Lisette, ‘what a pattern of a man you are!’

But begone with your fifty sheep ! Well, you are a pretty bridegroom indeed, to refuse me such a trifle. You would certainly be a very good-natured husband when the honeymoon was over ! Go, go to the bishop, let him feed your pet ram, and you may kiss his great toe into the bargain !'

Thus did they contend for awhile together. Conrad wept for very sorrow. Lisette, at last, acquainted him that she had sold the ram for the little cottage which they had both so often wished for, and that she must give it up that day, let it cost what it might, for she had passed her word to that effect, and would not be convicted of a falsehood, be the consequences what they might ; she then dropped a few tears, that any thing should have marred the unexpected joy she felt, at being able to purchase a snug little dwelling, in which both themselves and their children might live so happily together ; and then again enquired, whether sheep did not die every day ; whether there were never any lost, or stolen ; and whether the wolf never ate any of the numbered flocks ?

Love at length gained the victory. Conrad clapped his hands, and promised that before noon the ram should be hers ; whereupon, Lisette gave Conrad her hand and promise, that in a month's time she would become his wife ; and added a kiss to the bargain, as a sort of earnest money.

Lisette made the best of her way back to the village, and Conrad watched her as long as he could see her. The joy of his betrothing was, however, sorely troubled at the thoughts of the enquiries of his powerful, but at the same time kind-hearted master, in whose service he had hitherto conducted himself with such propriety, and who was so very fond of this favourite beast.

And he stood alone in the field where Lisette had been occupied, with his eyes fixed on the earth. At last, he thrust his crook into the ground, hung his cloak over it, placed his bonnet on the top of it, and then began a series of soliloquies or dialogues, whichever they may be called, in which he was occasionally assisted by the actions of the ram.

‘God greet you, my Lord Bishop!’—Good even to you, Conrad, but where is the ram? ‘Ram! Lord Bishop—why the ram is lost—I mean it has really strayed away.—(The beast, just as he was speaking, thrust himself between his master’s feet, as if to eye the strange image before which he kept bowing so respectfully.) ‘Conrad! Conrad!’ (with a shake of the head,) ‘he is accustomed to be fed so regularly, I am sure he would not stray away’—‘That won’t do.’

A second dialogue in which Conrad described the ram as having been stolen, was interrupted by a powerful blow, with which the beast returned his master’s bow.—‘You would not suffer yourself to be taken very easily,’ said Conrad—‘so that won’t do.’

He continued for a full half hour conversing with himself in this manner, ending every excuse with a shake of the head, and a ‘Conrad! that won’t do!’

‘And yet,’ added he, ‘I must part with the poor brute before noon, for I have promised to do so, and if Lisette does not give him to the person to whom she has sold him, she will be a cheat, and can never be my wife.’

At last he jumped for joy into the air, crying out—‘Honesty is the best policy! That will do—that will do.’ He drew on his cloak, clapped his cap upon his head, and *drove forward his herd.* And yet, before noon, he handed

over his favourite with a deep sigh to Lisette, who exchanged him for the purchase-money of the cottage, without troubling her brains much upon the subject.

The evening was appointed for the trial of Conrad's honesty—a trial of which he had not the slightest suspicion. The bishops were, as usual, seated at their night-drink, expecting the arrival in the palace court-yard of the shepherd, who was to decide their wager. They spoke but little, for each was anxious to leave to his friend the honour and expense of constructing the huge wine-tun.

Peter, the secret councillor, was in high spirits, and laughing to himself, rejoiced beforehand at the victory and at the success of his well-laid plan. For he had the pet sheep in his possession, and felt sure that Conrad would never venture to speak the plain truth, whereby he would be certain to draw down upon himself the anger and high displeasure of his all-powerful master, and get dismissed from his service.

Thus thought Peter, the secret adviser. In the meanwhile Conrad drove his herd into the palace-court, right before the bishops. Peter smiled, for he read, or fancied he read, fear and anxiety in the countenance of the shepherd.

This evening, however, no favourite ram gambolled merrily before Bishop Henry, to eat the bread from his hand. 'Where is the ram?' inquired the bishop, with a significant glance. Conrad answered, with a firm voice, 'I have sold it!—there, the truth is out—honesty is the best policy. That is my favourite saying, as you know, my lord bishop; and, by God's grace, my favourite saying it shall continue to be.'

Peter's visage lengthened considerably; but Bishop

Henry called out, with an angry countenance and in a threatening tone, 'Why have you sold it without speaking to me? I would rather have paid ten times the sum it fetched. Don't you know that?'

'Lord bishop,' said Conrad, 'pray hear me. Lisette has betrayed me, as Eve before her betrayed Adam; and a knave has betrayed Lisette, as the evil one of old did Eve. If he will give me my ram again, I will not say who he is.' (Peter turned away full of rage, for gone was his money, gone his promised cap of scarlet, and all hopes of a drinking bout which he had calculated upon at the end of the business.) 'Lisette had sold the beast without first speaking to me about it, otherwise it would not have happened. But as she had done so, I felt bound to give him up, how much soever I might be grieved at doing so; otherwise she would have told a lie, and could not have been what she is to be now—my wife. That is the real truth, lord bishop; so now do with me as you please. What is done, is done; but do not punish Lisette: a weak head is soon betrayed by a serpent.'

Bishop Henry would have scolded him, but the strange bishop said, with a troubled side glance to Peter, who was making off from the scene, 'I have lost my wager—that was the proof.'

And Bishop Henry chided not. The pleasure of winning the wager consoled him; but the honesty of Conrad delighted him more than gaining the wine-tun, and he acknowledged the power of love.

'Verily,' cried the two bishops, 'honesty is the best policy.' And Bishop Henry said, 'As a reward for thine honesty, I will be at the charge of thy wedding, and the *half* of the flock shall be thine.' 'And,' continued the

other bishop, 'thou art welcome to thy ram again, and thou shalt still keep the cottage, as a christening present to thy first child.'

And the bishop who lost the wager caused the large wine-tun to be built which formerly brought so many travellers to Gruningen, and which is now on the Spiegelsberg, near Halberstadt.

NOTE.—This story, which is taken from OTMAR'S *Volcks-Sagen*, p. 295—310, and pronounced by the narrator to be the most modern in the collection (the period to which it refers being the end of the sixteenth century), is distinguished from the majority of similar narratives by the moral which it inculcates.

The reader who may feel surprised at the circumstance of a bishop numbering a professed jester among his retainers, is referred for proof of the universal prevalence of that custom to FLOGEL'S *Geschichte der Hofnarren*, or to a couple of papers on the subject of Court Fools, by the Editor of this work, in the *Court Magazine* for 1833.

33.—THE SMITH OF APOLDA.

FIT THE FIRST.

The Smith of Apolda was seated one eve
At the door of his smithy, they tell us,
The tears they fell fast on his leathern sleeve,
As he gazed on his idle bellows.
'I'm starving,' he cried, 'I can't beg nor thief,
Oh I am the most wretched of fellows.'

The Smith of Apolda looked down the road,
And a horseman he espied;
Who a sable plume in his helmet showed,
And a coal black steed did ride.
And loudly and lordly that horseman halloo'd
When the smithy he espied.

'You Smith of Apolda, bestir, bestir,
For my courser has lost a shoe;
Uprouse thee, uprouse thee, thou sluggard cur,
And summon thy swarthy crew;
Full little ye know, or ye would not demnr,
The guerdon I'd give to you.'

Oh the Smith of Apolda was grieved at heart,
And bitterly mourned he then,
That the rider's good steed unshod must depart,
For lack of coals, metal, and men.
And he cried 'Noble Sir, I would fain try my art,
But I can't for good reasons ten.'

‘Thou Smith of Apolda, one reason’s enough
At a time, for an honest man!’—

‘Good Sir, I’ve no iron, nor fuel to puff,
And a man can but do what he can;
A Smith cannot work if he have not the stuff,
Though ’twould keep off the book-priest’s ban.’

On the Smith of Apolda the horseman first frowned,
And grinned with a scornful grin,
Then off from his steed he got with a bound,
And entered the smithy within;
And when he had viewed the hovel around,
Thus did that black horseman begin:

‘Thou Smith of Apolda give ear unto me,
For I fain would do thee good,
And metal and fuel in plenty shall be
Where of old they have always stood;
You have only to take this paper, d’ye see,
And to sign it with your blood.’”

The Smith of Apolda cared not to hear
That horseman’s terms again;
He was not a craven to think of fear,
So straightway he breathed a vein,
And signed with his blood, so bright and clear,
That bond betwixt them twain.

But the Smith of Apolda looked sore aghast
When the sable horseman said—
‘’Tis now too late—the time is past—
The bond thou should’st have read—
For by it I shall have thee fast,
As soon as *ten years* are sped.’

From the Smith of Apolda the rider turned,
And mounted his coal-black steed;
The prayers of his victim the Tempter spurned,
And put his good horse to his speed,
But when the Smith saw how his furnace burned,
He scarcely repented the deed.

The Smith of Apolda waxed richer and richer,
As each day more busy grew he;
And if ever a thought of the bond did him twitch, or
He felt despondingly,
He took off an extra draught from his pitcher
To 'Success to Forgery.'

FIT THE SECOND.

The Smith of Apolda was seated one eve
At the front of the smithy door,
New strength from the evening breeze to receive,
When the toil of the day was o'er;
At such times ungrudgingly would he relieve
Any traveller passing poor.

The Smith of Apolda looked down the road,
And a beggar-man he espied,
Whose rags and whose leanness plainly showed
How misery and he were allied;
And ne'er was more starveling jackass bestrode
Than the one which the beggar did ride.

To the Smith of Apolda the beggar drew near,
And boldly begged of him a boon—
' Take pity, good Smith, on my poor beast here,
And give him a new set of shoon.'
' Thou'rt a good-hearted knave, so be of good cheer,
He shall have them, and that right soon.'

Then the Smith of Apolda; though 'twas not his use
To labour at even-tide,
Uprose from his bench, his buff jerkin let loose,
And his hammer and anvil plied,
And speedily made for the beast four shoes—
With better did Baron ne'er ride.

' Thou Smith of Apolda, a goodly deed
Hast thou done for thyself this night;
In return for the kindness thou shalt be freed
From the Sable Horseman's spite,
If the wishes three, which to thee are decreed,
Thou dost but ask aright.'

The Smith of Apolda looked up aghast
At St. Peter, for it was he,
Who in beggar-man's garb that way had passed
To test the Smith's charitee;
And mute was the Smith for awhile, but at last
He asked strange favours, three.

First, the Smith of Apolda an oath rapped out
Shocked the Saint exceedingly—
' Then grant me,' he cried, ' spite of riot and rout,
From my chair and my apple tree,
And my wallet of hide, so tough and so stout
Nought may get, but by leave from me.'

‘Thou Smith of Apolda, I’ve pledged my word,
And I may not say thee nay,
Though grieved at the blasphemous oath I heard,
And the trifles for which you pray—
But you’ve asked, and your prayer must not be deferred,
’Tis granted, both now, and for aye.

From the Smith of Apolda the beggar-man turned,
And quickly was lost to his view;
‘I’fegs,’ quoth the Smith, ‘but it’s cheaply earned,
If all the old chap says be true!’
And to find out that fact, oh his heart how it burned,
But he’d not long to wait till he knew.

FIT THE THIRD.

For the Smith of Apolda uprose one morn
With a troubled and trembling heart,
Well he knew that, that day, ten years were gone,
Since he saw the Fiend Rider depart,
And he feared lest the knight of the hoof and the horn
Should return, too deep for his art.

But the Smith of Apolda worked on till the sun
To the centre of heaven did reach,
And then the Smith’s eye, it fell upon One
Whom he knew, and whose look and speech
Formed a happy compound of Devil and Dun,
Whom ’twere hard to overreach.

The Smith of Apolda, he spoke his guest fair,
To do otherwise were no good—
And asked him ‘ to taste of his humble fare
’Twould make him so proud an he would,
As a matter of course he next handed his chair,
His guest sat—while that poor Smith stood.

But that Smith of Apolda had gained the day,
For little the Evil One thought—
While his host to amuse him was trolling a lay—
With what mischief the burthen was fraught.
But as soon as he talked of their going away,
He found out how that he was caught.

“ Thou Smith of Apolda,” the Evil One cried—
“ I fain would quit this place ;
Dissolve then the spell with which you have tried
The Devil to cheat to his face :”
But all his entreaties the Smith denied,
Till he promised him ten years’ grace.

Then the Smith of Apolda, he said the word—
Made the angry spirit free ;
Who, no sooner was loosen’d, than he demurred,
Without his swart comrade to flee,
But departed at last, mighty vex’d when he heard
The Smith laugh right heartilee.

With the Smith of Apolda the next ten years
Passed much as the former one
In laughing, and quaffing, and jokes, and jeers,
At every thing under the sun ;
When, lo ! *at the end, his old foe appears,*
As he formerly had done.

The fears of the Smith of Apolda were past,
 Quick the mouth of the wallet he tied—
 ‘ What ho ! my old boy, so I’ve got you at last !’
 On the anvil he laid him, and plied
 The blows of his hammer, right thickly and fast,—
 How loudly that poor Devil cried :—

 ‘ Thou Smith of Apolda, take years other ten ;’
 But the Smith of Apolda heard not ;
 And he called for assistance, from hammer and men,
 And they plied till they all were hot,
 Then paused for a while—screamed the poor Devil then
 ‘ I’ll destroy the cursed bond that I’ve got !’

 Then the Smith of Apolda heard well what he roared,
 For thus he gained all his desires :
 The Fiend was released, and the bond was restored,
 And burned in his smithy fires—
 And the Smith, in due time, by his neighbours ador’d,
 Was gather’d in peace to his sires.

NOTE.—The foregoing rhymed version of a legend which must be numbered among the most wide spread and popular of its class, is an amplification of one of many similar tales, which are briefly related by the Brothers GRIMM in the 3d volume of their *Kinder und Haus Marchen* (s. 135--149), in their note upon the story of “ *De Spielhänsel*,” a story closely allied to that of “ *Brother Merry*,” which the reader has already perused at page 21 of this collection.

This tale affords a striking instance of the wide transmission and living variations of a favourite legend. Of its antiquity there can be no doubt, and if we recognise, as we may well do, the God Thor, under the figure of the Smith and his hammer, and under those of

death or the devil (for it is sometimes the one and sometimes the other, whom the Smith overreaches), some clumsy inactive giant, the whole tale immediately assumes a deep grounded ancient Northern aspect

The beginning of the story calls to mind OVID's poem of *Baucis and Philemon*, and a similar legend, which exists among the Indians. It is obviously connected with the German legend of the *Poor Man and the Rich Man*, and with a modern if not very delicate story of witty MAT PRIOR's ycleped "The Ladle," and indeed many others. (Query—What is the primal type of this charity-inculcating tradition ?)

Before concluding this note we had intended to have said a few words on the subject of the legendary fiend who figures in the tale which has called it forth, but we have found the ideas we would have described so much better expressed by the gentleman to whom the merit of awakening in this country public attention to the subject of the Philosophy of Fiction must be awarded, we mean of course Sir Francis Palgrave, that we have, notwithstanding its length, borrowed the entire passage:—

" The legendary Satan is a being wholly distinct from the theological Lucifer. He is never ennobled by the sullen dignity of the fallen angel. No traces of celestial origin are to be discerned on his brow. He is not a rebellious Æon who once was clothed in radiance. But he is the fiend, the enemy, evil from all time past in his very essence, foul and degraded, cowardly and impure; his rage is oftenest impotent, unless his cunning can assist his power. He excites fright rather than fear. Hence, wild caprice and ludicrous malice are his popular characteristics; they render him familiar, and diminish the awe inspired by his name; and these playful elements

enter into all the ghost and goblin combinations of the evil principle. More, the platonist did not perceive the psychological fitness of these attributes, and he was greatly annoyed in his lucubrations by the uncouth oddity of the pranks ascribed to goblins and elves ; they discomposed the gravity of his arguments, and in order to meet the objections of such reasoners as might venture to suspect that merriment and waggyery degraded a spiritual being, he sturdily maintains that ' there are as great fools in the body as there are out of it.' He would observe that the mythological portrait was consistent in its features. Laughter is foreign to the serenity of beneficence. Angels may weep, but they would forfeit their essence were they to laugh. Mirth, on the contrary, is the consort of concealed spite, and if not invariably wicked or mischievous, yet always blending itself readily with wickedness and mischief. Sport, even when intended to be innocent, degrades its object ; though the best and wisest of us cannot always resist the temptation of deriving pleasure from the pains which we inflict upon our fellow-creatures by amusing ourselves with their weakness. From this alliance between laughter and malice arose the burlesque malignants whom the mythologists have placed amongst the deities. Such is the Momus of the Greeks, and his counterpart Loki, the attendant of the banquets of Valhalla. And the same idea is again the substance of the Vice of the ancient allegorical drama. Equally dramatic and poetical is the part allotted to Satan in those ancient romances of religion, the Lives of the Saints : he is the main motive of the action of the narrative, to which his agency gives fulness and effect. But in the conception of the legendary Satan, the belief in his might melts into the ideality of his character. Amidst clouds of infernal vapour, he *developes his form*, half in allegory and half with spiritual reality

and his horns, his tail, his saucer eyes, his claws, his taunts, his wiles, his malice, all bear witness to the simultaneous yet contradictory impressions to which the hagiologist is compelled to yield. This confusion is very apparent in the demons introduced by St Gregory in his *Life of St. Benedict*. A poet would maintain that they are employed merely as machinery to carry on the holy epic. A monk must believe in them more strongly than in the gospel."

It should be observed that *The Smith of Apolda* was first printed in "*The Original*."

34.—THE RIDDLE.

There was once a King's daughter, who was very proud and haughty, and issued a proclamation that she would marry any one who should bring her a riddle which she could not solve—on condition, however, that if she guessed it, the proposer should be put to death. Now she was as beautiful as milk and blood, so that no one thought for a moment of the danger, but all were ready with their riddles; but she guessed them every one. However, after nine had been thus put to death, it happened that a merchant's son heard of the proclamation, and determined, with the assistance of his servant, who was a shrewd knave, to try his fortune. Four eyes, thought he, see more than two; we will manage it by some means or other; what I boldly ventured is half won.

But when his parents heard of his intention, they were grievously afflicted, for they deemed it certain that their

beloved child would perish—so they sought to prevent him from going, and said, ‘ it was better that he should die and be buried in his own country, than in a strange land.’ So they mixed poison in the stirrup-cup, and begged of him to drink off the parting-drink; but he, as if he guessed their intentions, would not drink; but sprung hastily into the saddle, saying, ‘ Farewell, dear parents, I may not tarry longer, lest some one win from me the beautiful maiden.’

When he was mounted they again presented the cup to him, but he struck his spurs into his horse, and the wine was spilt, so that some of it fell into his horse’s ears.

When he had ridden a short distance his horse fell dead, so that he was fain to ride his servant’s, and let him follow on foot. No sooner had the horse fallen than the ravens descended to feed upon it; but its flesh being poisoned, they fell dead by the side of it. Then the servant picked up three of the dead ravens, and took them to an inn, for he thought they would make fit food for robbers—so he had them cut into pieces, and made up with flour into three loaves.

On the following morning, as they were travelling through a gloomy forest, twelve thieves sprang upon them, and laid hands both upon the master and the servant. And the servant said, ‘ Spare our lives; we have no money; nothing but three loaves, which we will give to you.’ And the robbers were satisfied with the loaves; divided them among themselves, and ate them—but it was not long before the poison worked upon them, and they all fell down upon the earth.

Then the young merchant and his servant journeyed on; *and, when they reached the city, the young man presented*

himself before the king's daughter, and said he would propose a riddle to her. She gave him permission to do so ; and he said, ' One at the first blow, three at the second, and twelve at the third.' And the king's daughter considered for a long time, but could not discover it—and she consulted her riddle-book, but there was nothing like it there. But, as she had three days to find it out, on the first night she sent one of her maids into the sleeping-room of the young merchant, to listen whether he spoke in his sleep. But his cunning servant had placed himself in his master's bed ; and, when the maid came, he laid hold of her cloak, and drove her from the room—the cloak he secured in his knapsack.

On the second night the king's daughter sent off another of her ladies of the bed-chamber—and the servant seized her cloak, drove her from the room, and secured that cloak likewise in his knapsack. But on the third night the princess came herself, wrapped up in an ermine cloak, and she seated herself by the bedside. As soon as she thought he was asleep and dreaming, she questioned him, in hopes that he would answer in his sleep—but he was awake, and heard and understood everything that was said. Then she asked, ' One at the first blow ; What is that ?' and he answered ' My horse, which died from the poison that was spilt in his ear.' ' Three at the second blow ; what is that ?' ' Three ravens, who ate of the poisoned horse, and so died.' ' Twelve at the third blow ; what does that mean ?' ' Twelve robbers, who ate of three loaves in which the ravens were mixed, and who died in consequence.' And as soon as she discovered the riddle, she would have slipped out of the apartment, but he laid fast hold of the

ermine cloak, so that she was obliged to leave it behind her.

On the following morning she said, ' I have guessed the riddle ;' and she commanded the twelve judges to attend, and explained it before them. But the youth demanded to be heard by them, and said—' Had she not come to me in the night, and asked me what it was, she would not have known it.' But they answered him, ' Give us proof of this.' Then the servant displayed the three cloaks, and the judges recognised the ermine one as being the princess's. ' Let the cloak be embroidered,' was then the mandate. So it was converted into a bridal cloak, and the young merchant received the princess for wife.

NOTE.—The above story is from Zwehrn, in Lower Hessa, and is related by the Brothers' GRIMM in their *Kinder und Haus Marchen*, Band. 1, s. 123-126. where a corresponding legend is likewise related. In this last a prince, charmed by the beauty of a young maiden, follows her to the house of her mother, who is a witch. The girl is well disposed, cautions him against the poisoned draughts of her mother. When he rides forth, the mother offers him drink in a glass, the glass splits, and the horse being sprinkled with its contents falls dead. A raven feeds on it, is killed and carried to a public house, the resort of robbers, who are slain by partaking of the poisoned raven. The host's daughter shows him the treasures her father had accumulated. These he bestows upon her and rides forth to a city where the king's daughter is a guesser of riddles, and the tale concludes like the present one.

35.—THE GREEN ROBE.

There were once three brothers, of whom the elder ones always despised the youngest; and when they went out in the world to seek their fortunes, they drove him out of their company, saying, ‘We have no need of you—you must travel by yourself.’ So they left him, and he was forced to wander alone. And he came to a very high mountain, on the top of which was a circle of trees, and he was almost starved; he sat down under these trees, and began to weep. Scarcely had he seated himself, before he heard a loud noise, and immediately the Evil One came to him, dressed in a green robe, and with a cloven hoof, and asked him what he was crying for. Then he told him all his misfortunes, and how his brothers had abandoned him. When the Evil One heard this, he said, ‘Well, I can assist you; put on this green robe: it has pockets, which will keep always full of gold, let you use it as fast as ever you may; but upon this condition, that for seven years you neither wash yourself, comb yourself, nor say your prayers. If you die during these seven years, you will be mine; if not, you will be free from the bargain, and be a rich man all the days of your life.’ His necessities obliged him to agree to these terms; so he put on the green robe, and, when he put his hands in his pockets, he found them quite full of gold.

Now he went forth into the world with his wonderful robe; and for the first year it was well enough, for he could purchase whatever he wanted, and passed off tolera-

bly well among his fellow-creatures. But the second year things did not go off quite so pleasantly; his hair had grown so long that nobody knew him, and he had got so frightful that he could scarcely find any persons who would let him into their houses. Every year matters grew worse; but he gave great alms to the poor, that they might pray for him, that he might not die and fall into the power of the tempter during the seven years. It was during the fourth year that he came to an inn, the landlord of which would not take him in—till he saw what large sums of gold he took from his pockets—then he was glad enough of his company. During the night, Green Robe heard some one moaning bitterly in the next room; and when he went to hear what was the matter, he found an old man, who bade him go his ways, for he could not assist him. So he asked the old man what he wanted. He said he had no money, and that, because he was in the landlord's debt, he detained him until he paid it. 'Then,' said Green-Robe to him, 'I have money enough—I'll soon pay it;' and he did so, and delivered the old man.

Now it happened that this old man had three beautiful daughters; so he asked him to go home and marry one of them in return for his kindness. He went; but when they arrived there, and the eldest saw him, she declared that she would never marry so frightful an object; and the second fled from her home, rather than do so; while the youngest said, 'Dear father, since you have promised as much, and this man helped you in the time of need, I will do what you desire of me.' Then Green-Robe took a ring from his finger, broke it in half, gave her the one-half, and retained the other for himself; and in her half he *wrote his name*, and in his half hers, and said they must

take good care of them. After staying with her a little, he departed, saying, ' Now must I leave you for three years Be faithful unto me for this period, and I will then return and marry you ; but if I come not back again in three years, you are free, for I shall be dead ; but in the mean time pray for me, that my life may be preserved.'

During these three years the two elder sisters mocked and laughed at the youngest, saying that she was going to have a bear for her husband, instead of an ordinary man.— But she heeded them not, and thought, ' We should obey our father, come what may.' Meanwhile Green-Robe journeyed through the wide world, purchasing, wherever he came, the most beautiful presents for his betrothed ; doing good to all, ill to none, and giving to the poor whatsoever they asked of him. And Providence rewarded him ; for, when the three years were passed, he was still alive and hearty. So he went to the circle of trees upon the lofty mountain, and he heard the loud noise, and the Tempter came, angered and vexed at seeing him, and threw him back his old robe, and demanded the green one. This the youth handed to him quite joyfully, and so became free again, and a rich man for ever. So he went home, dressed and cleaned himself, and set forth to see his betrothed.

When he came to the door, her father met him, and he announced himself as the bridegroom ; but the old man did not know him again, and would not believe him. Then he went to his future bride ; but neither would she believe him. Then he asked her if she had still got half of his ring. She said " Yes ;" and fetched it : and when he produced the other half, and she saw how they matched, she was assured that he could be no other than the bridegroom. *And when she saw what a goodly man he was,*

she became deeply enamoured of him, and straightways they were married. But the two sisters were so grieved that they had rejected such good fortune, that, on the day of the wedding, the one hanged, and the other drowned herself; and at night a loud knocking was heard at the house, and when the bridegroom arose and opened the door, he saw the Tempter in his green robe, who said, "At all events, I have now got two souls, instead of your one!"

NOTE.—This story, which is from Paderborn, is related in GRIMM's *Kinder und Haus Marchen*, Band. 2, s. 89-92. It is obviously connected with a similar tale in the same collection—'The Devil's Sooty Brother,'—and that again with the story of 'Saint Peter and the Minstrel'—No. 1. of the LAYS AND LEGENDS OF FRANCE, and the 'History of Friar Rush,' in the Editor's *Early English Prose Romances*; and which has recently been discovered to be (as has been long suspected) a translation from a German Poem.

36.—HANS JAGENTEUFEL.

It is commonly believed, that if any person is guilty of a crime for which he deserves to lose his head, he will, if he escape punishment during his life time, be condemned after his death to wander about with his head under his arm.

In the year 1644, a woman of Dresden went out early one Sunday morning into a neighbouring wood for the purpose of collecting acorns. In an open space, at a spot not very far from the place which is called the Lost Water, she heard somebody blow a very strong blast upon a hunting-horn, and immediately afterwards a heavy fall, as though a large tree had fallen to the ground. The woman was greatly alarmed, and concealed her little bag of acorns among the grass; shortly afterwards the horn blew a second time, and on looking round she saw a man without a head, dressed in a long grey cloak and riding upon a grey horse, he was booted and spurred, and had a bugle-horn hanging at his back.

As, however, he rode past her very quietly, she regained her courage, went on gathering the acorns, and when evening came returned home undisturbed.

Nine days afterwards, the woman returned to that spot for the purpose of again collecting the acorns, and as she sat down by the Forsterberg, peeling an apple, she heard behind her a voice, calling out to her, ‘Have you taken a whole sack of acorns and nobody tried to punish you for *doing so?*’

‘No,’ said she, ‘the foresters are very kind to the poor, and they have done nothing to me; the Lord have mercy on my sins!’—And with these words she turned about, and there stood he of the grey cloak, but this time he was without his horse, and carried his head, which was covered with curling brown hair, under his arm.

The woman shrunk from him in alarm, but the spirit said, ‘Ye do well to pray to God to forgive you your sins, it was never my good lot to do so.’ And therefore he related to her how that he had lived about one hundred and thirty years before, and was called Hans Jagenteufel, as his father had been before him—and how that his father had often besought him not to be too hard upon poor people, and that he had paid no regard to the advice which his father had given him, but had passed his time in drinking and carousing, and all manner of wickedness. For which he was now condemned to wander about the world as an evil spirit.

NOTE.—This legend of a headless horseman, who is clearly allied to the *Dullahan* of CREFTON CROKER’s *Irish Fairy Tales*, is related in GRIMM’s *Deutsche Sagen*, Band 1. s. 398-9.

INDEX.

	Page.
The Legend of Daniel's Cave - - - - -	87
Rebundus in the Cathedral of Lubeck - - -	95
The Elves - - - - -	97
The Lord of Falkenstein - - - - -	100
The Story of the Popanz - - - - -	103
The Kobold in the Mill - - - - -	117
The Three Serpent Leaves - - - - -	121
The Hunter Hackelnberg and the Tut Osel - -	126
The Bottle Imp - - - - -	131
The Legend of Paracelsus - - - - -	137
Sir Tannhauser - - - - -	139
The Ancient Ballad of Sir Tannhauser - - -	143
Pepin - - - - -	148
Honesty is the Best Policy - - - - -	151
The Smith of Apolda - - - - -	160
The Riddle - - - - -	171
The Green Robe - - - - -	175
Hans Jagenteufel - - - - -	179



LAYS AND LEGENDS.

Germany.—PART III.

37—JACOB NIMMERNUCHTERN*.

Jacob, an opulent peasant of a village of Thuringia, lived upon a small farm which had been handed down, free of incumbrances, from father to son. He was strong and well proportioned, of unblemished reputation, peaceable, domestic, industrious; beloved, and honoured, by all his fellow-villagers, until the hounds of his feudal master, Jungkherr Veit, drove him from house and home, and changed the peaceful countryman into a drunkard, a robber, and a murderer.

Once upon a time, as Jacob was harnessing, and that for the last time, his harvest waggon, he heard his great farm-dog, Packan, to whom he was greatly attached for his fidelity, and his oft-times proved assistance against thieves, howling dreadfully in the road. Upon hearing this, he ran out armed with a stout cudgel, and with it beat off two large hounds who were worrying his poor favourite; and

* *Nimmer Nüchtern*, "never sober." For the reason why he was so designated, see page 190.

Packan being thus released, soon gave chase to his retreating enemies.

At this moment Jungkherr Veit made his appearance, with some mounted attendants, and a whole pack of hounds; and as soon as Jacob's neighbour, Maria, had related the circumstances to him from her window, he called down all the devils of hell upon the peasant, treated the defenceless Jacob most cruelly, and made him crawl, half dead as he was, to his castle, which lay buried in the forest, at about a mile from the village of which he was the supreme lord.

It was in the time, when might made right, when the superior noble, who, from the impotence of the reigning princes, recognised no authority superior to his own, spoke only of right and duty to the oppressed countryman, but yielded neither to him; when the peasant was treated almost as the bondsman and property of his feudal lord, who could sell, or otherwise dispose of him, just as he thought fit; it was in these days, so that no one ventured to listen to Jacob's justification, nor to undertake his defence. Five months he languished, suffering from cold, hunger, and vermin, in a prison which was named the dog-hole, although it was appropriated to the confinement of human beings, and during this period a morsel of mouldy bread was his greatest luxury.

Yet more than all this, did the overbearing insolence of the retainers vex him, who through Veit's encouragement, daily insulted him; but the most grievous to be borne, was the heart-gnawing mockery of the haughty Catherine; for thus was Veit's only daughter always designated. She, who was the darling and spoiled child of her father, accompanied him every day to the chase, and when she passed by Jacob's prison, which had an opening in the door for

the admission of air, and at which he received the morsels of bread that were allotted to him, she used to set the hounds against him amidst the mocking jests of her father, and ask, in a tone of derision, 'If the hound would beat off the hound? whether he, or his son, would take a maiden like her to wife, for Maria was assuredly not good enough for him?' and many such questions. Nay more, she even allowed herself other liberties, which cannot be mentioned, and could be looked for in no young woman of twenty years of age, who had not been brought up as she had been.

Jacob bit his lips and was silent. But at length, when she had once threatened him that he should be cast into the castle ditch, that he might not consume the bread from the dogs, he felt that he still had some strength left in him; and although his naked arm, when he looked upon it, appeared only the skeleton of what it had once been, he determined to attempt his escape. Accordingly, on a tempestuous night, at the close of the winter, he began to shake the crumbling walls of his prison, and after repeated attempts, it all fell in upon him. He then crept upon his hands and knees across the moat surrounding the castle, and which was then covered with ice, and then felt himself once more at liberty.

But whither should he go? Judges, to whom the oppressed might fly for justice, were not then to be found. Protectors, who might shield them from fresh injuries, there were none for men of his degree. That he might be revenged of his feudal lord and the haughty Catherine, he must become an outlaw; for he saw already in his imagination, servants and hounds starting forth at break of day, *for the re-capture of the fugitive.* And he felt he could

only return home again, when, after the lapse of many years, the anger of his lord was exhausted, or death had laid him low.

Yet, before he bade farewell to his father-land for ever, he determined to see for an hour or two, his house, his faithful wife, and his two grown boys, of whom, during the whole time of his imprisonment, he had never heard a word; to relate to them the sorrows which he had undergone, to rejoice with them that he was once more free; to warm himself once more in the dwelling of a human creature, to put on clean attire, to provide himself with a small supply of money, and then to fly further away.

Guided by the moon, which glimmered through the clouds, he soon reached the village, and stood with a beating heart before his own house. But to any of his tapplings at the door, and half-smothered calls, he was answered neither by Packan, nor by any human voice. Filled with impatience, he leaped over the hedge which surrounded his farm, entered the open house, and found all empty; no wife, no son;—not a table, not a chair, not a bed, not even a door—nothing but the bare walls.

Jacob smote himself with his double fist upon the forehead, and sat himself down for some hours upon the cold ground, lost in unconscious brooding. A shivering, and the thought of approaching day, roused him from his stupor. He felt himself, to see whether he lived—whether he dreamed. He examined all the walls, to assure himself he was in his own house; and his wasted limbs shook with very dread, his every limb was frozen. Longer he dared not remain, so he burst from the door, and turned through the garden into the open fields.

Now the well-known watchman of the village called

one! and the first glimpse of hope entered his heart.—Among the barking dogs, he heard the voice of his favourite Packan. Jacob whistled, and after a few moments, his faithful hound, barking loudly for joy, leaped upon his master. Jacob kissed his old starved friend, and journeyed on with still quicker steps; for now he no longer felt himself alone—no longer felt himself deserted by all.

Before the rising of the sun, he found himself, with his faithful companion, in a concealed hole at the foot of the Rothenburg,* which he had known from his boyhood, and contemplated, during his imprisonment, as a lurking place. Day broke, he seated himself before the rising sun, and warmed himself, for the first time, for seven months; for the first time for that period, saw he the trees and fields in the light of day.

But hunger now began to torment him, and even his dog looked up to him beseechingly. At this moment he saw, at a tolerable distance from his cavern, a beggar passing along the road with a well-filled wallet; and Jacob, who had never in his life before solicited a morsel of bread, but had so often given one away, hastened with Packan down the mountain. He found the beggar laying on the ground with averted face, and begged of him a morsel of food for his dog and for himself. The beggar half turned his face towards him, and Jacob uttered a piercing cry, when he discovered, in the supposed grey-headed old man, Fritz, his eldest son, now five-and-twenty years of age.

He gave food to the hungry Packan, ate quickly and silently a little piece of bread, drank from the proffered

* On the Kyffhauser Mountain, which towers over the Golden Meadow.

back, and then, without speaking a word, dragged his son with him to the cavern, bade him tell how matters stood, and heard, for the first time, the extent of his misfortunes.

Some hours after Jacob's imprisonment, had Veit's bailiffs driven his wife and sons from the farm, and left them scarcely enough to cover them. The fields which belonged to the estate, had fallen to the lot of his ignorant and proud neighbour, who had been Veit's groom, and had gained the confidence of the noble's mistress, Maria.— This Maria had been destined by Veit for the wife of Fritz, Jacob's son, but his affections were engaged to a maiden, who, although she possessed no dowry, was the very crown of the village for virtue, domesticity, and beauty. Hence it arose that Maria became the inveterate enemy of Jacob, by whom she believed herself to have been publicly disgraced, and she now took unto herself his household furniture and cattle, for as she said, the use of the bitten dogs belonging to her gracious protector. On the following day to this, too, had the haughty Catherine visited the village, and felt a diabolical joy in exposing the wife of Jacob, and the destined bride of Fritz, to the insults of her insolent retainers and the revengeful Maria. This blow speedily took effect upon the afflicted mother, and in a few days she died. Two months afterwards, Fritz's betrothed followed her to the grave, a victim to her troubles. Kurt, the younger son, joined a band of military lands-knechts, and Fritz became a beggar.

When this bitter tale was ended, Jacob flung himself to the ground, gnashed his teeth, but spake never a word. After some time he started up wildly, but without uttering a word, *although in his heart he called down curses upon Veit and all his companions.* Several days did he pass absorbed in

the deepest contemplation. The thought of self-destruction contended in his breast with the desire of vengeance. But the desponding one was not sufficiently worn down to come to the former resolve. He swore, therefore, in his heart, that he would have fearful vengeance.

Scarcely had he thus determined, when Fritz, returning from one of his excursions, informed him that his retreat in the cavern was no longer safe, for that Veit's followers were about to make a minute search through the Rothenburg and Kyffhäuser Mountain on the following day.—Jacob fled, therefore, as soon as night closed in, to the more gloomy parts of the Harz Forest, in the neighbourhood of Stolberg, and from thence, a few days afterwards, to the impenetrable forests near Lora. Here, in the course of his wanderings, he discovered a secure retreat, which protected him for years afterwards from every attempt to lay hands upon him.

Between the mountain fastnesses of Lora, and the villages of Wullperoda and Sollstadt, the inquirer will discover in the depth of the woods a rocky ridge of a hill overgrown with thorns, and surrounded on both sides by terrific gulfs, between which runs a rocky path which none but a skilful, and not dizzy wanderer, will dare to tread.—At the other end of the rocky ridge he will see a declivity, and when he has with difficulty clambered to the bottom of this, he will find before him two majestic rocky walls, which form a sort of passage through a fissure of some feet in width, but which from above seem to be united in one firm mass. A narrow path, however, winds gently between them, which, at the bottom behind the thick growing underwood, conceals the entrance to a small cavern, through which there is on one side an ascent into a

larger and much more roomy cave. This narrow pathway and this cavern were, in the days of which we speak, unknown to the inhabitants of the neighbouring country; and even now, they are rarely disturbed by human footsteps, although the mountains are now less wild and overgrown, and the access to them is easier than in former times.

Here Jacob resolved to take up his abode. Hither brought Fritz the provender which he had obtained by begging, and likewise tools and clothing of various kinds. In the meanwhile, Jacob employed himself in training Packan, making by degrees a pathway down the rocky declivity, and thinking of vengeance. Curses on Junkherr Veit was his first thought in the morning; curses on all the castle lords who humbled their peasantry lower than their herds, was his last thought at night.

Certainly at first his natural feelings contended against his resolve, for he had hitherto been accustomed to help and assist all whom it was in his power to serve. But this inward voice was soon stilled by the steadfast recollection of all the injuries which himself, his wife and children had received, and by intoxicating draughts.—Only when furnished with such supplies was his son welcome, and he compelled him to bring him brandy every day as a store for future use. And Fritz begged from house to house for a few drops of this, at that time still rare liquor, as a comfort to a decrepit father, who was then expiring in the wood hard by in a cavern, which he did not more fully particularize. Since Fritz continually returned with the same request, the neighbouring country people bestowed upon the unknown inhabitant of the cavern, the by-name of Jacob Nimmernuchtern.

Now as Jacob had secured what he considered a se-

veral months supply, he sent forth his son, commanding him not to return again without bringing his brother Kurt with him, from whom he expected greater willingness and assistance in the furtherance of his object, and remained with no companion but his faithful Packan. He had now fully resolved to become a robber from revenge; besides, his proud heart would never stoop to beg.

That he might remain faithful to the resolution which he had taken, he accustomed himself to live upon the flesh of the wild animals which he slew. And in the anticipation of the time when he should accomplish his chief object, he stole from the herds of the nobles and monks, whom he considered the very pests of the country, sheep and goats, and even bullocks; and in doing this, he was most ably assisted by Packan, who sometimes drove whole flocks into his cavern, or to the rocks which concealed it.

In order to lighten his labour, and to lessen as much as possible his danger, he only undertook these expeditions in twilight, or at night, wrapped up in a large black cloak. For those occasions, when his object was to strike terror, he had prepared for himself an upper garment made of the hide of a black cow, whose horns served him as a head-dress. In his mouth he held a sort of tinder-box, filled with rotten wood, from which he could, according as circumstances rendered it expedient, vomit forth, as it were, a thick smoke, or even fire.

Since he now wandered about in the night time thus attired, and accompanied by his large pitch-black hound, which never gave tongue, but looked fiercely about every where in search of prey, it is not to be wondered at that the shepherds believed him to be the prince of darkness.

himself, and fled at his approach, so that he often had not occasion to have recourse even once to his burning tinder-box.

Moreover, as he never inflicted personal injuries upon those whom he encountered, several of the country people began to look upon him as a well-disposed devil enough, and even went so far, occasionally, as to exchange a word or two with him.

Thus it once happened, just as the night was closing, Jacob met in the forest a shepherd who was driving homeward ten fat wethers. With a voice of thunder, he enquired of him 'Whither art thou going?' The trembling shepherd replied, 'To the Abbot, my master.' Upon this Jacob blew fire from his mouth, and exclaimed, 'I am the devil! the Abbot, thy master, and these sheep are mine!' The poor fellow crossed himself in fear and trembling. Then, said Jacob, 'Against thee I cannot prevail—go thou then whither thou wilt; but before thou goest, say to the Abbot, thy brother Satan has taken possession of the wethers.'

The shepherd, whose hair stood on end with fright, ventured, however, to stammer out, 'Gracious Lord Devil, give me, I beseech you, some acknowledgment for them, otherwise my master, the Abbot, will not believe it.'—'Tell the Abbot,' replied Jacob, 'that I will appear this night at twelve o'clock before his window, and bring with me, as a return for them, a fair dish of roasted meat.'

The herdsman delivered over the wethers to the charge of Packan, who drove them safely to the cave, and when he had done so, he departed, trembling in every limb,

to acquaint the Abbot and all the other inhabitants of the monastery with his adventure, and their threatened visit. The monks were summoned from their beds, and the Abbot assembled the whole fraternity in his chamber; and armed with a huge vessel of holy water, and abundance of charms against witchcraft, they awaited, trembling, and praying loudly, the dreaded hour of midnight. It at length arrived, and with it Jacob dressed in full costume, that is to say, entirely wrapped up in his horned black cow-hide, vomiting forth flames, and accompanied by his black hound.

After a few minutes he disappeared again; thus the brotherhood attributed to the influence of the holy water, which the exorcists did not spare on the occasion. The roasted meat which he brought with him they left, however, to the hounds and the ravens.

By this mode of life, Jacob felt in a few months that his strength was not only restored, but actually increased in a two-fold degree; and he now began to enter upon the more important undertakings which he had set his heart upon. The first thing was to consider what he most required for their accomplishment. This brought before his eyes the hunting steed of the haughty Catherine, on which he still saw her in his mind's eye, riding proudly past the door of his dog-hole. It was a mare of six years old, black as night, swift as a bird, and already well trained to gallop up and down the mountains; and what was still more important, in his opinion, was the vexation which Catherine and Veit would feel at seeing their escaped prisoner, Jacob, galloping away upon it.

In the middle of summer accordingly, he disguised him *like an old woman*, and thus hovered for some days round

the neighbourhood of Veit's castle, and saw, concealed behind the bushes, his unwomanly foe riding on her black mare, for hours together, across the orchards and cornfields of the peasants, hunting hares, and accompanied by her father. On the third day at night fall, an opportunity presented itself which he was not slow to avail himself of.

Catherine handed over her steed, covered with foam, to the two grooms, who had the care of the foals in an enclosed meadow, in order that the beast might gradually cool. The lads fastened the horse to a tree in the adjoining hedge, and lighted a fire, for the evening wind began to blow very coldly, and sat themselves down to cards. Presently the pretended old woman drew nigh, addressed the lads very civilly, and begged to be allowed to warm herself by the fire. The boys, fond of a joke, laughed at her strange figure, and asked her, by way of teasing her, what she would give to be allowed to do so? Upon this Jacob shewed them a bottle, which he drew from his pocket. No sooner did the grooms catch a sight of the sparkling liquor, than they mischievously snatched the bottle out of the old woman's hands, and one drank from it and the other drank from it, without in the least suspecting it of being a sleeping draught, and then laughing they returned the empty bottle to the enraged old woman.

It was not long before the liquor began to make them yawn; the cards fell from their hands, and they stretched themselves at their lengths before the fire. No sooner did Jacob find that they were soundly asleep, than he threw off his assumed garments, unfastened the already saddled *steed*, swung himself into the seat, and beside himself for *joy*, made all haste to the forest of Lora. In the morning

Veit and Catherine found the grooms still sleeping in the meadow, but the mare was gone.

While they raged and fretted at their loss, Jacob led the horse over the rocky path which he had already prepared for the purpose, partly led and partly dragged it down the declivity of the mountain, and at length it stood at a well filled manger at the further end of his largest cave. The following long days he devoted almost entirely to training the mare, which at first shied and trembled at every precipice, to the purposes which he destined her. And after a couple of months she would by day or night, run up and down the steep declivity without a rider, stand still at a slight whistle, lay down at a motion of the hand, and spring up again at the command of her master, nay more, at last she even learned to gallop across the rocky pass.

According to Jacob's calculations, the anniversary of his being snatched from his farm, and clapped into prison, by Jungkherr Veit, drew nigh. On that day he determined to show him the stolen mare and the escaped prisoner.

On that day, therefore, Jacob made his appearance before Veit's castle, mounted upon the well-fed, but still active hunter, of the lady who used to be so proud of it, clad in the peasant's dress which he had formerly worn. He made known his presence by blowing every now and then upon a hunting horn, which some follower of the chase had lost in the woods. The wondrous fact of a peasant daring to blow a hunting horn in such a spot, and appear on what was believed to be the stolen mare of the haughty Catherine, speedily ran through the castle. Before, however, the lady and her attendants were ready to give chase to him, the horn-blowing knight had disappear-

ed, having first called out to some peasants who were ploughing just by, 'Jacob will return here to-morrow!'

He came, and Veit laid wait for him with six retainers and a whole pack of hounds, which fell suddenly upon him and Packan. Jacob immediately turned his horse's head, and fled as swift as an eagle, followed at a distance by a few of the servants, who saw him disappear at the entrance to the forest of Lora. But several of the largest hounds traced him to his cave, where Packan, whom repeated blood-drinking had made not only strong, but as fierce as a tiger, encouraged and assisted by his master gave them battle, and so frightful a slaughter ensued, that scarcely half of them returned home again, and those were most severely bitten and maimed.

Soon a report was spread abroad that Jacob had formed an alliance with the Evil One, and could render himself invisible. But in spite of this, Veit determined once more to encounter him, and swore to seize him or die; and as he did every day, perjured himself. Half way from his castle did he lay wait for him, concealed by the bushes, gnashing his teeth with rage, at the loss of his best dogs, and good steed, and accompanied by twenty chosen knights and servants, all of whom had sworn to bring about Jacob's death: and certainly this time he was very nearly when—for he believing his enemies to be still afar off, employed himself in managing his horse, and now sought by stirring his hunting horn, to call his fies forth to the hunt. But all at once Packan, who had discovered the position of the enemy, commenced barking fiercely and loudly, his cry was only upon occasion of sudden danger. Jacob suddenly mounted, and scarcely had he righted him-

self in his saddle, before he found himself surrounded on both sides by a host who were obviously any thing but friends.

He fled to the wood near Lora, followed by Veit and his companions, shouting to him to stop, who often believed themselves on the point of securing him, when he would vanish into the forest and then become once more visible. At last Veit upon his panting steed, and George his most faithful follower, were close upon Jacob, when he sprang like a falcon across the rocky pathway in front of his cave, and became once more invisible, as suddenly as he had been seen.

‘Said I not unto you, my gracious lord?’ cried George, ‘that he had the power of rendering himself invisible? This is the very end of the world. Let him follow him who wishes to break his neck; for my part, the devil’s kitchen is no place for me.’

Veit heard nothing of this; he struggled hard to hold in his war horse. But the steed rearing threw his rider between the rocks, and in following the mare rolled headlong down the precipice. This accident put Jacob in possession of a suitable and magnificent saddle.

From that time forth no attempts were made to follow Jacob to his cave. All trembled at the sight of the abyss down which he threw himself. He now ravaged undisturbed the flocks and herds of the rich castellans and ecclesiastics, on foot or on horseback, clothed as a devil, or as Nimmernuchtern, always accompanied by his faithful Packan, who always drove them together, or if his master so commanded him, scattered and destroyed them. It was mostly, however, against Veit’s herds that these ravages were directed, and these now diminished by c

half, were left a prey to him, by the shepherds who had the charge of them, and who took to flight the moment they saw the fire-spitting devil in the distance.

Yet all this did not satisfy Jacob's thirst for vengeance. Veit and his Catherine alone would serve for that. And they were no longer to be found beyond the walls of the castle; he must therefore seek within the castle itself. Upon enquiry he found, that Veit had never left his bed since he was thrown from his horse. Against a sick man he could not wage war, so that at present there only remained Catherine.

In the middle of a foggy autumnal night, he stood suddenly, half lighted by the moon, and wrapped in his devil's garb, by the side of Catherine's bed. When a prisoner, he had, in contemplation of future vengeance, learned which was the chamber in which she slept. He bellowed, and awoke Catherine, and dishonoured her. 'Thus have I revenged myself,' exclaimed he; 'this daytwelvemonth thou askedst me in mockery to be thine husband. I am Jacob whom thou calledst the hound.' And thus speaking he left her.

But this was not all. His vengeance required that what had occurred should neither be concealed or forgotten. For several days afterwards, then, did Jacob present himself before Veit's castle, and publish to every one whom he encountered the dishonour of the haughty Catherine. By this means it soon reached Veit's ears. And since his rage could not reach the criminal, he vented it upon his daughter, who had hitherto been his sole delight, and whose excesses he had even laughed at. He hated her, beyond all limits, *when it was publicly known that she had been dishonoured by one so ignoble as Jacob, and would have buried her*

and her shame from the world in the dungeons of the castle, had she not fled with her old lover, the husband of Veit's mistress.

Towards the close of winter, Jacob's sons returned to their father, practised robbers. They had found themselves among the Lanzknechts, who at that time overran Franconia and Suabia, and laid waste every thing which they ought to have protected. By this means, they had acquired in one year a greater proficiency in the art of villainy than they could have attained in ten times that space in the robber's cave. Moreover, they brought with them two black bull-dogs, which one of the far-prized petty chieftains of the Lanzknechts had trained to hunt men. Jacob related to them to what a pitch he had carried his revenge, and was not a little astonished to hear his sons call trifles, deeds which he could find the heart to perform when stimulated by drinking, and could not relate without stuttering and hesitation. They, in return, informed him of what was not only permitted by the then usages of war, but praised and rewarded, such as burning and firing, robbing and laying waste all kinds of property, murdering with the most unheard-of cruelties, and excesses of every description, all of which were but the daily duties of the Lanzknechts.

Jacob at first shuddered as he listened to their tales; but accustomed, however, to their fearful recitals, he ended, at last, at the instigation of his sons, by resolving to imitate them in every respect. The first care of Fritz and Kurt was to mount themselves on proper horses—they were already well armed after the fashion of the times. Since then, the whole six marauders were alike clothed in black, *the neighbouring peasants* called them the Black Band.

As for Veit, although he had recovered from his broken limb, he never dared to leave his castle, for he well knew that Jacob had sworn to be the death of him when he found him in the open country ; when they found this to be the case, they set fire to the woods which surrounded the castle. The flames soon seized some of the outer buildings ; still Veit came not forth—he had died of rage some few days previously.

Upon this the robbers in their cave vowed eternal enmity and warfare against all the Lords of Castles. And soon the Black Band was the terror of all the nobles in the country. As yet, they certainly had not committed murder, but they had scattered and killed the flocks of the wealthy wherever they found them, and spread fires and devastation over their corn-fields and forests.

Whole communities had been sent in arms against them, but without success. Long did the hiding-place in which these men of night, and their swart companions took up their abode, remain undiscovered. The greater part of those who should have pursued them, feared them as very friends or allies of the Evil One. The country people who resided near them, suspected the truth of the case, and supposed Nimmernuchtern, the dweller in the cave, to be the leader of the Black Band. But the peasantry saw them not unwillingly in their neighbourhood, because they not only respected the cabins of the peasantry, but by the fear which they spread abroad, preserved from the inroads and oppressions of the Robber-knights, who had for centuries treated the property of the less powerful as fair booty. Thus, many looked upon the Black Band as a scourge of heaven, sent to visit those oppressors with *retaliation*.

But Jacob and his sons, by frequent indulgence in stimulating liquors and raw flesh, by continually having before their eyes the mangled and bloody corpses of the cattle, and by their continued clamours for revenge, which formed the sole subject of their discourse, kept getting, by degrees, like their hounds, more rapacious, blood-thirsty, and tiger-like.

They now became regular robbers on the highway, and at last dared to show themselves in the open roads which run through the Golden Meadow, to rob every passenger, without distinction of rank, who had either money or goods, and upon the least show of resistance to murder them. But this encroachment upon their privileges created the anger of the Robber-knights, who at that time dwelled around the Golden Meadow. the Quastenburg, the Rothenburg, the Kyffhauser, the Sachsenburg, &c. They formed an alliance and declared war against the Black Band, who, being alarmed at their superiority, saw themselves compelled to desist from public robbery.

They returned to their former mode of life ; appeared at night as devils, and perpetrated for some time in their madness many frightful crimes, even in the houses of those who resided in the Golden Meadow.

But here dwelled some farmers from Flanders and the Netherlands, who had seated themselves in this fruitful spot, and soon recognized the disguised devils to be no more than men. Here the Black Band were taken in a house into which they had contrived to decoy them. Here a pit had been dug out and slightly covered over ; into this the drunkards stumbled, and thus were prevented escaping from the throngs which poured in to overwhelm them.

Before his execution, Jacob was compelled to discover to his judges, and crowds from all parts of the country, his long concealed hiding-place. Here the three black horses of the robbers were found in their stalls. And to this time, the cave which is now nearly filled in, is called 'Nimmer-nuchtern's Stable.'

NOTE.—This dramatic legend, which is taken from OTMAR'S *Volksagen*, (c. 81—112,) is very obviously founded on an historical event, presents an interesting picture of the length to which Faust-recht, or the law of Might over Right, was formerly carried in Germany, as well as of the Robber-knights and their excesses, and, in short, of the state in which that country was at the time of the breaking out of the celebrated 'Peasant-war,' the history of which has been admirably written by SARTORIUS, in a volume now unfortunately out of print.

The mention of the Peasant War of Germany, may serve as an excuse for my referring the reader to an interesting paper, by WACHSMUTH, 'On the Peasant Wars of the Middle Ages,' in the present year's volume of that most admirable little work, REAUMER'S '*Historisches Taschenbuch*.'

38.—THE LADY OF WEISSENBURG.

Count Frederick, Palsgrave of Saxony, resided at the castle of Schiepelitz, and had a remarkably beautiful wife, who was called Adelaide, and was the daughter of the Duke of Saxony. Count Lewis the second was likewise in love with her, and would gladly have married her, had her husband been no more.

Now this same lady bore likewise great affection for the Count, and planned with him that he should come and hunt at Schiepelitz, and that she would excite her lord to resist him, so that he might slay him. Accordingly, Lewis came with his hounds, and the blowing of horns, and the cries of his huntsmen; meanwhile the Palsgrave was seated in a bath, which his wife had previously prepared and got ready for him.

Presently his wife came to him full of anger and impatience, and upbraided him with thinking of nothing but his personal comforts, for the sake of which he lost both rights and liberty, and allowed every body to do with his property whatsoever they pleased. Upon this he threw a mantle over his bathing-dress—mounted a horse, and rode after Lewis, and demanded of him, how he dared to hunt with all his retinue, in his woods. Upon this Lewis commanded one of his servants, and he ran him through with a lance. After this he was buried in the cathedral at Gesigk, near Naumburg, which he had himself founded and erected. This happened in the year of Our Lord, 1065.

The following song was afterwards written upon the subject :—

THE LADY OF WEISSENBURG.

Of what shall we now sing,
Of whom now make a lay—
But of the Lady of Weissenburg
Who did her liege lord betray ?

She caused write a letter small,
To far Thuringia's land,
Unto her lover—the Count Lewis,
And that letter came to hand.

Count Lewis bade his squire, then,
Quick saddle his good steed,
' For I must ride to Weissenburg,'
Quoth he, ' and that with speed.'

' God greet thee, Adelaide, my fair,
God send good-day to you ;
I pray thee say where is thy lord
With him I'd battle do ?'

That false lady embraced her lord,
As though she loved him well ;
And late that night he rode him forth
To hunt through wood and dell.

When Lewis to the linden came,
To the linden all so green,
Then spied the Lord of Weissenburg,
With his hounds so swift and keen.

‘ Welcome, thou Lord of Weissenburg,
Good courage, God thee give;
For surely thou shalt not live long,
Thou hast few hours to live.’

‘ If surely I shall not live long,
Have I few hours to live;
I straight to Christ in heav’n will pray
My misdeeds to forgive.’

Thus loudly did these lords contend
With angry words and high,
Until at length, they each ’gainst each
Their good cross-bows let fly.

Then Lewis spake unto his squire,
‘ On thy bow now lay hands,
And shoot this Lord of Weissenburg
Through the heart, where now he stands.’

‘ This lord, say, wherefore should I shoot
And murder on this plain,
Who never yet in all his life,
Hath caused me woe or pain ?’

Then Lewis took in his own hands
His hunting spear, so keen,
And run the Palsgrave Frederick through
Under the linden green.

‘ Quick, let us ride to Weissenburg!’
Spake Lewis to his squire,
‘ For there we sure shall welcomed be,
Unto our hearts desire.’

And when he came to Weissenburg,
And 'neath its towers did ride,
From out a window, this false dame
Him with great joy espied.

' God grant thee weal, and health, ladye,
God greet thee, noble dame ;
Thou now hast gotten thy desire,
Thine husband I have slain.'

' What! have I gotten my desire,
Mine own lord, is he dead ?
Oh this I'll ne'er believe, until
I see his blood so red.'

Count Lewis drew from out the sheath
His sword with blood so red,
' Behold, behold, thou noble dame,
A pledge thy lord is dead.'

The lady raised her lily hands,
Her fair soft hair she rung,
' Help, help—oh, Christ, in heav'n !' she cried,
' What deed is this I've done ?'

She drew from off her finger, then,
A little ring of gold ;
' Oh take this, Lewis, love, in proof
How high your love I hold.'

' Oh what avails this little ring,
What's gold thus won to me ?
For sure whene'er I look on it,
My heart will troubled be.'

Alarmed at this, the false ladye,
With grief and sorrow said—
'Oh leave me not, thou hero bold,
My noble lord is dead.'

NOTE.—Such is the legend of the false Lady of Weissenburg, as recorded by BUSCHING in his *Volksmarchen*, s. 189—193. The following tradition, showing why the name of the Springer was given to the object of her unhallowed affections, is from the same source, and forms a fitting note to the preceding tale.

'Adelaide, the Lady of Weissenburg, at first exhibited great sorrow for the death of her husband; but she soon showed publicly that she had been the cause of her husband's dying a violent death; for in a short period she married Count Lewis, by whom she had seven children.

'Adelbertus, archbishop of Bremen, brother of the murdered Palsgrave, complained of this indelicacy to the Emperor Henry 4th, and prevailed so far, that Count Lewis was taken prisoner in the year 1070, when on a journey in the neighbourhood of Magdeburg, and imprisoned in the castle of Giebichenstein, near Halle, where he was detained two years. When, however, this abode was no longer agreeable, he directed, through some confidential servants, certain fishermen and certain of his retainers to look out for him on the river Saale under the castle walls. As soon as he saw them he made a desperate and almost incredible leap from the very summit of the Giebichenstein into the Saale, from which he was snatched out by the fishermen and his retainers. Shortly before this he had feigned himself upon his death-bed, and had begged for *a shroud, which his wife had made of linen cloth of great width, that it might be of use to him in his design, which plan succeed*

admirably. For when this was put upon him, they removed his fetters and chains, and no one took the trouble to watch him, by which means a good opportunity of escape was afforded him. On the banks stood his servants, who dragged him out instantly—clothed him in dry garments, and rode away with him in all haste. From this extraordinary leap Lewis was ever afterwards called the Leaper, or Springer.

39.—THE MONKS AND THE FISHERMAN.

In the city of Spires there formerly lived a fisherman, who was one night, when he came to the Rhine and was about to cast his nets, accosted by a man wearing a black habit, and after the fashion of a monk; and who having respectfully greeted the fisherman, said to him, 'I am come on a distant mission, and am anxious to cross the Rhine.' 'Step into my boat,' said the fisherman, 'I shall be very happy to ferry you over.'

When, however, he had carried this one across, and returned back again, there stood five other monks upon the shore, who, likewise, wanted to be ferried over, and upon the fisherman enquiring why they travelled in this night—one of them replied, 'Necessity compels us; the world is evil disposed towards us; take us, and have our blessing and the blessing of God for your reward.'

But the fisherman was desirous of knowing what remuneration they would give him for his labour. 'Now, we *re poor,*' said they, 'but as soon as we grow rich, you *hall taste of our gratitude.*'

Upon this the fisherman received them on board ; but no sooner did the little vessel reach the middle of the river, than there arose a frightful tempest. The waves rolled mountains high over the vessel, and the fisherman grew pale. ' What does this mean ? ' thought he ; ' at the going down of the sun the heavens were peaceful and cloudless, and the moon shone sweetly ; whence arises this storm and tempest ? ' And when he raised his hands in prayer towards heaven, one of the monks cried, angrily, ' Why trouble ye heaven with your prayers ? attend to your boat ! ' And so saying, he snatched the helm from his hand, and began to smite the poor fisherman.

There he lay, half dead, in the bottom of the boat, when day began to dawn, and the black monks vanished, the sky was clear, as it had been before, the boatman plucked up good courage, but reached his home with difficulty.

On the next day, a messenger, riding early in the morning from Spires, encountered the same monks in a rattling carriage covered with black, which had only three wheels, and a long-nosed driver. Being alarmed at the sight, he stood still and let the carriage go by ; and soon saw that it was lost in the air, amidst a loud crackling and flames of fire, and, at the same time, he heard a clashing of swords, as though two armies were contending together. The messenger turned himself round, fled back to the city, and related all that he had seen ; it was supposed, at that time, that this vision prognosticated disunion among the princes of Germany :

NOTE.—The above legend is from GRIMM'S *Deutsche Sagen*. No 375, where it is said to be derived from MELANCTHON

The anger exhibited by the monks, at the piety of the fisherman

must be looked upon as indubitable evidence of their alliance with the arch-fiend. That their 'black carriages' was connected with the 'death coaches' of popular tradition, is also sufficiently obvious.

40.—LEGENDS OF RUBEZAHΛ; OR, NUMBER-NIP.

RUBEZAHΛ TRANSFORMS HIMSELF INTO AN ASS.—[A]

Once upon a time a glazier who was travelling across the mountains, feeling very tired from the heavy load of glass which he was carrying, began to look about for a place where he might rest it. Rubezahl, who had been watching for some time, no sooner saw this, than he changed himself into a round heap, which the glazier not long afterwards found by the road side, and on which, well pleased with the discovery, he proposed to seat himself. But his joy was not of long continuance, for he had not sat there many minutes, before the heap vanished from under him so rapidly, that the poor glazier fell to the ground with his glass, which was by the fall smashed into a thousand pieces.

The poor fellow arose from the ground, looked around him, but the mound of earth on which he had before seated himself, was no longer visible. Then he began bitterly to lament, and to sigh with heartfelt sorrow over his untoward fate; and started forth once more on his journey. *Upon this, Rubezahl, assuming the appearance of a traveller, accosted him, and enquired 'Why he so lamented,*

and what was the great sorrow with which he was afflicted ?' Upon this the glazier related to him the whole affair ; how, that being weary, he had seated himself on a mound by the road-side, how this had suddenly overthrown him, and broken to pieces his whole stock of glass, which was well worth eight dollars ; and how, in short, the mound itself had entirely disappeared—he knew not in the least how to recover his loss, and bring the business to a good ending. The compassionate mountain-sprite comforted him, told him who he was, and that he himself had played him the trick ; and at the same time bade him be of good cheer, for his losses should be made good to him.

Upon this, Rubezahl transformed himself into an ass, and directed the glazier to sell him at the mill which lay at the foot of the mountain, and to be sure to make off with the purchase-money as quickly as possible. The glazier accordingly immediately bestrode the transformed mountain-sprite, and rode upon him down the mountain to the mill, where he offered him for sale to the miller at the price of ten dollars ; the miller offered nine, and the glazier, without further haggling, took the money and went his way with it.

When he was gone, the miller sent his newly purchased beast to the stable, and the boy who had the charge of him immediately filled his rack with hay. Upon this Rubezahl exclaimed—" I don't eat hay ; I eat nothing but roasted and boiled, and that of the best !" The boy's hair stood on end ; he flew to his master, and related to him this wondrous tale ; who no sooner heard it than he hastened to the stable, and there found nothing, for the ass and his nine dollars were alike vanished.

But the miller was rightly served, for he had cheated in

nis time many poor people. Therefore Rubezahl punished in this manner the injustice of which he had been guilty.

NOTE.—From BUSCHING's *Volksagen*—where it is quoted from a work by PRÆTORIUS, specially dedicated to the exploits of this well-known mountain-spirit, and entitled *Dæmonologia Rubinzulii Silesii*, 3rd edition, 12mo., Leipzig 1668.

The foregoing narrative is taken from Theil 1. s. 232—7.

RUBEZAHN MAKES A FOOL OF A NOBLE.—[B.]

In the year 1512, a man of noble family, who was a very tyrant and oppressor, had commanded one of his vassals or peasants to carry home with his horses and cart, an oak of extraordinary magnitude, and threatened to visit him with the heaviest disgrace and punishment if he neglected to fulfil his desires. The peasant saw that it was impossible he could execute the command of his lord, and therefore fled to the woods with great sorrow and lamentation.

There he was accosted by Rubezahl, who appeared unto him like a man, and enquired of him the cause of his so great grief and affliction. Upon this, the peasant related to him all the circumstances of the case. When Rubezahl heard them, he bade him be of good cheer and care not, but go home to his own house again; he would soon transport the oak which his lord and feudal master required into his court-yard.

Scarcely had the peasant got well home again, before Rubezahl took the huge and monstrous oak-tree, with its thick and sturdy boughs, and hurled it into the court-yard the nobleman; and with its huge stem, and its many

thick branches, so choked and blocked up the entrance that no one could get either in or out. And because the oak proved harder than their iron tools, and could in no manner or wise, and with no power which they could apply to it, be hewn and cut to pieces, the nobleman was compelled, by unavoidable necessity, to break through the walls in another part of the court-yard, and to have a new door made, which was not done but at great labour and expense.

NOTE.—BUSCHING's *Völkermärchen*, likewise from *Prætorius*.—
(Th. 1, s. 275—277.)

'This legend,' says BUSCHING, 'is elsewhere related of the Devil, who took compassion upon a peasant similarly oppressed.'

RUBEZAHN SELLS PIGS.—[C.]

Once upon a time, Rubezahl made, from what materials is not known, a quantity of pigs, which he drove to the neighbouring market and sold to a peasant, with a caution, that the purchaser should not drive them through any water.

Now, what happened? Why these same swine having chanced to get sadly covered with mire, what must the peasant do but drive them to the river, which they had no sooner entered, than the supposed pigs suddenly became wisps of straw, and were carried away by the stream. The purchaser was moreover obliged to put up with his loss, for he neither knew what was become of, nor from whom he had purchased the pigs.

NOTE.—From BUSCHING, who has derived it from *PRÆTORIUS*.—
(1 *Theil*. s. 284—5.

A similar trick is related of the celebrated Bohemian Conjuror Zytho, of whom we shall have more to say in the 'LAYS AND LEGENDS OF BOHEMIA.'

The universally current superstition, that running water has the power to dissolve the spells of necromancy, appears prominently in the foregoing legend, where the seeming pigs are, upon entering it, instantly restored to their original form.



HOW RUBEZAHN ENTERTAINED A PARTY OF GUESTS.--[D.]

It came to pass, once upon a time, that Rubezahl took up his abode in a deserted hostelry, and exhibited himself as if he had really been the landlord of it; so much so, that various people of rank, who chanced to be travelling that way, actually determined to take up their lodgings there for the night. Certainly, when the guests first arrived, there seemed but little means of entertaining them; but in a short time the tables were covered and prepared, and on the benches there lay various empty casks and great logs, in which stood taps, such as are usually seen in casks.

Besides this, Rubezahl contrived that a window of the apartment should be neatly transformed into a closet; this he opened, and kept taking from it great dishes of meat, one after the other, and placing them on the table. Part was cold, and the rest warm. And when these were all prepared, the guests thought to themselves, it is now all ready; but he kept still going to the closet, and bringing further viands of different sorts. At length they became to marvel *where all this good cheer came from, and how their host had been able to get it ready for them!*

But they said not a word, and when some of them would fain drink, and enquired whether there was nothing prepared for quenching their thirst; the unknown Rubezahl took a staff, smote the wall with it, and out came a handsome youth, dressed and adorned exactly like a young German, carrying in his hand two golden beakers, on which the name and arms of the Turkish Emperor were inscribed, and with these he went to one of the empty casks, and having drawn them from it, full of good Spanish wine, he placed them on the table for them to taste it.

After this Rubezahl struck the wall on the other side, and out came a lovely girl with a whole basketful of beautiful carved gold and silver drinking vessels, on which were the arms and titles of various princes and nobles, especially of the Kings of France and Spain; and others of distinguished Prelates, which were plainly to be seen upon them. This maiden went to a thick log, drew from it a pleasant and costly Rhenish wine, and handed it to the guests. Over the table there hung a wooden pipe. If any one wished for water, he had only to hold his drinking cup to the pipe, and the water kept running into it, as long as he knocked at the pipe, and yet no one knew whence the water came; for the pipe was suspended by a thread. Besides these, there lay around other casks, from out of which all kinds of Spanish, Hungarian, and other wines, were drawn, and such, too, as the guests had never tasted in their lives before. After this, Rubezahl brought forward fresh delicacies, consisting of rare birds and wondrous fishes, whose like was never found in Silesia. And as the guests now began to grow merry, other spirits made their appearance, habited like musicians, *with a troop of merry makers*, and they had old fiddles on

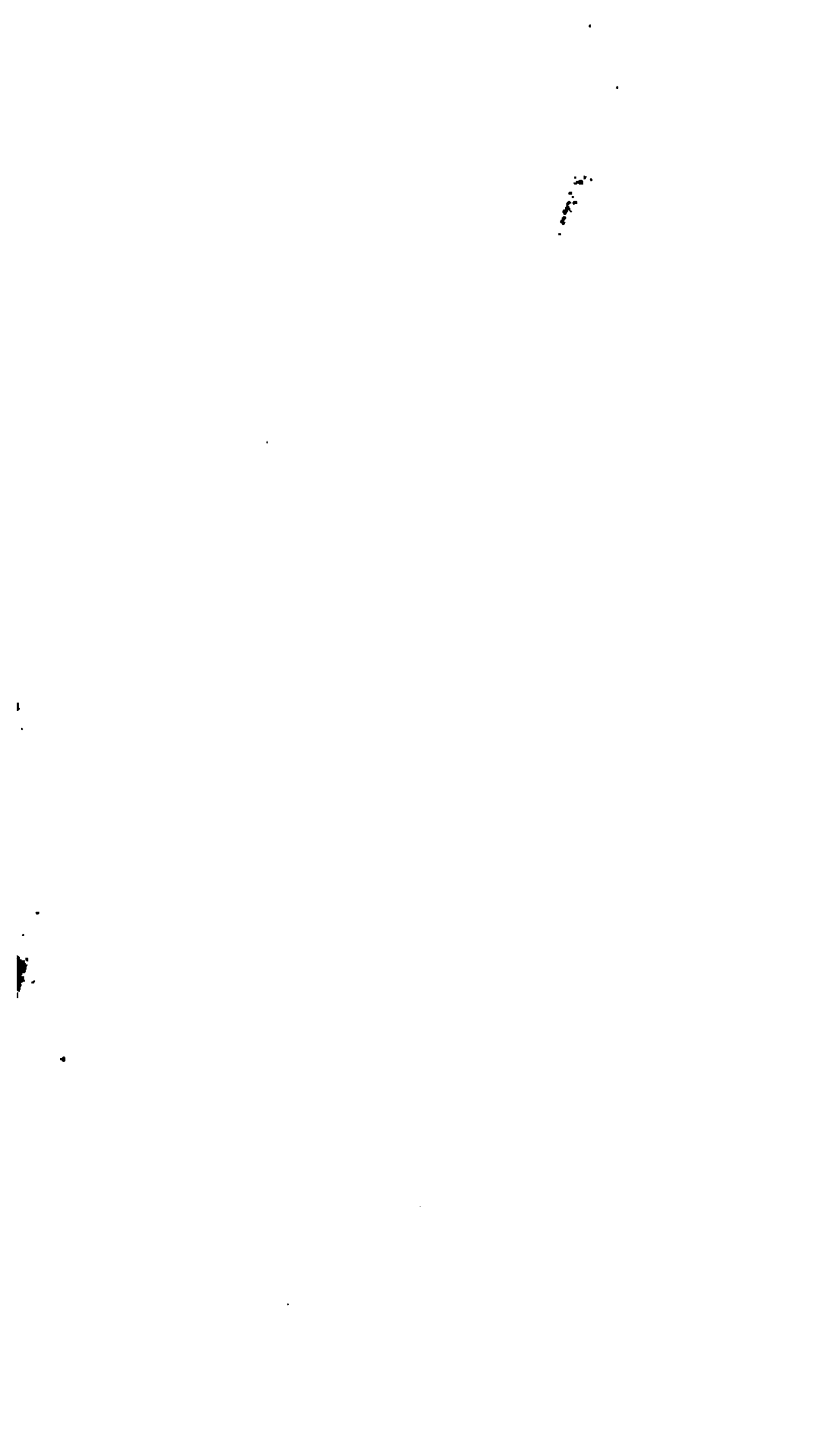
which they scraped all sorts of out of the way tunes. These were soon afterwards joined by other instruments, and jovially did they play together ; indeed it would be impossible to relate half the marvellous and pleasant things that came to pass.

As soon as they had finished their repast, Rubezahl paid another visit to his closet, and brought forth from it all sorts of rare fruits, such as grew in Spain, France, the low countries, Arabia, India, and Greece, with various rich and fresh spices, and other beautiful productions of those lands, which his guests might eat and enjoy with pleasure and delight : many of which were known to them, though many others were unknown. Moreover there were such varieties of beautiful flowers and fragrant herbs, that one could not but be amazed thereat. And when they had been thus merry for some time, one among them begun and said to Rubezahl, ‘ Sir host, I beg you will be so kind as to let us see some pretty sportive jest ? ’ But Rubezahl answered and said, ‘ There is enough this time—this time you and the other lords have seen enough.’ All the rest agreed with Rubezahl, saying, ‘ the pastime would indeed be superfluous.’ But he who had spoken, persevered and entreated so hard for one as a sort of sleeping cup, that Rubezahl at length said, ‘ It shall be so ! ’

Soon after this, in a trice, this same guest had gotten an ox’s head with great horns, just like the head of a real animal. At this sight the other lords began to laugh and mock him. This angered him, and he sought to reproach them for so doing, but when he begun, he only roared and bellowed for all the world as if he had been a living ox. *Shortly afterwards, he tried to raise a beaker to his mouth, that he might drink out of it, but this he could by*



A. After the first of the fair had gotten on ox's head.



no means accomplish, his lips were so much too large. Thereupon Rubezahl's servant brought him wine in a cart, by which means he was enabled to get a hearty draught. Thus had the lords their sport with the ox, and were indeed right well pleased with this merry andrew's trick.

In the meanwhile the rumour reached the ears of this guest's wife, upon which she, with some of her companions, rode after her husband and alighted at the dwelling of Rubezahl. On entering she was informed that her husband had got an ox's head. She sought him instantly and found that it was so. Upon this she addressed the foulest language to Rubezahl, and rated him soundly for putting this shame upon her husband. Rubezahl in reply, spoke mildly to her, telling her to hold her tongue. This, too, did the other guests, but in vain. Then Rubezahl conjured upon the woman's shoulders a cow's-head, with horns complete. Upon this the laughter increased; and when the woman sought to remonstrate, she began to blare, and so did the ox likewise.

Then, indeed, one might have seen merry faces, when these set themselves in order, and wore their caps so merrily. In this spirit did the guests at last all go to sleep together, and snore the whole night through.

When they at length awoke early on the following morning, lo! there they lay on an open heath, and the occurrence of the preceding day seemed no more than a dream. Yet some of them considered that this jest had been put upon them by Rubezahl.

NOTE.—This story is derived by BUSCHING from the same source.

PRÆTORIUS, p. 285—292. It is one of the most amusing and surprising of *Number Nip's* adventures.

The entertainment which he places before his guests, reminds us of a similar scene in the lives of all the celebrated magicians of the middle ages—see chap. xliii, in *History of Doctor Faustus*, (THOMAS' *Early English Prose Romances*.) The magic transformations which the heads of the nobleman and his wife undergo, are analogous to that which that tricksey Puck wrought on the head of Master Bottom the weaver.

RUBEZAHN GIVES ORDERS FOR A CLOAK. [E]

A long time since Rubezahl went, in the form of a strange nobleman, to a tailor in Liebenthal, and desired him to cut from a beautiful cloth, which he showed him, sufficient for a cloak, and to have it ready by a certain day, when he would send for it. Now what does the tailor do, in the first place, but thinking the nobleman would never observe it, when he cut the cloth he placed it double, so that he cut off twice as much as was required for the cloak; and in the next, the cunning knave exchanged this cloth, and made use of one of inferior quality, out of which he speedily made the required garment; this was in due course delivered over to the nobleman, although the tailor did not receive the amount of his charge for making it, but only a promise that his customer would call himself some time or other and settle it.

The tailor, at first, thought he had made a capital job, and determined to apply the stolen cloth, at once, to his own use. But when he came to examine it, he found *nothing but a heap of coarse matting, such as merchants use for the packing of goods.* But, however, the time was

approaching when the nobleman had agreed to pay him. Just at this time he was, unexpectedly, compelled to undertake a journey. As he was on his way, who should he encounter but Rubezahl, in all his pride, mounted upon a goat; and with a nose which he had made for himself, a full half-yard long; the goat kept mocking the tailor, and bidding the master welcome, while Rubezahl kept crying out, 'Good luck to you, master! Good luck to you, master! Do you want to be paid your wages for the garment which you cut out for me, and which I am now wearing?' All this time the goat kept on his mocking, 'Master! master!' But the tailor was sorely frightened, notwithstanding he had oftentimes, before, laughed at the wondrous rider; and now thought to himself, he should be properly rewarded for his roguery.

After this, Rubezahl upbraided him most severely, and at the same time bantered him heartily for his intended theft of the cloth, saying, 'How stands it, brother, have we not something that we can barter? Hast thou not cribbed any thing, hast thou not nipped off any little bits from one stuff or another, or thrown any behind the stove, and said, 'The devil shall have that!' or hast thou thrown nothing after the mice, and so saved some of the best little pieces?'

But the tailor was struck dumb with astonishment, and said not a word. But he who bestrode the goat, proceeded, 'How strange it is that all you tailors must steal. The very first men and tailors who were upon the face of the earth commenced the practice, for they made themselves aprons of fig-leaves, and robbed the trees for that purpose. So, that it is clear, tailoring, from the beginning, could not *exist without robbery*; hence it is, that we must, like the

fig-tree, put up with the loss and let you go on stealing.'

At last Rubezahl said to the convicted tailor, 'Go, you bungler, and henceforth accustom your needle to work more closely. Not to take too wide stitches, nor thy fist to take what does not belong to thee. Give to every one his own, and of such of their materials, be they'silk, satin, or good broad-cloth, as you don't use, take none to yourself. Keep to thy lawful wages which you, you ragged rascal, can raise quite high enough, and never more seek to increase thy gains by barefaced purloinings, or I will smite you for your ill deeds, and bid you welcome in somewhat harsher style than I have done this time.'

Upon this he began gradually shuffling back, with his great goat and long nose, and at length left the tailor standing quite alone. He, however, carried his jest upon the tailor thus much further, that whenever he heard a goat bleat, he immediately fancied it was some man calling to him, and saying, 'Master, master !'

As it afterwards fell out, this tailor, from his not hearing correctly, once called out to a he goat, 'Sir, shall I make you a suit of clothes?' The goat gave for answer, 'Puff'—that is to say, he drove his horns so sharply against the tailor's ribs, that he puffed.

NOTE.—This is likewise derived by BUSCHING from PRÆTORIUS, but from the second part—(Leipzig 12mo. s. 20-26)

Liebenthal was a nunnery of the Benedictine order, on the summit of the mountains: in the neighbourhood is a village of the same name, which belongs to the nunnery.

RUBEZAHN TURNS WOOD-CUTTER. [F]

Rubezahl once betook himself to the Hirschberg, which is in the neighbourhood of his forest haunts, and there offered his services as a wood-cutter, to one of the townsmen, asking for his remuneration nothing more than a bundle of wood. This the man promised him, accepted his offer, and pointed out some cart-loads, intending to give him some assistance. But to this proffer of help in his labours, Rubezahl replied, 'No—such is quite unnecessary—all that is to be done, I can very well accomplish by myself.'

Upon this, his new master made a few further enquiries, asking him what sort of a hatchet he had got, for he had noticed that his supposed servant was without one. 'Oh!' said Rubezahl, 'I will soon get a hatchet.' Accordingly, he laid hands upon his left leg, and pulled that, and his foot, and all off, at the thigh, and cut with it, as if he had been mad and raving, all the wood into small pieces, of proper lengths and sizes, in about a quarter of an hour, thus proving that a dismembered foot is a thousand times more effectual for such purposes, than the sharpest axe.

In the meanwhile, the owner, (who saw plainly that mischief was intended,) kept calling upon the wondrous wood-cutter to desist, and go away about his business. But Rubezahl kept incessantly answering, 'No, I will not stir from this spot until I have hewn the wood as small as I agreed to, and have got my wages for doing so.'

And in the midst of such quarrelling, Rubezahl finished

his job, and screwed his leg on again, for while at work he had been standing on one leg, after the fashion of the storks; gathered together all he had cut into one bundle, and placed it on his shoulder, and off he started with it, in spite of every thing, towards his own favourite retreat, heedless of the tears and lamentations of his master.

On this occasion, Rubezahl did not appear in the character of a sportive or mischievous spirit, but as an avenger of injustice. For his employer had induced a number of poor men to bring wood to his home, upon the promise of paying them wages, which wages, however, this word-forfeiting man had never paid them. Rubezahl, however, laid at the door of each of these poor men, so much of the wood as he had carried, and thus brought the business to a proper termination.

NOTE.—This legend is likewise derived by BUSCHING from PRÆTORIUS, Part 2. p. 183—188.

RUBEZAHN CHANGES HIMSELF INTO A SPEAR. [G]

It once happened, that a messenger vexed or put some trick upon Rubezahl, who thereupon revenged himself, in the following manner, and so whetted out the notch.*

The messenger, in one of his journeys over the mountains, entered a hotel to refresh himself, and placed his spear as usual behind the door: no sooner had he done

* Die scharte auswetzen—to whet out the notch, is a phrase corresponding with the English, 'to wipe out the score.'

so, however, before the roguish sprite carried off the spear and transformed himself into a similar one, and took its place.

When the messenger, after taking his rest, set forth again with his spear, and had got some little way on his journey, it began slipping forward every now and then, in such wise that the messenger kept pitching forward into the most intolerable filth, and getting himself sadly befouled. For indeed so often did it happen, that the churl at last could not tell for the soul of him, what had come to the spear, or why he kept slipping forward with it, instead of seizing fast hold of the ground.

He looked at it longways and sideways, from above, from underneath, but in spite of all his attempts, no change could he discover.

In the meanwhile, he went forward a little way, when suddenly he was once more plunged into the morass, to cry, 'woe is me, and wala wa,' at his spear, which led him to such scrapes, but did nothing to release him from them. At length, he got himself once more to rights, and then turned the spear the wrong way upwards. But no sooner had he done so, than he was driven backwards instead of forwards, into the mud, and so got into a worse plight than ever.

After this, the silly fellow took the spear across his shoulder like a pikeman, when he found it was of no use to trail it upon the earth, and in this fashion he started forth like a true knight. But still the merry knave Rubezahl continued his vexatious tricks, by pressing on the messenger, as though he had got a pair of heavy yokes upon his back, and throwing his troublesome burden *first on one shoulder and then on the other, until at last,*

the poor fellow, from very weariness, threw away the bewitched weapon, in the name of the Evil One, and went his way without it.

But he had not ridden above a quarter of a mile thus unspeared, when looking carelessly about him, lo and behold, there lay his spear beside him ; sadly he was frightened at the sight, and little did he know what to make of it. At last he boldly ventured to lay hands upon it ; he did so, and lifted up the spear, though he knew not how to carry it. To rest it on the earth, he had no longer any desire ; the thoughts of carrying it on his shoulders, made him shudder ; nothing therefore remained but to hold it in his hand, so that it would drag after him along the ground.

But, fresh troubles here arose ; it weighed so heavily that he could not stir a foot from the spot, and though he tried first one hand and then the other, he found no difference, it still kept up the same tune. At last, he bethought him of another fashion, that is to say, to ride upon it, as a child bestrides a stick ; and in this manner it went on as if it had been greased, that is to say, he ran away with all speed, felt no sense of weariness, and thought no otherwise than that he had a good fleet horse under him. Thus mounted he rode forth without ceasing, until he descended from the mountain into the city, and excited the wonder, delight, and laughter of the worthy burghers.

Although the messenger had endured some trouble in the early part of his journey, he was at all events at the close amply compensated, and then he even comforted himself still more, by making up his mind that in all *future journeys*, which he was destined to perform, he *would for the better performance* bestride his nimble spear.

But his good intentions were frustrated, for Rubezahl had played his game, and had all the amusement he intended with the poor knave; accordingly he scampered away, brought unnoticed in his place the real spear, which never played any more tricks, but after the old fashion of other spears, accompanied its master in a becoming and orderly style.

NOTE.—This wild and ludicrous adventure is likewise from PRÆTORIUS. The broomsticks of all true witches, here find their counterpart.

RUBEZAHN CHANGES LEAVES INTO DUCATS. [H]

A poor woman, who got her living by herbalizing, once went, accompanied by her two little children, to the mountains, carrying with her a basket in which to gather medical herbs, which she was in the habit of disposing of to the apothecaries. Having chanced to discover a large tract of land covered with such plants as were most esteemed, she busied herself so in filling her basket, that she lost her way, and was troubled to find out how to get back to the path from which she had wandered, when a man, dressed like a peasant, suddenly appeared and asked, as if by accident, (for it was Rubezahl,) ‘Well, good woman, what is it you are looking so anxiously for, and where do you want to go to?’

To this she replied, ‘Alas, I am a poor woman, who have neither bit nor sup, for which reason I am obliged to wander to gather herbs, that I may buy a bit of bread for myself and my hungry children; and now I have lost my

way and cannot find it again. So I pray you, good man, take pity on me, and lead me out of the thicket into the right path, that I may make the best of my way home ?'

To this Rubezahl answered, 'Well, my good woman, make yourself happy, I will show you the way. But what good are these roots to you—they will be of little benefit. Throw away this rubbish, and gather from this tree as many leaves as will fill your basket, you will find them answer your purpose much better.'

'Alas, who would give a penny for them, they are but common leaves, and good for nothing.'

'Be advised, my good woman,' said Rubezahl, 'throw away those you have got and follow me.' But Rubezahl repeated his injunctions over and over again in vain, so often, that he at last was almost tired of doing, for the woman would by no means be persuaded; at last, he was fairly obliged to lay hands upon the basket, throw the herbs by main force out, and supply their place with leaves from the surrounding bushes. When he had done so, he told the woman to go home, and that she might do so, put her in the right way.

Upon this, the woman with her children and her basket, though certainly against her will, journeyed forth some distance, but they had not gone far before she saw some valuable herbs growing by the way-side; and no sooner did she perceive them, than she longed to gather them, and carry them with her, because she felt a hope that she should obtain something more for them, than for the good-for-nothing leaves with which her basket was crammed. Accordingly, she emptied it, threw away what she sup-

posed mere rubbish, and filled it once more with roots, and journeyed homewards to her dwelling at Kirschdorf.

As soon as she arrived at home, she cleansed the roots she had gathered, from the earth which clung to them, tied them neatly together, and emptied every thing out of the basket; upon doing so, something glittering caught her eye, and induced her to take a more careful examination, to see what it was. What happened? Why, lo! and behold, there she found several ducats sticking to the wickers of the basket, and these were such of the leaves as remained of those which she had so thoughtlessly thrown away on the mountains; fortunately not entirely.

Now she was rejoiced at having preserved these much, and again she was sorely vexed, that she had not taken care of all that the mountain spirit had gathered for her. She hastened back in hopes of finding them, but in vain—they were all vanished.

NOTE.—With this legend, likewise from PRÆTORIUS, (s. 248—254,) ends the collection of tales relative to this well-known Spirit of the Hartz Mountains, which BUSCHING has inserted in his curious volume.

The adventures of this Mountain Goblin have proved a faithful theme to the wonder-recording writers of Germany. MUSÆUS has related his history in one of the volumes of his inimitable *Deutsche Volksmarchen*, and a translation of this tale, under the title of 'Number Nip,' is included in the work entitled '*Tales from the German*,' which was published some years since in 2 vols. 12mo., and has been attributed to the author of '*Vathek*.' RUBENZHL figures in the 2nd volume of '*Volksagen*,' Eisenach, 1795, and a volume

especially devoted to the record of his right wondrous and merry adventures, was published in 1821, under the title of '*Rubenzahl, oder Volksagen im Reissengebirge.*'

We cannot bring this note to a conclusion, without calling the attention of our readers to the striking points of similarity which exists in their characters, between this frolicsome spirit of the hills, as pourtrayed in the little tales which they have just read, and Puck the mischievous and dainty spirit of '*Midsummer's Nights' Dream,*' as pencilled and tinted with the rainbow spirit of England's greatest bard,—'that shrewd and knavish one, called Robin Good-fellow.'

Rubenzahl's tricks and vagaries have been too recently perused, to require more than a reference, but the congenial spirit who says:—

'Thou speak'st aright,
I am that merry wanderer of the night,
I jest to Oberon, and make him smile,
When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile.
Neighing in likeness of a silly foal,
And sometimes lurk I in a gossip's bowl
In very likeness of a roasted crab;
And when she drinks, against ther lips I bob,
And on her withered dew-lap pour the ale.
The wisest aunt telling the saddest tale
Sometime for three foot-stool mistaketh me.'

Puck, we say, seems to identify himself with the merry sprite who *has chosen the Hartz mountain as the scene of his wanton revels,*

where he, having first clapped an ass's head on Bottom's shoulders, exclaims :—

‘ I’ll follow you, I’ll lead you about, around,
Through bog, through bush, through brake, through brier,
Sometimes a horse I’ll be, sometimes a hound,
A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire:
And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn,
Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn.’

40.—THE KNIGHTS ON THE BLACK HORSE.

At Kindelsberg, on the castle high,
An ancient lime-tree grows,
With goodly branches, wide outspread,
Which rave as the wild wind blows.

There stands a stem, both broad and tall,
Quite close this lime-tree, behind,
It is grey, and rough all over with moss,
And shakes not with the wind.

There sleeps a maiden the mournful sleep,
Who to her knight was true :—
He was a noble count of the Mark,
Her case she well might rue.

With her brother to a distant land,
To a knight's feud he did repair,
He gave to the maiden the iron hand,
They parted with many a tear.

The time was now long passed and gone,
The Count he came not again ;
By the lime-tree foot she sat her down,
To give vent to her sorrow and pain.

And there to her another knight came ;
A coal-black steed he was on,
Unto the maiden he kindly spoke,
And sought her heart to win.

The maiden said "thou shalst, I vow,
Me for thy wife ne'er have :—
When the lime-tree here shall withered be,
My heart to thee will I give."

The lime-tree still was high and young.
Up hill and down he passed,
In search of a lime so large and so high,
Till he found it at the last.

Then out he went in the moonshine bright,
And dug up the lime-tree so green,
And set the withered tree in its stead,
And the turf laid down again.

The maiden up in the morning rose,
Her window was so light ;
The lime-tree shade no more on it played ;
She was seized with grief and affright.

The maiden to the lime-tree ran,
Sat down in sorrow and pain,
The knight he came in haughty mood,
And sought her heart again :—

The maiden answered in distress,
“Thou’lt ne’er be loved by me :”
The proud knight then he stabbed her dead,
The count grieved piteously !

For he came home that very day,
And saw in sorrowful mood,
How by the withered lime-tree lay
The maiden in her blood.

And then a deep grave did he dig,
For a bed of rest for his bride ;
And he sought for a lime, up hill and down,
And he placed it by her side.

And a great stone he also placed,
Which by the wind cannot shaken be,
There sleeps the maiden in peaceful rest,
In the shade of the green lime-tree.

NOTE —The foregoing translation of an exceedingly pleasing German ballad, is taken from an article “On the Songs of the People of Gothic Race,” in the *London Magazine* for 1821, where it is introduced by the following story, told to Juno by a peasant, and related by him in his Biography, where the original ballad is preserved.

A little down there you see the Castle of Geisenberg; straight behind it there is a high mountain, with three heads, of which the middle is still called the Kindelsberg. There in old times stood a castle of that name, in which dwelt knights who were very ungodly people. God became at length weary of them; and there arrived late one evening a white little man at the castle, who announced

to them that they should all die within three days : as a sign, he told them that the same night on which he spoke, a cow would produce two lambs. This accordingly happened ; but no one minded the prophecy, except the youngest son, the knight Siegmund, and a daughter, who was a very beautiful maiden ; these two prayed day and night. The others all died of the plague, and these two were saved. Now here, on the Geisenberg, there was also a bold young knight, who constantly rode a large black horse, on which account he was always called the knight with the black horse. He was a wicked man, who was always robbing and murdering. This knight fell in love with the maiden on the Kindelsberg, and was determined to have her, but the thing had a bad ending. I know an old song on this story. (Here he sung the song.) The affecting melody, (continues Jung) and the story itself, produced such an effect on *Stilling* (Jung,) that he often visited the old peasant who sung the song to him, until he got it by heart.'

Our readers will, we are sure, not be displeased with the following brief notice of the lover of old ballads, here referred to, extracted from the same source :—

'Some curious German ballads have been preserved by John Henry Jung, who was born in 1740,—a man of a very singular character, who gave the world an account of his own remarkable life, under the title of *Henry Stilling's Biography*. This individual was intended to be a charcoal burner, but chose rather to be a tailor. Having a strong love of knowledge, he instructed himself in his hours of leisure, and became candidate for the place of preceptor of a school. Failing in his attempts, he was obliged to return to his trade, from which, however, he was occasionally called to act as a private teacher in families. He became afterwards a physician and

professor, and died a privy councillor of Baden. He was a man of most amiable and sincere character; and his account of his own life is supposed to be one of the most veridical works of the kind ever composed. His piety was of a fervent, but at the same time of a visionary cast. He believed in the intercourse of departed spirits with the living, and his peculiar doctrines on this subject were espoused by many people in different parts of Germany.

41.—THE FROG KING; OR, IRON HENRY.

There was once a young princess, and for a long while she knew not what to do to amuse herself. At last she took a golden ball, with which she had often played before, and went out into the wood. And in the middle of the wood there was a bright cool brook, and by the side of this she sate herself down, threw the ball up into the air and caught it again, and this was to her as a pastime. But it happened once, when the ball had flown very high, and the princess lifted up her arm, and stretched out her fingers, that she might catch it, that the ball fell upon the ground by the side of her, and rolled straightways into the water.

The princess was frightened and looked after it; but the ball kept sinking, and the brook was so deep that she could not see the bottom of it. And when it had entirely disappeared, then began the maiden to weep and lament *bitterly, saying, 'Oh, had I but my beautiful golden ball,*

I would give every thing else for it; my clothes, my jewels, my pearls, nay, even my golden crown itself.'

Scarcely had she thus spoken, before a frog put its thick head out of the water, and said, 'Princess, why mournest thou so pitifully?' 'Ah,' said she, 'how can you help me, you ugly frog? My golden ball has fallen into the brook.'

The frog continued, 'Thy clothes, thy jewels, thy pearls, even thy golden crown itself, are nothing to me; but if thou wilt take me for thy friend and companion, set me on thy right hand at thy little table, let me eat with thee out of thy little golden dish, drink with thee out of thy little cup, and sleep in thy little bed, I will get thee thy golden ball again.'

Now the princess thought in her heart, 'How this silly frog prattles; a frog is no companion for such as me, but must remain in the water with its own kind; perhaps, however, it may be able to get me my ball again,' thus thinking, she said, 'Well, be it so, only give me my golden ball again, and it shall be as you wish.'

And when she had thus spoken, the frog dived its head under the water again, went to the bottom, and after a little while, came to the top again with the ball in its mouth, and threw it upon the grass. Oh, how glad the princess was, when she found the pretty plaything once more safe in her hands. The frog cried, 'Wait now, princess, and take me with you;' but that was spoken to the wind, she heard not a word of it, but ran home with her golden ball, and thought no more of the frog.

On the next day, when she sate at table with the king and his courtiers, and ate from her little golden dish, something came creeping plitsch platsch! plitsch platsch!

relish the meal very much, but every morsel she took stuck in her throat.

Presently it said to her, 'Now I have eaten as much as I want, and I am weary, so carry me up to thy chamber, and make ready thy little silken bed, that I may sleep in it.' At this the princess began to weep bitterly, for she was afraid of the cold frog, for she could not bear the thoughts of touching it, and now it was to sleep in her nice clean little bed. But the king gave her an angry look, and said, 'What thou hast promised, thou art bound to perform, and the frog must be thy associate.' So there was no help for it, whether she liked it or not, she was obliged to take the frog with her. But in her heart she was very maliciously disposed against him, so she took him betwixt her two fingers and carried him up, and when she laid herself down in bed, instead of lifting the frog into bed, she threw it with all her might against it, saying, 'Now you will have rest enough, you ugly frog!'

But what fell on the floor was not a dead frog, but a living young prince, who looked upon her with loving and friendly eyes. And he became by right, and her father's commands, her loving associate and husband. And both were happy at the change, and on the following morning as soon as the sun awakened them, there came a handsome carriage drawn by eight white horses, who were decorated with feathers, and dressed in harness of gold, and behind the carriage stood the servant of the young prince, and he was the Faithful Henry.

The Faithful Henry had so mourned when his master was transformed into a frog, that he was obliged to put *three iron bands* round his heart, lest it should break for *very grief and misery*. Now the carriage was to bear the

young prince home to his own kingdom ; so Faithful Henry handed in his master and the young princess, and got up behind it again, full of joy at his deliverance.

And when they had ridden a little way, the prince heard something behind him crack, as if some part of the carriage had broken.

Henry, does the carriage break ?
 Lord, the carriage does not break,
 But the band around my heart,
 Which I put there, in grief and smart,
 When you sat in the brook, alas !
 And to a frog transformed was.

Presently another and another, cracked as they went their way, and each time the prince thought it was the carriage, but it was only the iron bands which sprung from the heart of Faithful Henry, for joy that his master was once more free and happy.

NOTE.—This German popular story, which is taken from GRIMM'S *Kinder und Haus Marchen*, Band 1. s. 1—5. is here inserted from its connexion with the Frogs and Crocodiles of the 3rd and 6th stories of the LAYS AND LEGENDS OF TARTARY.

When or how the enchanted Frogs migrated westwards, it is not easy to determine ; their presence in the Tartarian legends satisfactorily attest their Eastern origin—and the traces of them in European Fiction are sufficiently numerous to prove that the belief in them was at one time almost universal.

These frogs figured very conspicuously in a Scottish tale given by DR. LEYDEN, in his edition of the "*Complaynt of Scotland*," the words are ;—

"According to the popular tale, a lady is sent by her step-mothe

to draw water from the well of the world's end. She arrives at the well, after encountering many dangers; but soon perceives her adventures had not reached a conclusion. A frog emerges from the well, and before it suffers her to draw water, obliges her to betrothe herself to the monster, under the penalty of being torn to pieces. The lady returns safe: but at midnight the frog-lover appears at the door and demands an entrance according to promise, to the great consternation of the lady and her nurse.

'Open the door, my hinny, my heart,
Open the door, mine ain wee thing,
And mind the words that you and I spake,
Down in the meadow at the wellspring.'

The frog is admitted, and addresses her:—

'Take me up on your knee, my dearie,
Take me up on your knee, my dearie,
And mind the words that you and I spake
At the cauld well sae weary.'

The frog is finally disenchanted, and appears as a prince, in his original form.

The name of Henry was a very popular one in Germany for a servant, as the Brothers GRIMM have expressly shown in their edition of *Der Aime Heinrich*.

'The bands of care,' and the stone which presses on the heart, are frequently mentioned by the early German poets.

One of the Minnesingers says:—

'*Sie ist mir stachelhaft in mein herz gedruck,*'

Heinrich von Sax says expressly,

'*Mein herz in banden liegt.*'

And in the song of Heinrich der Lowe—St. 59, we read,

Es lag ihr Herz in Banden.

42.—THE FLAMING CASTLE.

Upon a high mountain in the Tyrol, there stands an old castle, in which there burns a fire every night ; and the flames of that fire are so large that they rise up over the walls, and may be seen far and wide.

It happened once, that an old woman in want of firewood, was gathering the fallen twigs and branches upon this castle-crowned mountain, and at length arrived at the castle-door ; to indulge her curiosity, she began peeping about her, and at last entered, not without difficulty, for all was in ruins and not easily accessible. When she reached the court-yard, there she beheld a goodly company of nobles and ladies seated and feasting at a huge table. There were, likewise, plenty of servants, who waited upon them, changing their plates, handing round the viands and pouring out wine to the party.

As she thus stood gazing on them, there came one of the servants, who drew her on one side, and placed a piece of gold in the pocket of her apron, upon which, the whole scene vanished in an instant, and the poor frightened old woman was left to find her way back as well as she could. But when she got outside the court-yard, there stood before her a soldier with a lighted match, whose head was not placed upon his neck, but held by him under his arm. He immediately addressed the old woman, and commanded

her that she told no man what she had seen and heard, upon peril of evil befalling her.

At length the woman reached home, full of anguish, still keeping possession of the gold, but telling no one whence she obtained it. When the magistrates, however, heard of the affair, she was summoned before them, but she would not speak one word upon the subject, excusing herself from doing so, by saying, that if she uttered one word respecting it, great evil would ensue to her. But when they pressed her more closely, she discovered to them all that happened to her in the Fiery Castle, even to the smallest particular. But in an instant, almost before her relation was fully ended, she was carried away, and no one could ever learn whither she had fled.

A year or two afterwards, a young nobleman, a knight, and one well experienced in all things, took up his abode in these parts. In order that he might ascertain the issue of this affair, he set out on foot with his servant, in the middle of the night, on the road to the mountain. With great difficulty did they make the ascent, and were on their way warned six times, by an unknown voice, to desist from their attempt.

They kept on, however, heedless of this caution, and at last reached the door of the castle. There stood the soldier again as a sentinel, and called out, as usual, 'Who goes there?' The nobleman, who was bold of heart, gave for answer, 'It is I!' Upon this, the spirit enquired further, 'Who art thou?'

But this time the nobleman gave no answer, but desired his servant to hand him his sword. When this was done, a black horseman came riding out of the castle, against

whom the nobleman would have waged battle; the horseman, however, dragged him up upon his horse and rode with him into the court-yard, while the soldier chased the servant down the mountain. The nobleman was never more seen.

NOTE.—This legend, rich in the materials of romance, such as sable horsemen, headless soldiers, &c., is taken from GRIMM's *Deutsche Sagen*, Band 1. s. 369—371. in which it is quoted from "*Der abentheuerliche Jean Nebha*. 1679. Th. 2. s. 8—11.

43.—THE WEHR-WOLF.

The following story was related by a soldier, to whose grandfather it happened. His grandfather, it appears, had gone to the forest to cut wood, accompanied by another old man, and by a third person, which third person was always looked upon with a suspicion that all was not quite with him as it ought to be; yet no one knew, of a certainty, ought that could be told against him.

After they had all there been at work for some time, and were growing weary, this third one asked, whether they should not take a short sleep to refresh themselves. Upon this suggestion, they all three threw themselves on the grass that they might sleep; but the soldier's grandfather only pretended to sleep, and kept his eyes a little open. As soon as the third person had looked well about him, to see *whether his companions were asleep, and had convinced*

himself that they were so, he threw off a girdle which he wore, and became a Wehr-wolf; yet such Wehr-wolf does not look exactly like an ordinary wolf, but something different. No sooner had he, after thus transforming himself, fled to a neighbouring meadow in which a young colt was grazing, than he seized upon it and instantly devoured it, hair, skin, and all.

After this he hastened back again, put on once more his girdle, and stood as before in his human form. After a little while, when they all stood up together, they went there way home towards the city, and as they passed by the city gate, this same man complained bitterly of a pain in his inside. Upon this, he who had watched him, whispered secretly in his ear, 'That I can easily believe; if a man crams a horse, with his hair, skin, and all into his stomach.' To this the other replied, 'Hadst thou only said this to me when we were in the forest, thou shouldst never have said it more.'

A woman had assumed the shape of a Wehr-wolf, and had in this manner fallen upon the herds of a shepherd whom she hated, and thus inflicted on him grievous injuries. The shepherd, however, succeeded in wounding her, by an arrow-shot in the haunch, so that it crept into a bush. Thither the shepherd proceeded, fully expecting that he would now completely overpower the ravager, but he there found a woman busily employed in staunching, with a piece of her garment, the blood which was streaming from the wound.

NOTE.—This further extract from GRIMM's *Deutsche Sagen*, Band 1. s. 293—294, is a proof of the existence among the superstitions of *Germany*, of a popular belief in the existence of the Wehr-wolf.

similar to that which the inhabitants of France so implicitly credited during the olden time, and of which the reader will find instances in the 'LAYS AND LEGENDS OF FRANCE.' See stories No. 4 and 11, —and the notes to the same, for further illustration of the nature of this universal belief of the middle ages.

44.—THE JUNIPER TREE.

It is now a long while ago, full two thousand years, that there lived a rich man, who had a fair pious wife, and they had for each other great love, but yet they had no children, and the wife prayed therefore day and night.

Now before their house there stood a court, wherein stood a Juniper-tree, under which stood the wife once in the winter time, peeling herself an apple. And as she so peeled the apple, she cut herself in the finger and the blood fell upon the snow. 'Alas,' said the woman, and she sighed right out, and saw the blood before her, and was indeed troubled in her mind. 'Alas, that I had but a child, as red as blood, and as white as snow!' And as she said this, she became right glad in her mind, and felt as though it should come to pass.

Then went she into the house, and a month passed away and the snow disappeared, and in two months all was green; in three months there came flowers upon the earth; in four months all the trees in the forest thickened, and the green twigs were all growing in one among another. Then the song of the little birds resounded through the forest, and the blossoms fell down from the branches.

And when the fifth month was gone, she stood under the Juniper-tree, which was sweet to smell, and her heart leaped for joy, and she fell down upon her knees, for she could not help it. And when the sixth month was gone, there stood the fruit thick and strong, and all was quite still. And at the seventh month she crept to the Juniper-tree, and ate so greedily of it that she became sick and sorrowful. And when the eighth month was gone, she called to her husband, and wept and said, 'If I die, bury me under the Juniper-tree!' Then she felt quite comforted and rejoiced herself; and when the ninth month was gone, she bare a child that was as white as snow and as red as blood, and when she beheld it, she was so glad thereof, that she died for joy.

Then her husband buried her under the Juniper-tree, and wept over her very sore for a long, long time; and when he had wept a great deal, and was well tired with weeping, he arose up, and after a time he took unto himself another wife.

Now this second wife bare unto him a daughter, but the child of the first wife was a little son, which was as red as blood and as white as snow. And when the wife looked upon the little boy she felt unkindly towards him, and thought of him as standing always in her way, and thought how she might secure all her husband's wealth for her own daughter. And the evil thought so worked upon her, that she was always angered against the little boy, and drove him about from one corner to another, and buffeted him here and cuffed him there, so that the poor child was ever in sorrow; and when he came home from school, he found no place of rest.

Once when the wife was gone up to her chamber, there

came the little daughter also, and said, 'Mother, give me an apple?' 'Yes, my child,' said the wife, and gave her a dried apple out of the chest; now the chest had a great heavy lid to it, with a great sharp iron lock. 'Mother,' said the little daughter, 'shall brother not have an apple likewise?' This displeased the woman, yet she said, 'Yes, when he comes home from school.' And as she looked out of the window, and saw that he was coming, it was just as if the Evil One came before her, and she seized the apple and took it away from her daughter, and said, 'You shall not have one until your brother has.' Then she threw the apple into the chest and shut the lid to.

Then came the little boy to the door, and the Evil One moved her that she spake kindly unto him, and said, 'My son, wilt thou have an apple?' 'Mother,' said the little boy, 'Yes, if you please, give me an apple.' 'Come with me,' said she, and opened the lid; 'take out an apple for yourself.' And when the little boy stooped into the chest, the Evil One moved her, and she let fall the lid of the chest, so that his head flew off and fell amongst the rosy apples. Then she saw in great alarm what she had done, and bethought herself how she might keep it from being known. So she went away into her chamber, to her chest of drawers and opened one of them, and took out of it a white cloth, and placed his head again upon his neck, and bound the neck-cloth round it, in such wise that it could not be seen, and seated him before the door upon a stool, and placed an apple in his hand.

Then came little Margery into the kitchen, to her mother, who stood by the fire, and had a saucepan of boiling water before her, which she kept stirring about. 'Mother,' said Margery, 'brother is sitting before the door and looking so

white, and he has got an apple in his hand; I have asked him to give me the apple, but he answered me not. I did not like it at all.' 'Go once more,' said the mother, 'and if he does not answer you, give him a box on his ear.'

Then went Margery to him, and said, 'Brother, give me the apple?' But he remained still; then she gave him a box on his ear, so that his head fell down. Thereupon, she was greatly alarmed, and began to weep, and to roar, and ran to her mother, and said, 'Alas, mother, I have smitten off the head of my brother,' and wept and would not be comforted. 'Margery,' said the mother, 'what hast thou done? but be quiet, that no man may find it out, and there is nothing to fear—we will make broth of him.'

Then the mother took the little boy, and hacked him in pieces, put them in the saucepan and made broth of them. But little Margery stood by, weeping and weeping, and her tears all fell into the saucepan, so that then it lacked no salt.

Then came the father home, and sate himself down to the table and said, 'Where, then, is my son?' Then the mother brought in a great dish of black broth, and little Margery kept weeping and could not retain herself. Then said the father again, 'Where, then, is my son?' 'Oh,' said the mother, 'he is gone into the country, to your great uncle at Mutton, he will remain there a while.' 'Wherefore did he that? and never once bid me good bye.' 'Oh, he would go, and begged he might stay there six weeks, *for he likes so much to be there.*' 'Ah,' said the man, 'I *feel right sorrowful*. for that is not as it should be, besides *he should have bidden me good bye.*'

With this he began to eat, and said, 'Margery, why do you cry? brother will soon come home again.' 'Oh, wife!' said he, then, 'I relish this right well—give me some more.' And the more he ate, the more he would have, and said, 'Give me more, you shall have none of it; for it is, as though it was all mine.' And he ate and ate, and the bones he threw all under the table, and he ate up all the rest.

But little Margery went to her chamber, and took out of her drawers her best silken handkerchief, and gathered up all the bones from under the table, and wrapped them in the silken handkerchief, and carried them out of doors, and wept over them tears of blood. Then she laid them under the Juniper-tree, in the green grass; and when she had so laid them there, then was she all at once right cheerful and wept no more. Then began the Juniper-tree to move itself, and the branches kept waving to and fro, one with another, just as if any one was clapping their hands for joy: and in the midst of this there arose a cloud out of the tree, and right in the midst of the cloud there burned, as it were, a fire; and out of the fire there flew forth a beautiful bird, which sang so sweetly, and flew high in the air. And when the bird was flown away, then was the Juniper-tree still as it had before been, and the silken handkerchief and the little bones were gone.

But Margery felt so light and so happy, just as if her little brother was still alive. Then went she again right merry into the house to dinner, and ate.

But the bird flew away, and seated himself on the house of a goldsmith, and began to sing:—

*'My mother she me slew,
My father ate me too;*

But my Sister Margery
Gathered all my bones she cou'd,
And beneath the Juniper-tree
Laid them in a silken shroud.
Keewit! keewit! hie! hie!
What a dainty fine bird am I!

Now the goldsmith was seated in his workshop making a golden chain. And when he heard the bird, which sate upon his roof and sang, he thought it was beautiful to hear. So he rose up, and as he went over the door-sill he lost one of his slippers; but he went just so right into the middle of the street, with one slipper and one stocking, and his leathern apron before him, and the golden chain in the one hand and his pincers in the other. And the sun was shining brightly up the street, so he went right out and looked at the bird. 'Bird!' said he, 'how sweetly thou singest! sing me that little song again?' 'No,' said the bird, 'twice sing I not for nothing. Give me that golden chain, and I will sing it to thee once more.' 'Then,' said the goldsmith, 'thou hast the golden chain; so sing unto me once more.' Then the bird came and took the golden chain in its right claw, and seated himself before the goldsmith, and sang:—

'My mother she me slew,
My father ate me too;
But my sister Margery
Gathered all my bones she cou'd,
And beneath the Juniper-tree
Laid them in a silken shroud.
Keewit! keewit! hie! hie!
What a dainty fine bird am I!

Then the bird flew away to a shoemaker's, sate itself upon his roof, and sang :—

‘ My mother she me slew,
My mother ate me too ;
But my Sister Margery
Gathered all the bones she cou'd,
And beneath the Juniper-tree
Laid them in a silken shroud.
Keewit ! keewit ! hie ! hie !
What a dainty fine bird am I !’

When the shoemaker heard this, he ran out of the door, in his shirt sleeves, and looked up at the roof of his house, and was obliged to hold his hand before his eyes, that he might not be blinded. ‘ Bird,’ said he, ‘ but thou canst sing sweetly !’ Then he called into his house, ‘ Wife, come out directly ; here is a bird, only look—a bird that can sing so sweetly ! And he called his daughter, and the children, and the workman, and the boy, and the maid, and they all came out into the street, and beheld the bird how beautiful it was !—And it had red feathers and green feathers, and about its neck it was as though it was bright gold, and its eyes shone in its head as though they had been stars.

‘ Bird,’ said the shoemaker, ‘ sing me that song once again.’ ‘ No,’ said the bird, ‘ twice sing I not for nothing ; you must give me a gift.’ ‘ Wife,’ said he, ‘ go into the shop, and upon the shelf there stands a pair of red shoes, bring them out.’ Then the wife went in and brought out the shoes. ‘ There, bird,’ said the man, ‘ take these shoes, and sing me that little song once again.’ Then the bird came down, and took the shoes in its left claw, and flew up to the roof again, and sang :—

' My mother she me slew,
 My father ate me too ;
 But my Sister Margery
 Gathered all my bones she cou'd,
 And beneath the Juniper-tree
 Laid them in a silken shroud.
 Keewit ! keewit ! hie ! hie !
 What a dainty fine bird am I !'

And when it had so sung, it flew away. The chain it
 had in its right, and the shoes in its left claw ; and it flew
 far away to a mill, and the mill went Clip ! clap ! clip !
 clap ! clip ! clap ! and in the mill sat twenty millers, who
 were hewing a mill stone, and the millers hewed hick !
 hack ! hick ! hack ! and the mill went on clip ! clap ! clip !
 clap ! clip ! clap !—and the bird perched itself upon a linden
 tree which stood before the mill and sang :—

' My mother she me slew,'
 Up got one of the millers to listen—
 ' My father ate me too ;
 Up got two of the millers to listen—
 ' But my sister Margery'
 Up got four of them to listen—
 ' Gathered all my bones she cou'd,'
 Up got eight more of them—
 ' And beneath the Juniper-tree'
 Up got five more—
 ' Laid them in a silken shroud.'
 Up got another—
 ' Keewit ! keewit ! hie ! hie !
 What a dainty fine bird am I !'

And up got the last miller, for he had only just heard

the last of the song. 'Bird,' said he, 'how sweetly you sing. Let me have that again—sing it to me once more?' 'No,' said the bird, 'twice sing I not for nothing; give me the millstone, and then I will sing it to you once more.' 'Yes,' said he, 'if it were all mine, so should you certainly have it.' 'Yes,' said the others, 'only let the bird sing the song once more, and it shall have the millstone.' Then the bird came down, and the millers laid hold of it, all twenty, with long poles, and raised up the stone—'Yeo, heave ho! yeo, heave ho!' Then the bird put its head through the hole, and wore it about its neck like a collar, and flew back again to the linden-tree, and sang:—

'My mother she me slew,
My father ate me too;
But my sister Margery
Gathered all my bones she cou'd,
And beneath the Juniper-tree
Laid them in a silken shroud.
Keewit! keewit! hie! hie!
What a dainty fine bird am I!'

And when the bird had thus sung, it spread its wings one from another, and held in its right claw the golden chain, and in its left the red shoes, and had the millstone round its neck, and so it flew away to the father's house.

Now the father, the mother, and little Margery were seated together in the room, having their dinner, and the father said, 'What can make me feel so light—I am right cheerful in my mind.' But the mother said, 'I feel full of sorrow and heaviness, just as if there was going to be a fearful storm.' But little Margery sate weeping and weeping.

Just then the bird came flying by, and as it seated itself on the house top, the father said, 'Well, I am indeed very joyful, for the sun shines bright and pleasant, and I feel just as if I was going to see, once more, some one whom I had known of old.'

'Alas,' said the wife, 'I am full of sorrow, my teeth chatter, and it is with me as if fire was in my veins.' And she tore up her clothes to cool herself.

But little Margery sate in a corner and wept, and had her plate before her eyes, and her plate was filled with tears.

Then the bird perched himself upon the Juniper-tree and sang,

'My mother she me slew,'

and the mother stopped her ears and covered her eyes, that she might neither see nor hear. But there sounded in her ears, as it were, a mighty tempest, and her eyes flashed and darted as though it lightened.

'My father ate me too ;'

'Ah, mother,' said the husband, 'what a fine bird that is, and how sweetly it sings! and the sun shines so brightly, and the air is as sweet as cinnamon.'

'But my sister Margery'

Here Margery laid her head in her lap and wept bitterly. But the husband said, 'I will go out—I must see that beautiful bird.' 'Oh, do not go,' said his wife, 'for I feel as if the whole house was in flames.' But the man went out and looked at the bird.

'Gathered all my bones she cou'd,

And beneath the Juniper-tree

Laid them in a silken shroud.

Keewit! keewit! hie! hie!

What a dainty fine bird am I!

With this the bird let fall the golden chain, and it fell upon the man, just round his neck, that it was beautiful to behold. Then he went into the house, and said, 'Now is not that a beautiful bird? see what a beautiful golden chain it has given me, now is it not beautiful to behold?' But the wife was so full of sorrow, that she fell down on the floor of the room, and the cap fell from her head. Then the bird began to sing again:—

'My mother she me slew,'

'Oh!' said the woman, 'would that I was a thousand fathoms under ground, that I might not hear that bird's song.'

'My father ate me too;'

Then fell the woman down, as though she had been dead.

'But my sister Margery'

'Ah!' said Margery, 'I, too, will go out, and see whether the bird will give me anything.' So she went out.

'Gathered all my bones she cou'd,

And beneath the Juniper-tree

Laid them in a silken shroud.'

Here the bird dropped the red shoes.

'Keewit! keewit! hie! hie!

What a dainty fine bird am I!

Then she became, all at once, light and gladsome, and took her new red shoes, and danced and sprang about for very joy. 'Ah,' said she, 'I was so sorrowful when I went out, and now I am so light and gladsome; it is, indeed, a beautiful bird: and it has given me a pair of nice red shoes.'

'Well,' said the wife, and sprung up, and her hair stood on end like flames of fire, 'I feel as though the whole

world was sinking under me; I, too, will go out and see whether I shall feel lighter.' But as she went out at the door, the bird let the mill-stone fall crash ! and she was smashed all to pieces. And when the father and Margery heard this, they ran out, and there arose a smoke, and flame, and fire, from the spot ; and when that was gone, there stood the little brother ; and he took his father and little Margery by the hand, and they were all three greatly rejoiced, and they went their ways into the house, and sat themselves down to dinner very happily.

NOTE.—Such is our version of one of the most remarkable of the popular Tales of Germany, and which is contained in GRIMM'S *Kinder und Haus Marchen*, Band 1, s. 228—240, as well as in BUSCHING'S *Volksmarchen*, s. 245—258.

Many of our readers, we presume, are acquainted with the translation of it which appeared in Mr. EDGAR TAYLOR'S amusing volumes, the '*German Popular Stories*,' and to them, therefore, we feel bound to give our reasons for laying this new one before them. The Gentleman whom we have just named, in the exercise of his judgment, has abbreviated the narrative very considerably, by omitting some of the most homely expressions, and leaving out a striking incident, and several repetitions. The result has been a tale much more readable, perhaps, than the one here given ; but in our opinion, a tale neither so overpowering in its effects, nor so simple in its style of narrative as the original, which, indeed, exhibits all the elements of a fearful domestic tragedy. We should have been glad to have seen a translation, from his pen, executed upon our principles: our readers would undoubtedly have

— *the gainers* ; as it is, we hope they will be satisfied that the

present version is more in accordance with the spirit of the German story, and excuse its homeliness and reiterations for the sake of its greater fidelity.

As we are now writing in the country, and have not our WARTON at hand, we will borrow, from MR. TAYLOR's volume, an extract from MR. PRICE's learned preface, which has especial reference to the tale in question; and in a note to a similar tale, which will appear in the next number of the "*LAYS AND LEGENDS OF FRANCE*," add some further illustrations from other sources.

"The most interesting tale in the whole collection, (*Grimm's*) whether we speak with reference to its contents, or the admirable style of the narrative, 'The Machandel Boom' is but a popular view of the same mythos upon which the Platonists have expended so much commentary, the *Cretan Bacchus*, or *Zagreus*. The points of coincidence may be thus briefly stated. In the Cretan fable, the destruction of Zagreus is attributed to the jealousy of his step-mother Juno: and the Titans (those telluric powers, who were created to avenge their mother's connubial wrongs) are the instruments of her cruelty. The infant god is allured to an inner chamber, by a present of toys and fruit, (among these an *apple*) and is forthwith murdered. The dismembered body is now placed in a kettle, for the repast of his destroyers; but the vapour ascending to heaven, the deed is detected, and the perpetrators struck dead by the lightning of Jove. Apollo collects the bones of his deceased brother, and buries them at Delphi, where the palingenesis of Bacchus was celebrated periodically by the *Hosii*, and *Thyades*. (Compare *Clemens Alex. Protrept.* p. 15. ed. Potter; *Nonnus Dionys.* vi. 174, &c.; and *Plutarch. de Isid. et Osirid.* c. 35.; et *De Esu Car-*

nium, l. c. vii. But this again is only another version of the Egyptian mythos relative to Osiris, which will supply us with the chest, the tree, the sisterly affection—and, perhaps, the bird, (though the last may be explained on other grounds). (*Plut. de Isid. &c. c. 13. et seq.*) Mr. GRIMM wishes to consider the ‘Machandel Boom’ the Juniper-tree,—and not the ‘Mandel’ or almond-tree. It will be remembered that the latter was believed by the ancient world to possess very important properties. The fruit of one species, the *Amygdala*, impregnated the daughter of the river Sangarius with the Phrygian Attys, (*Paus. vii. 17.*); and another, the *Persea*, was the sacred plant of Isis, so conspicuous on Egyptian monuments.—(For this interpretation of the *Persea*, see S. DE SACY’S *Abd-allatif Relation de l’Egypte*, p. 47–72; and the Christian and Mahommedan fictions there cited.) The story of dressing and eating a child, is historically related of Atreus, Tantalus, Procne, Harpalice, (*Hyginus ed. Staveren*, 206); and Astyages, (*Herod. i. 119*); and is obviously a piece of traditional scandal, borrowed from ancient Mythology. The Platonistic exposition of it will be found in Mr. TAYLOR’S *Tract upon the Bacchic Mysteries*, (Pamphleteer, No 15.)”

45.—THE CRYSTAL BALL.

A beautiful and noble maiden, and a young man of distinguished rank, were devotedly attached to each other; their consent to the marriage was, however, refused her by her step-parents; in consequence of which the betrothed lovers were plunged into the greatest distress. Now it happened that an old woman, who had access to her, came to the maiden, comforted her, and said, 'He whom you love will certainly become your husband.' The maiden who was well pleased to hear this, enquired of her by what means she came to know it. 'Maiden!' said the old woman, 'I have the gift of God to discover before-hand things, which are about to happen; therefore it is that this as well as many other things, is not concealed from me. To satisfy any doubt that you may have upon this subject, I will, by means of a crystal, so acquaint you with all that is to happen touching this affair, that you shall praise my skill. But you must choose a time for the purpose when your parents are from home, and then you shall see wonders.'

The maiden waited until such time as her parents left home upon a journey into the country, and then she went to her brother's tutor, Johann Rust, who was afterwards celebrated as a poet, confided to him her intention, and earnestly besought him to accompany her and stand by her when she looked into the crystal. He sought to dissuade her from such an action as sinful, and as one likely to be

productive of evil, but it was in vain; she continued in the same mind, so that at last he yielded to her earnest entreaties and consented to accompany her.

As soon as she entered the chamber, the old woman was ready prepared to draw forth, from a small basket, her instruments of art, but she saw with evident disappointment that this Rust accompanied the maiden, and said she could tell by his eyes, that he held her art in very little estimation.

After this, she arose and spread out upon the table, a small blue silken cloth, on which were embroidered figures of dragons, serpents, and other reptiles; placed upon this cloth a bowl of green glass, laid therein another cloth of gold-coloured silk, and finally placed upon this a tolerably large Crystal Ball, which she, however, covered over with a white cloth.

Then she began, amidst extraordinary contortions, to murmur something to herself; and as soon as this was ended, she took up, with great reverence, the Crystal Ball, called the maiden and her companion to her at the window, and bade them look into it.

At first they did not see any thing; but presently appeared in the Crystal, the bride, in most sumptuous bridal robes, just as splendidly attired as though it were her wedding-day. Gorgeous as she appeared, she yet looked so troubled and full of grief, and her countenance appeared of such a death-like hue, that it was impossible to look upon her without pity.

The maiden looked at her picture with terror, which however, soon became still greater, when her beloved appeared right opposite to her, with such fearful and ghastly

features, that though he was a kindly-disposed man, it was enough to make one tremble to look at him. He had, as though just arrived from a journey, his whip and spurs, and wore a grey cloak fastened with golden clasps. He drew forth a brace of brand new pistols and taking one in each hand, he pointed one to his own heart, and held the other to the head of the maiden. The spectators in anguish did not know what to do, and they then saw him discharge the pistol which he held at the head of his beloved, on which they heard a low, distant report of it. This threw them into such alarm that they could not move, until at length the maiden trembling and with faltering steps, left the apartment, and then in some slight degree recovered herself.

The old woman, who had not expected the affair to take such a turn, was greatly disconcerted at it; she fled out of the house as fast as she could go, and no one was ever able to gain a sight of her for some time afterwards. But this alarm did not at all tend to diminish the affections of the maiden, but they were rather strengthened by the determination of her step-parents to persist in refusing their consent.

At last they even went so far, as to oblige her by threats and compulsion to receive the addresses of a noble young officer of the court, who resided in the neighbourhood; then, for the first time, did the maiden feel what affliction was for she passed all her time in weeping and sighing, while her lover was almost distracted by his doubts and fears.

In the meanwhile, a day was fixed for the solemnization of this unhappy marriage, and some distinguished persons were invited to be present, to give greater splendour

to the ceremony. When the day arrived, the princess came in her state-carriage, drawn by six horses, and accompanied by her ladies and attendants; after which, the most distinguished relatives and friends of the bride followed and brought up the rear of the procession.

Now the first lover had obtained information of all that was going on, and he resolved, like one distracted, that his beloved should never be given alive to another. He had, for his purpose, purchased a pair of new pistols, intending to shoot the bride with one, and to employ the other against himself. At about ten or twelve paces from the door of the place where the ceremony was to be performed, stood a house, by which the bride must pass, and so be seen by him.

As the whole of this splendid cavalcade of carriages and horsemen, accompanied by a numerous assemblage of people were passing by, he discharged one pistol at the carriage in which the bride was seated. He fortunately shot a little too quickly, so that the bride remained uninjured; but a noble lady who was seated a little below, had her somewhat loftier head-dress disordered by the ball.

As this threw her into a swoon, and every one crowded to her assistance, the assassin had time to retreat through the back-door of the house; and as he was lucky enough to clear, at a leap, a tolerable wide piece of water, he effected his escape. As soon as the lady recovered herself, the procession set forth afresh, and the ceremony was performed in the greatest magnificence.

But the bride felt a sorrowful spirit, which was not relieved by thinking of what she had seen in the *Crystal Ball* and she took the consequences thereof sadly to heart.

Moreover, her marriage was a very unhappy one, for her husband was a hard and bad-tempered man, who, although she became the mother of a lovely child, always treated this virtuous and most gracious lady very cruelly.

NOTE.—This tale, which is translated from GRIMM's *Deutsche Sagen*.—Band. 1, s. 177—181, claims kindred with that, by SIR WALTER SCOTT, entitled, '*My Aunt Margaret's Mirror*'

The Crystal Ball, in which the enquirer sees prefigurations of coming events, is clearly of the same nature as that in which the celebrated Dr. DED saw his visions of fair spirits ; and we shall, on some future occasion, lay before our readers a little curious matter on this subject.

46.—THE MAIDEN WITHOUT HANDS.

There was once a Miller, who gradually lost everything that he had, except his mill, and a great apple-tree. Once, when he went into the forest to gather wood, an old man met him, and said, ' Why do you bother yourself with cutting fire-wood? I will make you rich enough, if you will but promise me whatever is standing behind the mill ; and in three years I will come and take it away.' Oh, thought the Miller, that can be nothing but my apple-tree, and so he agreed to the old man's proposal ; who laughed at him for doing so, and went his way. When the Miller went home, his wife met him, and exclaimed, ' Why, Goodman Miller, where have all these great riches come from, that there

are in the house? Nobody has been here since you left, and yet all the trunks and coffers are full.' 'Why,' said the Miller, 'I met an old man in the wood just now, to whom I have assigned for them, whatever there is behind the mill.' 'Ah, Miller, that is very unfortunate, for that old man was the Devil, and you have given him our daughter, who is now behind the mill, sweeping the yard.'

Now the Miller's daughter was a very pious and beautiful maiden, and she lived for the three years in the fear of God and void of sin.

And when the day came that the Evil One should have carried her away, she washed herself very clean, and made a circle round about her with chalk. The Devil soon made his appearance, but he could not draw near unto her. So he spake angrily to the Miller, 'Let all your water run away, that she may no more wash herself, and then I shall have power over her.' And the Miller was afraid, and did so.

And on the next day the Evil One again made his appearance, but the maiden had wept upon her hands, and they were quite clean. And again the Devil could not draw near unto her. Then spoke he again, angrily, to the Miller, 'Cut off her hands; then I may, by some means, overpower her.' But this the Miller refused, and said, 'How can I cut off the hands of mine own child?' But the Evil One threatened him, and said, 'If you do not do so, thou shalt be mine, and I will take thee instead.'

Now the father was filled with dread, and he promised to hearken unto the Devil. After this he went to the maiden, and said, 'My child, if I do not cut off your hands, *the Devil will carry me away; and in my fear I have promised him to do so; therefore, I pray thee, consent unto it.*' And

she answered, 'Father, do with me as thou wilt, for I am thy child.' And she stretched forth her hands, and allowed them to be cut off. And the Devil came a third time, but she had wept so much and so long upon the stumps, that even they were quite clean; and he was forced to go away and had lost all right in her.

Then the Miller said to her, 'I have through thee gained so great wealth, that I will maintain thee in splendour all thy life long.' But she answered, 'Here I cannot remain; I will wander forth, and men of pity will bestow upon me all that I require.' Upon this she bound up the stumps of her arms, and at the rising of the sun she went forth, and journeyed on the whole day until it was night. Then came she to a king's garden; and she saw by the light of the moon, that there stood in it some goodly trees covered with fruit, but the garden was surrounded by a moat. And because she had tasted nothing the whole day, and was sore hungry, she thought unto herself, 'Would that I was in the garden, that I might eat the fruit—but I must fast.' Then she knelt down and prayed.

Suddenly there came an angel, who made a way through the moat, so that the bottom was dry, and she could pass through it. So she went into the garden, and the angel with her. Then saw she a tree covered with beautiful pears, but they had all been counted. So she went to the tree, and ate with her mouth from the tree to satisfy her hunger. And the gardener saw her, but, because the angel stood by her, he was afraid and thought it was a spirit, so he called not out, neither said he any thing of it. And when she had eaten the pears, she was satisfied therewith, and concealed herself among the bushes. Now the king, to whom the *garden belonged*, came on the following morning, counted

the fruit, saw that one of the pears was missing, and asked the gardener where it was, for it lay not under the tree and was gone. Then the gardener answered, 'In the night there came a spirit, who had no hands, and ate one with her mouth.' The king said, 'How came the spirit across the water, and whither has it gone again?' The gardener answered, 'It came in a snow-white garment from heaven, formed a path across the moat, and hemmed up the water, and because it must have been an angel, I was afraid, and neither called out nor gave an alarm. Afterwards the spirit took its departure again.' Then the king said, 'To-morrow night I will watch with thee.'

And when it was dark, the king came into the garden, and brought a priest with him, who should speak to the spirit. And they all three seated themselves under the tree, and kept watch. At midnight, the Miller's daughter came creeping out of the bushes, went up to the tree, and ate from it with her mouth another pear. Near her stood the angel in white garments. Then the priest went up and said, 'Art thou from heaven, or from this world? Art thou a human being, or spirit?' 'No,' answered she, 'I am no spirit, but a poor human being abandoned by all, but not by heaven.' The king said, 'though thou art abandoned by all the world beside, yet will I not abandon thee.' So he took her with him unto the palace, had silver hands made for her; and because she was so beauteous and pious, he loved her with his whole heart, and took her to wife.

After a year was passed, the king was obliged to take the field with his army, and then he commanded the queen-mother, 'When her hour of child-birth comes, take heed to her, and nurse her, and write to me instantly.' Now

she bare him a son, and the old queen wrote instantly and told him the glad tidings. But the messenger rested on the way by the side of a rivulet and slept; then came the Devil, who was ever seeking to disgrace the pious queen, and changed the letter for another, in which it was said that the queen had brought a changeling into the world. When the king read the letter he was sorely troubled and amazed, yet he wrote back for answer, they should watch and nurse the queen well until his return.—The messenger went back with the letter, and rested at the same place as before; then came the Devil again and placed another letter in his pocket, in which it was commanded that the queen and her child should be slain. When the old queen received the letter, she was sadly frightened, and wrote to the king yet another letter, but she received no other answer; for the Devil always intercepted the sleeping messenger and changed the king's letters; and in the last letter, which he placed in the pocket of the messenger, he commanded the queen-mother to cut out, as a proof of her death, the tongue and eyes of the young queen.

But the old mother wept that so much innocent blood should be shed, so she commanded them to take a hind in the night time, kill it, and cut out the tongue and eyes. Then spake she to the queen, and said, 'I cannot command them to kill thee, but here you can remain no longer; so go forth with thy child into the wide world, but return not hither again.' Upon this she placed her little child upon her back, and the poor woman went forth with weeping eyes into the great wide world. Then she threw herself upon her knees and prayed, and the angel appeared to her and led her to a small house, on which stood a little tablet, with the words—'All live here free.'

Out of this house came forth a snow-white maiden, who said, 'Welcome, lady queen,' and led her in. Then she unbound her little babe from her back, held him to her breast and suckled him, and laid him upon a nice little bed which stood there already made. Then the poor woman said, 'How knew ye that I was a queen.' And the white maiden answered, 'I am an angel, sent from heaven to watch over you and your child.' Then they remained in the house seven years, and were well cared for, and by the mercy of heaven, and in reward for her piety, her hands which had been cut off, grew again.

But the king, when he returned home again, would fain have seen his wife and his child; then his aged mother began to weep, and said, 'Thou wicked man, wherefore hast thou written to me, commanding me to put two innocent souls to death?' and showed him the two false letters which the Evil One had put in the place of those which he had written, and then said further, 'I have done what you commanded me,' and showed him in proof, the tongue and eyes.

Then began the king to weep so bitterly for his wife and little son, that his old mother took pity on him, and said, 'Be comforted, for they still live! I had a hind killed secretly, and have cut out its tongue and eyes, and I have bound your child upon the back of your wife, and commanded her to go forth into the wide world, and she promised me never to return hither again, because thou wert angered against her.' Then said the king, 'I will go as far as the sky is blue; and I will not eat, neither will I drink, until I have found once more my wife and my child, *unless they are dead with hunger.*' Upon this he turned about, and for seven years long sought he them on every

side, but found them not; so he believed that they were starved. And he ate not, neither did he drink, during all this time; but Heaven preserved him. At last he found, in a great wood, the small house on which was the small tablet, with the inscription—‘ Here all dwell free.’

Then came forth the white maiden, took him by the hand, and led him in, and said, ‘ Welcome, Lord King!’ and asked him whither he came. He answered, ‘ I have been now wandering about seven years, seeking my wife and my child, and no where could I find them; they must, I am sure, be starved.’ The angel offered him to eat and to drink, but he took nothing—and would only rest himself a little; then he laid himself down to sleep and covered his face with a cloth.

Upon this the angel went into the chamber, wherein the queen sate with her son, whom she generally called ‘ Rich-in-sorrow,’ and said to her, ‘ Go out, and thy child with thee, for thine husband is come.’ Then she went in where her husband lay, and the cloth fell from his countenance; then said she, ‘ Rich-in-sorrow, lift up the cloth of thy father, and cover with it his countenance.’ And he lifted it up, and covered with it his father’s face. And the king heard this in his slumber, and willingly let fall the cloth once again. Then said she again, ‘ Rich-in-sorrow, lift up again the cloth, and cover with it thy father’s face.’ Then the little boy grew impatient, and said, ‘ Dear mother, how can I cover my father’s face, when in the whole world I have no father? I have learned to pray, for you have told me my father is in Heaven; how, then, shall I know this wild man?—Of a certainty he is not my father.’

Upon this the king rose, and enquired who they were? and she said, ‘ I am thy wife, and this is thy son Rich-in-

sorrow.' And he saw her living hands, and said, 'My wife had hands of silver. These natural hands has Heaven allowed to grow again;' and the angel entered the chamber, produced the silver hands, and showed them to him. Then he first saw, of a certainty, that it was his dear wife and his dear child, and kissed them, and was glad of heart. Then the angel feasted them all together, and they went home to the old queen-mother; and there was every where great joy thereat, and the king and queen celebrated their wedding afresh, and lived happily until they came to their most blessed end.

NORX.—This tale, rich in those characteristic touches of German piety, to which we have more particularly alluded in the introduction to the present volume, is taken from GRIMM's *Kinder Haus Marchen*, Band 1. s. 158—166.

The story which is popular in Germany, is obviously connected with the popular source from which in the middle ages the well known poems of May and Blanchflour, of the beautiful Helena, &c. took their rise. It is also '*La Penta Manomozza*,' which constitutes the second tale of the third day of the celebrated Neapolitan Collection of BASILE—the well known '*Pentamerone* e.'

48.—THE THREE MINERS OF KUTTENBERG.

In the Kuttenberg mountain in Bohemia, there were three miners, who had worked therein many years, and so earned their daily bread for their wives and children. They were accustomed, when of a morning they entered the mine, to take with them three things:—firstly, a prayer-book; secondly, a lamp, which was trimmed with just sufficient oil to last one day; and thirdly, a little loaf of bread, that likewise only sufficed for one day. Before they began to work, they offered up their devotions to God, praying him to watch over their safety; and when they had finished this, they cheerfully and heartily commenced their labours.

It happened, however, one evening, that just as they were about to leave off work, part of the mountain fell in, and closed up the entrance to the mine. Then they thought that they were buried alive, and exclaimed—‘O God! we poor miners must now die of hunger; for we have but one day’s allowance of bread, and one day’s oil in our lamps.’ Then they committed themselves to God, expecting that they should shortly die, yet were they not disconsolate; but, as long as they had strength, went on with their work, praying all the time.

Upon this, it happened that their lights burned for seven years, and their little loaves, of which they ate daily, were not consumed, but continued of just the same size; and they thought that the seven years had been but one day.—

But as they had been unable to cut their hair or trim their beards, they had grown to be a yard long.

Their wives, in the mean time, looked upon them as dead, thought they should never see them more, and began to look out for other husbands

Now it befell that one of the three who were thus shut up in the earth, wished from the very bottom of his heart—‘Ah! could I but see daylight once more, I would then willingly die.’ And the second said, ‘Ah! could I once more sit at table with my dear wife, I, too, would then willingly die.’ And the third said, ‘Ah! could I but live one year peacefully and happily with my wife, I, too, would willingly die.’

Scarcely had they spoken these words, before they heard a heavy crash, and lo! the mountain had cracked and separated, one side from the other. And the first miner peeped through the opening, and looked up and gazed on the blue sky; and, as he rejoiced in the sight of daylight, he suddenly fell down dead. As the crevice gradually increased in size, the other two set to work, cut steps in the side of the mountain, crept up, and at length got out. Then they proceeded to the village and to their houses, seeking their wives; but these did not know their husbands. Then they said, ‘Had you never any husband?’ ‘Yes,’ said they; ‘but they have been dead and buried in the Kuttentberg these seven years.’

Then the second miner said to his wife, ‘I am thy husband;’ but she would not believe him, because of his long beard, and of his being so altered. Then said he, ‘Give me my razor, that I kept upstairs in the great chest, and a bit of soap with it.’ Thereupon he shaved, combed, and washed himself; and when he had done so, the woman saw that he was her husband. She rejoiced greatly at his ~~turn~~, spread the table, placed before him the best food

that she could get, and they sat down, and ate and drank happily together. But as soon as the man had satisfied himself, and had eaten the last morsel of bread, he fell down and died.

The third miner dwelled for a whole year in peace and happiness with his wife; but, when the year was out, at the very same hour that he escaped from the mountain, he too fell dead, and his wife with him.

Thus did Heaven fulfil the wishes of the three miners.

NOTE.—This Legend, rich in the most striking characteristics of German story, is translated from GRIMM'S *Deutsche Sagen*, Band 1, s. 1—3.

49.—DOCTOR ALL-WISE.

There was a poor peasant, named Crab, who once drove two oxen with a load of wood into the city, and there sold it for two dollars, to a doctor. And the Doctor counted out the money to him as he sate at dinner. So the peasant saw how well he lived, and his heart yearned to do the like, and he would needs be a doctor. So he stood a little while, and at last he asked if he could not be a Doctor. 'Ob, yes,' said the Doctor, 'that may be easily managed—in the first place you have only to purchase an A, B, C book, only take care that it is one that has got a picture of a cock crowing in the front of it—then sell your cart and oxen, and buy *with the money*, clothes and all other things *needful for a doctor*; and thirdly and lastly, have a sign painted

with the words, '*I am Doctor All-wise,*' and have it nailed up before the door of your house.'

So the peasant did exactly as he had been told; and after he had doctored a little, but not much, it chanced that a certain nobleman was robbed of a large sum of money: and some one told him that there lived in the village hard by, a Doctor All-wise, who was sure to be able to tell him where his money was gone to. So the nobleman ordered his carriage to be got ready, and rode into the city, and asked our Doctor whether he was Doctor Allwise. 'Oh, yes,' said he; 'I am Doctor All-wise, sure enough.' 'Will you go with me, then,' said the nobleman, 'and get me back my money?' 'To be sure I will,' said the Doctor; 'but my wife Grethel must go with me.'

The nobleman was very glad to hear this; made them both get into the carriage with him, and away they all rode together. When they arrived at the nobleman's house, dinner was already prepared, and he desired the Doctor to sit down to dinner with him. 'And my wife Grethel, too,' said the Doctor; and so she too sate down to dinner.

Now as soon as the first servant brought in the first dish, which was some great delicacy, the Doctor nudged his wife, and said, 'Grethel, that is the first,' meaning the first servant who had brought in dinner. But the servant thought he meant to say he was the first thief, which was actually the case, so he was sore troubled, and said to his comrades, 'The Doctor knows everything, things will certainly fall out ill, for he said I was the first.'

The second would not believe this at all—but at last he *was* obliged, for when he carried the second dish into the room, the Doctor said, 'Grethel, that is the second!' So the second servant was as much frightened as the first, and

was pleased to leave the apartment. And the third fared no better, for the Doctor said, 'Grethel, that is the third!' Now the fourth carried in a dish which had a cover on it, and the nobleman told the Doctor to show his skill, by guessing what was under the cover. Now it was a crab. But the Doctor looked at the dish, and looked at the cover, and could not at all divine what they contained, nor how to get out of the scrape; so he said, half to himself and half aloud, 'Alas, poor Crab!' And when the nobleman heard this, he cried out 'You have guessed it—and now, I am sure, you will know where my money is.'

And the servant was greatly troubled at this, and he winked to the Doctor to follow him out of the room; and no sooner had the Doctor done so than the whole four, who had stolen the gold, stood before him, and said, they would give it up instantly, and give him a good sum to boot, provided he would not betray them; for if he did, their necks would pay for it. So they conducted him to the place where the gold lay concealed. And the Doctor was well pleased to see it, and went back to the nobleman and said, 'My lord, I will now search in my book and discover where the money is.'

Now the fifth servant had crept into the oven, to hear what the Doctor said. But he sate turning over the leaves of his A, B, C book, looking for the picture of the crowing cock, and as he did not find it very early, he said, 'I know you are in here, and you must come out.' Then the man in the oven, thinking the Doctor spoke to him, jumped out in a great fright, and said, 'The man knows everything.'

Then Doctor All-wise showed the nobleman where the gold was hidden, but said nothing as to who stole it; so he

received a great reward from both parties, and became a very famous man.

NOTE.—GRIMM's *Kinder und Haus Marchen*, Band, 2. s. 76—78. This is the story to which we have alluded in our note on No. 5, of the 'LAYS AND LEGENDS OF TARTARY,' and is curious for the marked resemblance which it bears to an English story, which must be familiar to our readers.

INDEX.

	Page
Jabob Nimmernuchtern - - - -	- 183
The Lady of Weissenberg - - - -	- 203
Legends of Rubezahl ; or Number Nip	
Rubezahl transforms himself into an Ass -	- 210
Rubezahl makes a fool of a Noble -	- 212
Rubezahl sells Pigs - - - -	- 213
How Rubezahl entertained a Party of Guests -	- 214
Rubezahl gives orders for a Cloak -	- 215
Rubezahl turns Wood-cutter -	- 221
Rubezahl changes himself into a Spear -	- 222
Rubezahl changes Leaves into Ducats -	- 225
The Knight on the Black Horse - - - -	- 229
The Frog King ; or Iron Henry - - - -	- 233
The Flaming Castle - - - -	- 239
The Wehr Wolf - - - -	- 241
The Juniper-tree - - - -	- 243
The Crystal Ball - - - -	- 257
The Maiden without Hands - - - -	- 261
The Three Miners of Kuttentberg - - - -	- 269
Doctor All-Wise - - - -	- 271

G. Cowie, Printer, 13, Newcastle Street Strand.

SECOND EDITION, WITH ALTERATIONS AND ADDITIONS.
IN FOOLSCAP 8vo. PRICE 2s. 6d.

COWIE'S PRINTERS' POCKET-BOOK AND MANUAL;

Containing the Compositors', Pressmen's, and Newsmen's Scales of Prices; numerous valuable Tables; all the Schemes of Impositions, from Folio to Hundred and Twenty eights, inclusive; the Hebrew, Greek, and Saxon Alphabets, with plans of their respective Cases; Mathematical, Algebraical, Astronomical, and Physical Signs; Tables for giving out Paper, &c. &c. Abstract of the various Acts of Parliament relative to Printers. With a correct List of Master Printers.

"The title of this work is fully borne out by its contents. They are, of course, chiefly of a nature merely technical, and will, we think, be found highly useful and comprehensive by printers. Much of the miscellaneous information is of an interesting character to the lovers of books, and more particularly to those who are, directly or indirectly, connected with literature."—**TRUE SUN.**

"The contents of this little work will be found exceedingly useful to the numerous class of persons of whose business they treat, and from the examination which we have bestowed upon them, we have every reason to believe them to be correct. The miscellaneous contents are of a more generally interesting character."—**MORNING ADVERTISER.**

"A cheap and exceedingly useful little book, with the contents of which every letter-press printer who is desirous of acquiring a correct knowledge of the various departments of his business should become fully acquainted. It contains the Compositors' and Pressmen's Scale of Prices; numerous valuable Tables; all the schemes of Impositions (a perfectly honest affair we may as well inform the uninitiated reader;) with a variety of other interesting information absolutely necessary to the successful pursuit of all young men about to engage in the printing trade."—**MANCHESTER TIMES.**

"A most useful and excellent work, written by a practical printer;—a truly business-like book."—**Bell's Weekly Magazine.**

"This little work, containing much information which will be found useful to those engaged in the printing business, ought to be placed in the hands of every youth who is apprenticed to the trade."—**Birmingham Journal.**

"This is a complete historical analysis of the present state of the art of printing. There is a great deal of curious information in the pages of this volume, but its valuable qualities consist in the exactness and extent of its practical information relating to the printer's employment. In this book we have the whole economy of a printing-office explained, and the rates of wages of compositors and pressmen, as agreed upon by the trade, and the variations respecting periodical publications. Altogether it contains a quantity of information most essentially necessary to all those persons connected with printing or publishing."—**Cobbett's Magazine.**

THE GENTLEMAN'S DRESSING-ROOM COMPANION; AND TOILET GUIDE.

Containing the art of displaying the person to the utmost advantage, at the least expense. With original recipes for improving the hair, skin, and teeth. By a Nobleman's Valet.

Published by W. Strange, 21, Paternoster Row; and G. Cowie, 312, Strand.

Popular Works published by W STRANGE, 21, Paternoster Row; and by G. COWIE, 312, Strand.

BUCKSTONE'S DRAMAS.

Now publishing, an edition of Dramas, by JOHN BALDWIN BUCKSTONE, as performed at the Theatres Royal, and at the Adelphi Theatre. The edition will comprise all the highly popular Adelphi Dramas, never before printed, together with others first produced at the Theatres Royal, and which will be carefully revised and corrected by the author, with appropriate prefaces and dedications, elegantly printed upon fine wove paper. It is intended to publish all the successful Dramas that may henceforth be produced by Mr. Buckstone, and which will appear as soon after the first representations as possible. Each number will be published at One Shilling, embellished with a fine engraving by the first artists, and correctly marked with stage directions, descriptions of the costume, and a caste of the characters.

Already Published,

No. 1.—The Wreck Ashore, dedicated to Master John Reeve; No. 2.—Victorine; or, I'll Sleep on it; dedicated to Mrs. Yates; No. 3.—The May Queen; dedicated to Mr. Mathews; No. 4.—Henriette the Forsaken; dedicated to Mrs. Fitzwilliam; No. 5.—Rural Felicity; a new Operatic Comedy. No. 6.—The Pet of the Petticoats, dedicated to John Barnett, Esq.: (forming the first volume of Strange's Edition of Buckstone's Dramas).—No. 7 (being the first number of vol. 2)

MARRIED LIFE.

No. 8.—The Rake and his Pupil; No. 9.—Belles and Clappers; which will be succeeded by (among others) the following popular plays:—(the copyrights of which, having been purchased by W. STRANGE, can only be printed by him, and in this edition.)—Second Thoughts; Isabelle, or Woman's Life; The Forgery; or, The Reading of a Will; The King of the Alps; Nicholas Flam; Uncle John, &c. &c. The Dramas will appear in the foregoing order, being only varied by the successful novelties of the same author.

THE STEAM PACKET COMPANION;

OR,

**A BRIEF SKETCH OF THE PRINCIPAL OBJECTS ON THE
PASSAGE TO GRAVESEND, SHEERNESS, AND
HERNE BAY.**

With a picturesque description of each of the above places, intended as a guide to the traveller on the coast—to which is added, the land route from London, and other matters of interest and attraction. With a Chart of the River, Price 6d.

CRIMES OF LONDON IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY; containing authentic Biographies of those notorious individuals, Ikey Solo mons, Richard Coster, and other celebrated thieves and swindlers of the present day; with full particulars of the Treatment of Convicts on board the Hulks, and in the Colonies; accurate descriptions of the interior of Newgate, Condemned Cells, &c. By a gentleman employed in the defence of most of the remarkable characters therein confined.—

CLAVIS, or Key to the Latin and French Genders.—By W. H. TREACHER.—price 2s. 6d.

SMUGGLING, and especially CUSTOM HOUSE and PREVENTIVE SERVICE SMUGGLING.—Price 2s. 6d.

TALISMAN—a superior collection of Magic and other Tales, and select. With 22 engravings on Steel. In three vols., price

LAYS AND LEGENDS

OF

VARIOUS NATIONS:

ILLUSTRATIVE OF THEIR

TRADITIONS, POPULAR LITERATURE,

MANNERS, CUSTOMS, AND SUPERSTITIONS.

BY

WILLIAM J. THOMS,

EDITOR OF THE "EARLY ENGLISH PROSE ROMANCES."



Lays and Legends of Tartary.



"He who desires to be well acquainted with a people will not reject their Popular Stories or Local Superstitions."—SIR JOHN MALCOLM.

LONDON :

GEORGE COWIE, 312, STRAND.

MDCCCXXXIV.

**G. COWIE, PRINTER,
13, NEWCASTLE STREET, STRAND.**

INTRODUCTION.

The Tartarian Stories contained in the following pages, possess nothing in common with the 'Contes Tartares' of M. Gúellette, which owe their existence entirely to the active fancy and ready invention of that ingenious writer.

'The Relations of Ssidi Kur', on the contrary, are genuine specimens of Tartarian Romance. They are preserved in Bergmann's *Excursions in Tartary*, * for the loan of which, the editor is indebted to the kindness of Sir Francis Palgrave. It is a curious fact that the learned Brothers Grimm appear only to have known this Tartarian Collection from certain passages of it, quoted by the gentleman whom we have just named, in the 21st volume of the *Quarterly Review*, when at the same time it is contained in the first volume of Bergmann's work: and they have in the third volume of their *Kinder und Haus Marchen*, † made a reference to the third and fourth volumes of this very book for notices of Calmuc Tales.

* BENJAMIN BERGMANN'S *Nomadische Streifereien unter den Kalmuken in den Jahren, 1802 und 1803. Riga, 1804—(4 theil.)*

† 'Tartarische Ueberlieferungen enthalten, 'The Relations of Ssidi Kur,' die wir aber nur nach Auszügen kennen; (S. Anm. zu Nr. 92 und 104); *Calmuckische, BENJ. BERGMANN'S Nomad Streifereien. Thl. 3. und 4.* GRIMM. *Kind. u. H. Marchen* Bd. 3. s 440.

‘The Relations of Ssidi Kur’ says Bergmann, * ‘may be looked upon as a contribution to the Arabian Tales. The spirit of originality which pervades these Relations, will suffice to make them agreeable readings. For since the deity who narrates them has for his object the making the Son of the Chan speak, so are there in all these notices, purposely, a number of artificial turns mixed up in such ways that they shall give rise to the desired enquiries; moreover, the conclusion is always so surprising, that the objects sought for cannot fail of being obtained. We learn from these tales a more exact knowledge of various Lamian popular opinions, which, in time, may possibly be employed in a more complete work; in the meanwhile, this will serve to furnish the reader with entertainment.’

As a fitting introduction to the various legendary stories which we shall have the pleasure of submitting to the reader, for his amusement and information in the course of these LAYS AND LEGENDS OF TARTARY, we will now quote that portion of Bergmann’s work in which he speaks of the bards of that imperfectly known country:—

‘The Calmuc singers, certainly, do not enliven public festivities; but for cheering the evenings of winter they are indispensable. Their songs are of irregular measure. But the singers know how to supply the deficiencies of the poet, in such wise that the ear of the auditor is never offended. In cases when the songs are of great length, the powers of the reciter are refreshed, during short pauses, by a draught of black tea, or by a few whiffs of a pipe.

‘The bards of the Calmucs are called *Dschangartschi*, from the mighty heroes whose deeds form the subject of *their songs*. The adventures of *Dschangar* and his twelve

heroes, consist but of wild achievements which exhaust the whole region of prodigy; yet among these exaggerated descriptions there glimmer forth touches of natural beauty, worthy of the greatest poets of antiquity. *Dschangar*, who smote down thousands of warriors with a single stroke of his sword, who rode about upon his wondrous steed for hundreds of years, and merely by the assistance of his twelve heroes overpowered the greatest princes of the earth, and subdued both heaven and hell—this *Dschangar* plays obviously a very adventurous part; but, the management of his character in opposition to those of the other heroes, who equal their chief in deeds of valour, without at all tarnishing the brilliancy of his fame—the art of the poet in giving the most exaggerated incidents the appearance of probability, and the faithful picture of Calmuc life and manners, in this poetical work, which appears to be drawn entirely from the ideal world—all these make the *Dschangariade* an object worthy of our attention. The Calmucs have heard these songs a hundred times; their good memories have made them so familiar with them that they can repeat by heart not merely single passages, but entire songs; and yet they always listen to them with rapture, and burst forth with loud expressions of delight, when the recital of well-known favourite passages afford them the opportunity. After this, my readers will probably be desirous of learning who was the author of this poem. Russians and Calmucs, who knew personally and by reputation the poet of the *Dschangar*, have furnished me with his history. If the accordance of their testimony, and the recent times in which this Calmuc Orpheus flourished, admitted of any doubt as to the accuracy of these statements, I should be the first to hesitate in giving credence to the information which I received.

‘I have called the poet of the ‘*Dschangar*,’ a Calmuc Orpheus, and his wonderful history, as it has been related to me, will fully justify me in applying that epithet to him.

‘In the time of Ubascha, there lived on the Wolga, between Tschornoijar and Ienatajewsk, in the Uluss* of Zabac Dorschi, the relative of the Vice-Khan, a common Calmuc, whose name an ungrateful posterity has consigned to oblivion. He was seized with a severe illness, which, as the Calmucs unanimously declare, cost him his life, although we, without approaching the truth too closely, shall venture to explain this asserted demise, by supposing him to have fallen into a trance.

‘But in the meanwhile, as no one doubted that life had fled from the rigid body before them, he was treated in every respect as a dead man, and his corse was left upon the plain. For three days and three nights lay the entranced one upon the earth. The dogs had already commenced devouring his legs, when he was restored to life; or, as we shall rather explain, he was through the bites of the dogs aroused from his trance. Be that as it may, it is sufficient that he arose once more a living man, and returned to his dwelling, where all were seized with fright and astonishment at seeing the dead man restored to life.

‘These passed, as we are told, twelve months after this adventure, during which time, he who had thus recovered from the swoon of death, returned to the nomadic life of his race; when one evening, a priest of high rank at the Calmuc court, who was on a journey, obtained a night’s lodging in the hut of the revived one. The priest, who was

* Uluss, the Calmuc word for an encampment or horde.

received with all welcome and hospitality, enquired before retiring to sleep, if there was no one to be found who could relate adventures to him.* Scarcely had he expressed this wish before our Calmuc of his own accord offered his services.

‘ All in the hut were astonished, at finding one of their friends and relatives possessed of a talent, whose existence they had never suspected, and their astonishment increased to the greatest possible height, when they found that instead of a mere tale, he poured forth an entire song of *Dschangar*,† worthy of the best bards. The subject of the song carried along with it the whole assembly. The friends of the singer sought to learn, how it was that he became all at once gifted with such powers, but the inspired one sang on until he was weary; and then satisfied the enquiries of his friends by the following narrative:—

“ When I, as you know, was dead, my soul was carried to hell, through the dreadful realm of Birid,‡ before the throne of Aerlik Chan.§ A number of strange spirits surrounded the throne of the Chan. Some played upon the churr, (fiddle) some on the zurr, (flutes) others on the domburr, (drums) kangarga, and bischkurr. Aerlik Chan perceived me, opened his book of fate, and

* ‘ Calmucs of rank are wont to amuse themselves before going to sleep, sometimes with bards, sometimes with dancers, who engage their attention. The host and hostess listen and look on, as they lie in bed, so long as jest, laughter, and their pipe afford them any amusement.’—*Bergmann Theil* i. s. 146.

† A specimen of this Calmuc Epic of which *Dschangar* (whom we suspect to be Alexander the Great,) is the hero, will be given in the course of this work.

‡ *Birid*, the Mongolian Purgatory.—ED.

§ *Aerlik Chan*, the Judge of souls.—ED.

spake indignantly to the spirits who had led me before him, 'Wherefore hast thou brought hither this man, whose hour of death has not arrived? Take him back again!'

'Accordingly preparations were instantly made for reconducting me once more to the earth, when the ruler of the realms below, perceiving that I was enchanted with the sweet tones of his singers, and was anxious to remain listening to them for a longer period, said unto me, 'For the anguish thou hast suffered, thou deservest amends. Choose from among the songs of my bards, that which pleaseth thee most, and go and charm with it the world above!' The song of *Dschangar* pleased me the most. No sooner had I announced this to the ruler of the realms below, than he pressed my tongue with a stamp and dismissed me, saying, 'Return home again, but mention not a word about *Dschangar* until a priest requires thee to do so.' Thus spake Aerlik Chan, and I was awakened from the dead, and thus you have seen me, desirous as I was of singing the exploits of *Dschangar*, compelled to preserve an unwilling silence up to the present day.

'It is a well known fact, that poetical genius can neither be instilled nor impressed, so that a genuine poet must from his birth be ordained to the Muses. This being considered, we cannot look upon the story of our Calmuc poet as an actual statement. 'What, then, the Calmuc poet has been guilty of falsehood?' No, he has not. What he fancied he saw, was no actual appearance, as he himself supposed it to be, and as all the Calmucs even now, without reflecting, believe it to have been; but it was a dream or vision, which led him through the regions of Calmuc poetry, and gave rise to his poetical renown. The germ of the poem slumbered within the mental faculties of the poet, until some strange accident called it into

existence. For the foundation of the story of *Dschangar*, the poet was indebted to a dream; but to the execution of it, to his genius and powers of imagination. Thus it appears to me the riddle may very easily be solved, without our being necessarily compelled to have recourse to the wonders of it generally, and least of all to the marvels of Calmuc Polytheism.'

'To resume the narrative;—the priest was so delighted with all that he had heard, that he, as soon as he returned to the court, related the wondrous tale to the Vice Chan Ubascha. Zaback Dorschi caused the singer to be sought after without delay, and procured for him an opportunity of making a public display of his art. The singer struck up a new song, which continued far into the night. The assembly was quite enchanted with his magic strains. Zaback Dorschi constituted the singer his court bard, and presented him for this first display of his skill, with forty sheep. The other nobles who were present, stripped themselves of their garments, in order to heap them upon the wondrous bard. What a triumph for a Calmuc poet, who was raised up at once from indigence, to riches and distinction! Further exertions of his powers of imagination brought forth fresh rhapsodies, and the fame of the singer kept increasing.

'Several admirers of the *Dschangar* listened to the singer with such attention that they remembered whole songs, which, by repetition in smaller circles, were thus preserved in memory for ever. When, at a subsequent period, Zaback Dorschi and his singer fled into China, these admirers of the song of *Dschangar* were the only preservers of this heroic poem. Since, in the absence of the mighty bard, the remaining princes were forced to be

contented with the echo of his songs, they established similar singers in their hordes, who did honour more or less to their master.

‘The fame of this master is, indeed, still held in such lively estimation by the *Dschangartschi*, that they seek to exalt his fame by the most extravagant praises. ‘We,’ say they, ‘sing ourselves hoarse, in order to finish one song in an evening, and must smoke tobacco and drink tea, that we may have strength to get through it. But the great *Dschangartschi* had no need of such helps; for he could sing for three nights and three days, without his powers failing him in the least; his voice got elevated during the progress of the song, becoming as the song proceeded, more pure and rich in tone.

‘It is seldom that a *Dschangartschi* knows more than twenty of these songs by heart.* The poet of the *Dschangar* is, however, said to have known three hundred and sixty. This account is however so improbable, that we may with good reason, entertain great doubts of its accuracy; but one thing at least is very obvious from it that the *Dschangariade*, in reference to the number of songs of which it consists, is unique of its kind. The extent of the separate songs, which exceed three or four times those of Homer, Tasso, and Milton, must increase our astonishment at the prodigious flights of the genius of Calmuc Poetry.

* ‘The last Vice Chan of the Calmucs, took the trouble of instructing his own Laureate, yet the scholar did not ever attain an ascendancy over his master. The former knew by heart but twenty, the latter, although he never sung them, more than twenty of the songs of *Dschangar*.’—BERGMANN.

‘Whosoever would give himself the trouble to search out among the various hordes the national singers of the Calmucs, would probably gather half a hundred rhapsodies on the banks of the Wolga alone; among the Chinese Torgots certainly still more would be brought to light.’

This long extract from Bergmann, will serve at once to show the extent and value of the information contained in the volumes, which he has devoted to the history of a race so little known, as the Calmuc Tartars. It would be easy to extend this introduction to their legendary stories to twice the length; we shall however content ourselves with a selection from the same source, of a few additional passages, illustrative of their superstitions and popular literature, and introduce from time to time, such further instances, as the nature and incidents of the various tales give rise to.

The Calmuc as a people are essentially superstitious, and they are so deeply imbued with this feeling, that it would require centuries to eradicate it. They are great observers of lucky and unlucky days, and there is a class of the Calmuc Priesthood whose sole business is the determining of such matters. Whole volumes of Calmuc books are devoted to the consideration of the pernicious influence of monsters, to auguries by the flight of birds, to the cries of beasts, and to the subject of human destiny. The most important of these are called *Altan Saba*, *Garriijn Jassool*, and *Biligiin Bitschill*. The study of these books and the application of the matters contained in them, furnish employment to the *Dsurchaitchi*, the peculiar order of Calmuc priests to whom we have just alluded.

All the birds of omen which are the subject of European

superstitions are not included in the Calmuc's catalogue of such matters; but they, on the other hand, have many, which are peculiar to themselves. The swan, the crane, and before all others, the unknown galipanga, holds especial rank among the Calmuc birds of augury. The crane is regarded as one of the most sacred birds, whom it is considered a sin to kill, because its head bears a resemblance to the shaven crown of a priest. The white mountain owl is, on the other hand, an object of antipathy; is shot, hacked to bits, and hung up as a charm to bring good luck to their hearths. But their most remarkable bird of omen, is the white mousing hawk. If the Calmucs, when on a journey, see this bird flying from their left to their right hand, they anticipate a successful issue to the affair in which they are engaged; if the flight be in the contrary direction, the reverse is looked for. The flamingo is a bird of ill omen; while the dove is by no means looked upon as sacred. It is considered a sign of coming misfortune, if a bird settles on the roof of a hut; serpents and many four-footed beasts are likewise included among the bad omens of the Calmucs.

It would be impossible to give all the items of this catalogue of weaknesses of the human mind; we will therefore content ourselves with enumerating a few more of the most remarkable instances of it. The Calmucs consider it a sin to sit in the threshold of a door. They will not allow any one to blow the flame of the fire backwards and forwards, to tread upon the hearth, or place their feet too near to the fire, for the fire is worshipped by them as a sort of deity, and the hearth is consequently looked upon as in the light of holy ground, moreover no one ever strikes the trevet.

The Calmucs consider it wrong to whistle during the seasons of autumn and winter, for such conduct would inevitably be followed by storms and heavy snow showers. Nor, during the same period of the year, do they deem it fitting to read any legends of their Gods of Terror, for thereby stormy weather would be produced, if not immediately afterwards, yet within a very short period. They believe, also, that if any one lights his pipe with a piece of paper, his death will surely ensue shortly afterwards.

And now, gentle reader, to the tales themselves, with what appetite you may.

LAYS AND LEGENDS.

Tartary.

1.—THE RELATIONS OF SSIDDI KUR.*

Glorified Nangasuna Garbi!† thou art radiant within and without, the holy vessel of sublimity, the fathomer of concealed thoughts, the second of instructors, I bow before thee. What wonderful adventures fell to the lot of Nangasuna, and to the peaceful wandering Chan, and how instructive and learned the Ssiddi will be found, all this is developed in thirteen pleasing narratives.

And I will first relate the origin of these tales :—

In the central kingdom of India there once lived seven brothers, who were magicians ; and one berren‡ further

* The word *Kur* signifies in the Mongolian language a dead person or corpse. *Ssiddi* is likewise called *Biddar*, and *Uekadal* which are synonymous with *Kur*.—B. [The notes marked B. are from BERGMANN.]

† It is not clearly defined who this *Nangasuna Garbi* is, but it would seem, in this instance, to imply a godlike nature, since he is called the second of instructors, that is, the next to the Supreme God, *Dschagdschamuni*.—B.

‡ A *berren*, as we learn from a Mongolian document (*Jartunntschun Tooli*) contains eight sound-distances (*Tassar Dousscho*) and one sound-distance, five hundred fathoms (*Aldan*.)

found two brothers, who were sons of a Chien. Now the eldest of these sons of the Chien turned himself to the magician, that he might learn their art; but although he studied under them for seven years, yet the magicians taught him not the true key to magic.

And once upon a time it happened, that the youngest brother going to bring food to the elder, peeped through the opening of the door, and observed the key to magic. Thereupon, without delivering to the elder the food which he had brought for him, he returned home to the Palace. Then said the younger son of the Chien to his brother, 'That we have learned magic, let us keep to ourselves; we have in the stable a beautiful horse. Take this horse, and ride not with him near the dwelling-place of the magicians, but sell the horse in their country, and bring back merchandise.'

And when he had said thus, he changed himself into a horse. But the elder son of the Chien heeded not the words of his brother, but said unto himself: 'Full seven years have I studied magic, and as yet have learned nothing. Where, then, has my younger brother found so beautiful a horse! And how can I refuse to ride thereon?'

With these words he mounted, but the horse being impelled by the power of magic was not to be restrained; galloped up to the dwelling-place of the magicians, and could not be got from the door. 'Well, then, I will sell the horse to the magicians.' Thus thinking to himself, the elder called out to the magicians, 'Saw ye ever a horse like unto this? My younger brother it was who found him.' At these words the magicians communed with one another, 'This is a magic horse; if magic grew at all common, there would be no wonderful art remaining. Let us, therefore, take this horse and slay him.'

The magicians paid the price demanded for the horse, and tied him in a stall; and that he might not escape out of their hands, they fastened him, ready for slaughter, by the head, by the tail, and by the feet. 'Ah!' thought the horse to himself, 'my elder brother harkened not unto me, and therefore am I fallen into such hands. What form shall I assume?' While the horse was thus considering, he saw a fish swim by him in the water, and immediately he changed himself into a fish.

But the seven magicians became seven herons,* and pursued the fish; and were on the point of catching it, when it looked up and beheld a dove in the sky, and thereupon transformed itself into a dove. The seven magicians now became seven hawks, and followed the dove over mountains and rivers, and would certainly have seized upon it, but the dove flying eastwards to the peaceful cave in the rock Gulumtschi, concealed itself in the bosom of Nangasuna Baktschi (the Instructor.) Then the seven hawks became seven beggars, and drew nigh unto the rock Gulumtschi.

'What may this import?' bethought the Baktschi to himself, 'that this dove has fled hither pursued by seven hawks?' Thus thinking, the Baktschi said, 'Wherefore, oh dove, fliest thou hither in such alarm?' Then the dove related to him the cause of his flight, and spake afterwards as follows:—'At the entrance to the rock Gulumtschi stand seven beggars, and they will come to the Baktschi and say, 'we pray thee give us the rosary of the Baktschi?'

* In the original, it is *Zacho*. The sense and interpretation agree that by this term a bird, and that, too, a bird of prey, must be understood—probably a heron.—B.

Then will I transform myself into the Bumba* of the rosary; let the Baktschi then vouchsafe to take this Bumba into his mouth and to cast the rosary from him.'

Hereupon the seven beggars drew nigh, and the Baktschi took the first bead into his mouth and the rest he cast from him. The beads which were cast away then became worms, and the seven beggars became fowls and ate up the worms. Then the Baktschi let the first bead fall from his mouth, and thereupon the first bead was transformed into a man with a sword in his hand. When the seven fowls were now slain and became human corpses, the Baktschi was troubled in his soul, and said these words, 'Through my having preserved one single man, have seven been slain. Of a verity this is not good.'

To these words the other replied, 'I am the son of a Chan. Since, therefore, through the preservation of my life, several others have lost their lives, I will, to cleanse me from my sins, and also to reward the Baktschi, execute whatsoever the Baktschi shall command me.' The Baktschi replied thereto, 'Now, then, in the cold Forest of Death there abides Ssidi Kur; the upper part of his body is decked with gold, the lower is of brass, his head is covered with silver. † Seize him and hold him fast. Whosoever finds this wonderful Ssidi Kur, him will I make for a thousand years, a man upon the earth.'

Thus spake he, and the youth, thereupon, began these

* The *Bumba* is the chief bead on the Calmuc rosary. B.

† The Calmucs have, however, another word for silver than that which is found in the original *Labai*, which, however, it is clear from other passages in his writing, must, at all events, mean some species of metal. B.

words : ‘ The way which I must take ; the food which I require ; the means which I must employ ; all these vouchsafe to make known unto me.’ To this the Baktschi replied, ‘ It shall be as thou demandest. At the distance of a berren from this place, you will come to a gloomy forest, through which you will find there runs only one narrow path. The place is full of spirits. When thou reachest the spirits they will throng around you ; then cry ye with a loud voice—Spirits, Chu lu chu lu ssochi !—And when thou hast spoken these words they will all be scattered like grain. When thou proceedest a little further, you will encounter a crowd of naked spirits, then cry ye—Naked spirits, Chu lu chu lu ssosi !—And a little further on you will behold a crowd of child-spirits ; say unto these—Child-spirits, Ri ra pa dra !—In the middle of this wood, sits Ssidi Kur, beside an amiri tree.* When he beholds you, he will climb up it, but you must take the moon-axe, with furious gestures, draw nigh unto the tree, and bid Ssidi Kur to descend. To bring him away, you will require this sack, which would hold a hundred men. To bind him fast, this hundred fathoms of checkered rope will serve you. This inexhaustible cake will furnish thee with provender for thy journey. When thou hast got thy load upon thy back, wander then on without speaking, until thou art returned home again. Thy name is Son of the Chan ; and since thou hast reached the peaceful rock, Gulumtschi, thou shalt be called the peaceful wandering Son of the Chan.’

Thus spake the Baktschi, and showed him the way of expiation. When Ssidi Kur beheld his pursuer, he speedily climbed up the amiri tree, but the Son of the

* *An unknown species of tree.* B

Chan drew nigh unto the foot of the tree, and spake with threatening words. 'My Baktachi is Nangasuna Garbi, mine ate is called the white moon, an inexhaustible cake is my provender. This sack, capable of holding a hundred men, will serve to carry thee away, this hundred fathoms of rope will serve to bind thee fast; I, myself, am the peaceful wandering Son of the Chan. Od's death, descend, or I will hew down the tree.'

Then spake Ssidi Kur, 'Do not hew down the tree, I will descend from it.'

And when he had descended, the Son of the Chan thrust him into the sack, tied the sack fast with the rope, ate of the butter-cake, and wandered forth many days with his burden. At length Ssidi Kur said to the Son of the Chan, 'Since our long journey is wearisome unto us, I will tell a story unto you, or do you relate one unto me.'

The son of the Chan kept on his way, however, without speaking a word, and Ssidi began afresh, 'If thou wilt tell a story, nod your head to me; if I shall relate one, then do you shake your head.'

But because the Son of the Chan shook his head from side to side without uttering a word, Ssidi began the following tale.

NOTE.—This preliminary narrative, which appears to have for its object the introduction of the machinery or plot, or, if we may so term it, the thread on which the stories are to be strung, does not recal to mind very forcibly any of the European contrivances for a similar purpose. The wonderful bird Ssidi—claims obviously some relationship with another celebrated [Indian story-teller—belonging to the feathered race, whose pleasant histories are probably

familiar to many of our readers, at least in a translated shape ; we allude of course to the parrot—of the “ Tooti Nameh.” How near the relationship may be, we leave to Oriental scholars to determine.

Of the transformations which the Son of the Chan and the Magicians undergo, the struggle of the good and evil principle, as it were, there exists many prototypes in Middle Age romance.

2.—OF THE ADVENTURES OF THE RICH YOUTH.

In former times there lived, in a great kingdom, a rich youth, a calculator, a mechanic, a painter, a physician, and a smith ; and they all departed from their parents and went forth into a foreign land. And when they at length arrived at the mouth of a great river, they planted, every one of them, a tree of life ; and each of them, following one of the sources of the river, they set forth to seek their fortunes. ‘ Here,’ said they to one another, ‘ here will we meet again. Should, however, any one of us be missing, and his tree of life be withered, we will search for him in the place whither he went to.’

Thus they agreed, and separated one from another. And the rich youth found at the source of the stream, which he had followed, a pleasure-garden with a house, in the entrance to which were seated an old man and an old woman. ‘ Good youth,’ exclaimed they both, ‘ whence comest thou—whither goest thou ?’ The youth replied, ‘ I come from a distant country, and am going to seek my fortune.’ And the old couple said unto him, ‘ It is well

thou hast come hither. We have a daughter, slender of shape and pleasant of behaviour. Take her, and be a son unto us.'

And when they had so spoken, the daughter made her appearance; and when the youth beheld her, he thought unto himself, 'It is well I left my father and my mother. This maiden is more beauteous than a daughter of the Tángári.* I will take the maiden and dwell here.' And the maiden said, 'Youth, it is well that thou camest here.' Thereupon they conversed together, went together into the house, and lived peacefully and happily.

Now, over the same country, there reigned a mighty Chan. And once in the spring-time, when his servants went forth together to bathe, they found, near the mouth of the river, in the water, a pair of costly ear-rings, which belonged to the wife of the rich youth. Because therefore these jewels were so wondrously beautiful, they carried them to the Chan, who, being greatly surprised thereat, said unto his servants—'Dwells there at the source of the river a woman, such as these belong to? Go, and bring her unto me.'

The servants went accordingly, beheld the woman and were amazed at the sight. 'This woman,' said they to one another, 'one should never tire of beholding.' But to the woman they said, 'Arise! and draw nigh with us unto the Chan.'

Hereupon the rich youth conducted his wife to the presence of the Chan; but the Chan, when he beheld her,

* The Tángári are god-like spirits, of the male and female sex. Their nature will be more fully disclosed in the course of the following pages.—B.

exclaimed, 'This maiden is a Tângâri. Compared with her, my wives are but as whelps and sows.'

Thus spake he, and was so smitten with love for her, that he would not let her depart from his house. But as she remained true and faithful to the rich youth, the Chan said unto his servants, 'Remove this rich youth instantly out of my sight.'

At these commands the servants went forth, taking with them the rich youth, whom they led to the water, laid him in a pit by the side of the stream, covered him with a huge fragment of the rock, and thus slew him.

At length, it happened that the other wanderers returned from all sides, each to his tree of life; and when the rich youth was missed, and they saw that his tree of life was withered, they sought him up the source of the river which he had followed, but found him not. Hereupon the reckoner discovered, by his calculations, that the rich youth was lying dead under a piece of the rock; but as they could by no means remove the stone, the smith took his hammer, smote the stone, and drew out the body. Then the physician mixed a life-inspiring draught, gave the same to the dead youth, and so restored him to life.

As they now demanded of him whom they had recalled to life, 'In what manner wert thou slain?' he accordingly related unto them the circumstances; and they communed one with another, saying 'Let us snatch this extraordinarily beautiful woman from the possession of the Chan!' Thereupon the mechanic constructed a wooden Gerudin, or wonderful bird, which, when moved upwards from within, ascended into the air; when moved downwards, descended into the earth; when moved sideways, flew sideways accordingly. When this was done, the

painter painted it with different colours, so that it was pleasant to behold.

Then the rich youth seated himself within the wooden bird, flew through the air, and hovered over the roof of the royal mansion; and the Chan and his servants were astonished at the form of the bird, and said, 'A bird like unto this we never before saw or heard of.' And to his wife, the Chan said, 'Go ye to the roof of the palace, and offer food of different kinds unto this strange bird.' And when she went up to offer food, the bird descended, and the rich youth opened the door which was in the bird. Then said the wife of the Chan, full of joy, 'I had never hoped or thought to have seen thee again, yet now have I found thee once more. This has been accomplished by this wonderful bird.' After the youth had related to her all that had happened, he said unto her, 'Thou art now the wife of the Chan—but if your heart now yearns unto me, step ye into this wooden gerudin, and we will fly hence through the air, and for the future know care no more.'

After these words the wife said, 'To the first husband to whom destiny united me, am I inclined more than ever.' Thus spake they, entered into the wooden gerudin, and ascended into the sky. The Chan beheld this, and said—'Because I sent thee up that thou mightest feed this beautiful bird, thou hast betaken thyself to the skies.' Thus spake he full of anger, and threw himself weeping on the ground.

The rich youth now turned the peg in the bird downwards, and descended upon the earth close to his companions. And when he stepped forth out of the bird, his companions asked him, 'Hast thou thoroughly accomplished all that thou didst desire?' Thereupon his wife

also stepped forth, and all who beheld her were inflamed with a burning passion for her. 'You, my companions,' said the rich youth, 'have brought help unto me; you have awakened me from death; you have afforded me the means of once more finding my wife. Do not, I beseech you, rob me of my charmer once again.'

Thus spake he; and the calculator began with these words:—'Had I not discovered by my calculation where thou wert lying, thou would'st never have recovered thy wife. Give, then, thy wife unto me.'

'In vain,' said the smith, 'would the calculations have been, had I not drawn thee out of the rock. By means of the shattered rock it was that you obtained your wife. Then your wife belongs to me.'

'A body,' said the physician, 'was drawn from out of the shattered rock. That this body was restored to life, and recovered his former wife, it was my skill accomplished it. I, therefore, should take the wife.'

'But for the wooden bird,' said the mechanic, 'no one would ever have reached the wife. A numerous host attend upon the Chan; no one can approach the house wherein he resides. Through my wooden bird alone was the wife recovered. Let me, then, possess her.'

'The wife,' said the painter, 'never would have carried food to a wooden bird; therefore, it was only through my skill in painting that she was recovered. I, therefore, claim her.'

And when they had thus spoken, they drew their knives and slew one another.

'Alas! poor woman!' exclaimed the Son of the Chan: and Ssidi said, 'Ruler of Destiny, thou hast spoken

words.—*Ssarwala missbrod jackzang!** Thus spake he, and burst from the sack through the air.

Thus Ssidi's first Tale treated of the Adventures of the Rich Youth.

NOTE.—This story is somewhat curious to the English reader—for the scene is laid in Tartary, and the principal incident turns upon an artificial bird, the *gerudin*, like the brazen steed of which we read in CHAUCER's wild and wondrous tale of Cambuscan, who dwelled

“At Sarra, in the londe of Tartarie.”

The directions for the management of the brazen horse strongly resemble those given for the conduct of the Gerudin.

“This hors anon gan for trip and daunce
 Whan that the knight laid hond up on his rein,
 And saide, Sire, ther n' is no more to sein,
 But whan you list to riden any where,
 Ye moten trill a pin, stant in his ere,
 Which I shall tellen you betwixt us two,
 Ye moten nempe him to what place also
 Or to what countree that you list to ride.
 And when ye come ther, as you list abide,
 Bid him descend, and trill another pin,
 (For therin lieth the effect of all the gin.)
 And he wol down descend, and dou your will,
 And in that place he wol abiden still.

* Indian words, by means of which the Burchanish hero of this history effected his escape from the sack.

Though all the world had the contrary swore,
 He shal not thennes be drawe ne be bore.
 Or if you list to bid him thennes gow
 Trille this pin, and he wol vanish anow
 Out of the sight of every maner wight,
 And come agen, be it by day or night,
 Whan that you list to clepen him again
 In swiche a guise, as I shal to you sain
 Betwixen you an me, and that ful sone,
 Ride whan you list there n'is no more to done."

The descent of the Gerudin on to the roof of the royal mansion, bears a still closer resemblance to that incident in the romance of *CLEOMADES*, where the prince alights from his wooden horse on the leads of the lofty tower, the palace of Cornuant, king of Tuscany. See *KNIGHTLEY'S Tales and Popular Fictions* for an abstract of this romance, which, as that gentleman very properly says, is the Enchanted Horse of the *Arabian Nights*, and of course "transmitted from the East." There can be no doubt of the accuracy of this opinion, and we believe not only this to have been transmitted from that cradle of the human race, but that much more has been derived from that source, than even the avowed believers of the Oriental Origin of Fiction immediately suspect.

Mr. *KNIGHTLEY* (*loco citato*) has discussed the subject of Enchanted Horses so fully, that we may well be spared the necessity of making further remarks upon the subject. He asks, however, where did *CHAUCER* get the tale?—and answers with every probability—"from Marco Polo." Be that as it may, it is a fact curious to all enquirers into the history and transmission of Popular Fic-

tions, and gratifying to all lovers of the witty, humorous, and pathetic Father of English Poetry, that he has laid the scene of his story of "this stede of bras," in Tartary, and that we should now discover a legend of that country, in which there exists an aerial charger so strikingly similar.

2.—THE ADVENTURES OF THE BEGGAR'S SON.

When the Son of the Chan arrived as before at the cold Forest of Death, he exclaimed with threatening gestures at the foot of the Amiri tree, 'Thou dead one, descend, or I will hew down the tree.' Ssidi descended. The Son of the Chan placed him in the sack, bound the sack fast with the rope, ate of his provender, and journeyed forth with his burthen. Then spake the dead one these words, 'Since we have a long journey before us, do you relate a pleasant story by the way, or I will do so.' But the Son of the Chan merely shook his head without speaking a word. Whereupon Ssidi commenced the following tale :—

A long long time ago there was a mighty Chan who was ruler over a country, full of market places. At the source of the river which ran through it there was an immense marsh, and in this marsh there dwelt two crocodile-frogs, who would not allow the water to run out of the marsh.—And because there came no water over their fields, every year, did both the good and the bad have cause to mourn, until such times as a man had been given to the frogs for *the frogs* to devour. And at length the lot fell upon the

Chan himself to be an offering to them, and needful as he was to the welfare of the kingdom, denial availed him not ; therefore, father and son communed sorrowfully together, saying—‘ Which of us two shall go ?’

‘ I am an old man,’ said the father, ‘ and shall leave no one to lament me. I will go therefore. Do you remain here, my son, and reign according as it is appointed.

‘ Oh, Tāngâri,’ exclaimed the son, ‘ verily this is not as it should be. Thou hast brought me up with care, oh my father. If the Chan and the wife of the Chan remain, what need is there of their son ? I then will go, and be as a feast for the frogs.’

Thus spake he, and the people walked sorrowfully round about him, * and then betook themselves back again. Now the Son of the Chan had for his companion, the son of a poor man, and he went to him and said, ‘ Walk ye according to the will of your parents, and remain at home in peace and safety. I am going, for the good of the kingdom, to serve as a sacrifice to the frogs.’ At these words the son of the poor man said, weeping and lamenting, ‘ From my youth up, oh, Chan, thou hast carefully fostered me. I will go with thee, and share thy fate.’

Then they both arose and went unto the frogs ; and on the verge of the marsh they heard the yellow frog and the blue frog conversing with one another. And the frogs said, ‘ If the Son of the Chan and his companion did but know that if they only smote off our heads with the sword, and the Son of the Chan consumed me, the yellow frog, and the son of

* This walking round is performed by the Lamites, as a religious act. The people regarded the Chan’s son who offered himself as a sacrifice for the general good, as a sort of deified spirit. B.

the poor man consumed thee, the blue frog—they would both vomit gold and brass ; then would the country be no longer compelled to find food for frogs.'

Now, because the Son of the Chan understood all sorts of languages, he comprehended the discourse of the frogs, and he and his companion smote the heads of the frogs with their swords ; and when they had devoured the frogs, they vomited gold and brass at their heart's pleasure. Then said the wanderers, ' The frogs are both slain—the course of the waters will be hemmed in no more. Let us then turn back unto our own country.' But the Son of the Chan agreed not to this, and said, ' Let us not turn back unto our own country, lest they say they are become spirits ; therefore, it is better that we journey farther.'

As they thereupon were walking over a mountain, they came to a tavern, in which dwelt two women, beautiful to behold—mother and daughter. Then said they, ' We would buy strong liquor that we might drink.' The women replied, ' What have ye to give in exchange for strong liquor ?' Thereupon each of them vomited forth gold and brass, and the women found pleasure therein, admitted them into their dwelling, gave them liquor in abundance, made them drunk, took from them what they had, and then turned the drunkards out of doors.

Now when they awoke, the Son of the Chan and his companion travelled along a river, and arrived in a wood, where they found a parcel of children quarrelling one with another. ' Wherefore' enquired they, ' do you thus dispute ?'

' We have' said the children, ' found a cap in this wood, and every one desires to possess it.'

' Of what use is the cap ?'

‘ The cap has this wonderful property, that whosoever places it on his head, can be seen neither by the Tângari, nor men, nor the Tschadkurrs.’ *

‘ Now go all of ye to the end of the forest and run hither, and I will in the meanwhile keep the cap, and give it to the first of you who reaches me.’ Thus spake the Son of the Chan, and the children ran, but they found not the cap, for it was upon the head of his companions. ‘ Even now it was here,’ said they, ‘ and now it is gone.’ And after they had sought for it, but without finding it, they went away weeping.

And the Son of the Chan and his companion travelled onwards, and at last they came to a forest in which they found a body of Tschadkurrs quarrelling one with another, and said, ‘ Wherefore do ye thus quarrel one with another?’

‘ I,’ exclaimed each of them, ‘ have made myself master of these boots.’

‘ Of what use are these boots?’ enquired the Son of the Chan.

‘ He who wears these boots,’ replied the Tschadkurrs, ‘ is conveyed to any country wherein he wishes himself.’

‘ Now,’ answered the Son of the Chan, ‘ go all of you that way, and he who first runs hither shall obtain the boots.’

And the Tschadkurrs, when they heard these words, ran as they were told; but the Son of the Chan had concealed the boot in the bosom of his companion, and who had the cap upon his head. And the Tschadkurrs saw the boots no more; they sought them in vain, and went their way.

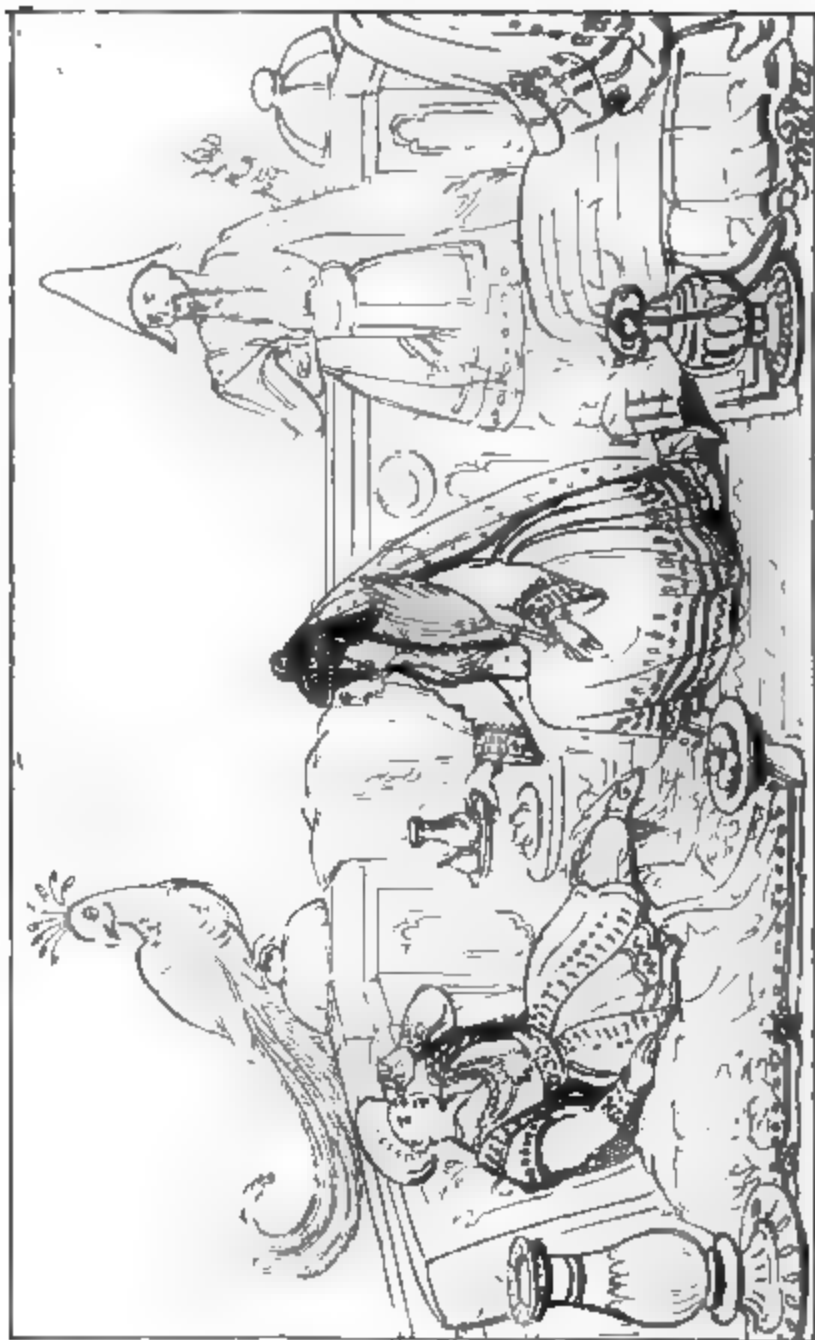
* Evil spirits. B,

And when they were gone, the prince and his companion drew on each of them one of the boots, and they wished themselves near the place of election in a Chan kingdom. They wished their journey, laid themselves down to sleep, and on their awakening in the morning they found themselves in the hollow of a tree, right in the centre of the imperial place of election. It was, moreover, a day for the assembling of the people, to throw a Baling, under the guidance of the Tângâri. 'Upon whose head ever the Baling falls, he shall be our Chan.' Thus spake they as they threw it up; but the tree caught the Baling of Destiny. 'What means this?' exclaimed they all with one accord. 'Shall we have a tree for our Chan?'

'Let us examine,' cried they one to another, 'whether the tree concealeth any stranger.' And when they approached the tree, the Son of the Chan and his companion stepped forth. But the people stood yet in doubt, and said to one another, thus:—'Whosoever ruleth over the people of this land, this shall be decided to-morrow morning by what proceedeth from their mouths.' And when they had thus spoken, they all took their departure.

On the following morning some drank water, and what they threw from their mouths was white; others ate grass, and what they threw up was green. In short, one threw up one thing—and another, another thing. But because the Son of the Chan and his companion vomited gold and brass, the people cried, 'Let the one be Chan of this people—let the other be his Minister.' Thus were they nominated Chan and Minister! And the daughter

* A sacred figure of dough or paste, mostly in the shape of pyramid.



"He had himself on the silken coverlets & fed of the dainties"

of the former Chan was appointed the wife of the new Chan.

Now in the neighbourhood of the palace, wherein the Chan dwelled, was a lofty building whither the wife of the Chan betook herself every day. 'Wherefore,' thought the Minister, 'does the wife of the Chan betake herself to this spot every day?' Thus thinking, he placed the wonderful cap upon his head, and followed the Chan's wife through the open doors, up one step after another, up to the roof. Here the wife of the Chan gathered together silken coverlets and pillows, made ready various drinks and delicate meats, and burnt for their perfume tapers and frankincense. The Minister being concealed by his cap, which made him invisible, seated himself by the side of the Chan's wife, and looked around on every side.

Shortly afterwards a beautiful bird swept through the sky. The wife of the Chan received him with fragrance-giving tapers. The bird seated himself upon the roof and twittered with a pleasing voice; but out of the bird came Solangdu, the Son of the Tângâri, whose beauty was incomparable, and he laid himself on the silken coverlets and fed of the dainties prepared for him. Then spake the Son of the Tângâri, 'Thou hast passed this morning with the husband whom thy fate has allotted to thee. What thinkest thou of him?' The wife of the Chan answered, 'I know too little of the prince to speak of his good qualities or his defects.' Thus passed the day, and the wife of the Chan dressed herself in her usual clothes and returned home again.

On the following day the Minister followed the wife of the Chan as he had done before, and heard the son of the Tângâri say unto her, 'To-morrow I will come like a bird

of Paradise, * to see thine husband.' And the wife of the Chan, said, ' Be it so.'

The day passed over, and the Minister said to the Chan, ' In yonder palace lives Solangdu, the beauteous son of the Tângâri.' The Minister then related all that he had witnessed, and said, ' To-morrow, early, the son of the Tângâri will seek thee, disguised like a bird of Paradise. I will seize the bird by the tail, and cast him into the fire ; but you must smite him in pieces with the sword.'

On the following morning, the Chan and the wife of the Chan were seated together, when the son of the Tângâri, transformed into a bird of Paradise, appeared before them on the steps that led to the palace. The wife of the Chan greeted the bird with looks expressive of pleasure, but the Minister who had on his invisible-making cap, seized the bird suddenly by the tail, and cast him into the fire. And the Chan smote at him violently with his sword ; but the wife of the Chan seized the hand of her husband, so that only the wings of the bird were scorched. ' Alas, poor bird !' exclaimed the wife of the Chan, as half dead it made its way, as well as it could, through the air.

On the next morning the wife of the Chan went as usual to the lofty building, and this time too did the Minister follow her. She collected together, as usual, the silken pillows, but waited longer than she was wont, and sat watching

* It is a mere supposition, founded upon the subsequent proceedings of the minister, with regard to this bird, that the bird of Paradise is implied by the *Bultschimar* of the original. I have nothing to oppose, should any other translator think proper to interpret it as meaning a different species. The Kalmucks merely know that by the *Bultschimar* is meant a very beautiful bird which is found in India.—B.

with staring eyes. At length the bird approached with a very slow flight, and came down from the bird-house covered with blood and wounds, and the wife of the Chan wept at the sight. 'Weep not,' said the son of the Tângâri, 'Thine husband has a heavy hand. The fire has so scorched me that I can never come more.'

Thus spoke he, and the wife of the Chan replied, 'Do not say so, but come as you are wont to do, at least come on the day of the full moon.' Then the son of the Tângâri, flew up to the sky again, and the wife of the Chan began from that time to love her husband with her whole heart.

Then the Minister placed his wonderful cap upon his head, and drawing near to a pagoda he saw, through the crevice of the door, a man, who spread out a figure of an ass, rolled himself over and over upon the figure, there-upon took upon himself the form of an ass, and ran up and down braying like one. Then he began rolling afresh, and appeared in his human form. At last he folded up the paper, and placed it in the hand of a burchan.* And when the man came out, the Minister went in, procured the paper, and remembering the ill-treatment which he had formerly received, he went to the mother and daughter who had sold him the strong liquor, and said with crafty words, 'I am come to you to reward you for your good deeds.' With these words, he gave the women three pieces of gold; and the women asked him, saying, 'Thou art indeed an honest man, but where did you procure so much gold?' Then the Minister answered, 'By merely rolling backwards and forwards over this paper did I procure this gold.' On hearing these words, the women said

* *Burchan*, a Calmuc Idol.

‘Grant us that we, too, may roll upon it.’ And they did so, and were changed into asses. And the Minister brought the asses to the Chan; and the Chan said, ‘Let them be employed in carrying stones and earth.’

Thus spake he: and for three years were these two asses compelled to carry stones and earth; and their backs were sore wounded, and covered with blood and bruises. Then saw the Chan their eyes filled with tears, and he said to the Minister, ‘Torment the poor brutes no longer.’

Thereupon they rolled upon the paper, and after they had done so they were changed to two shrivelled women.

‘Poor creatures!’ exclaimed the Son of the Chan. Ssidi replied, ‘Ruler of Destiny, thou hast spoken words: Ssarwala missdood jakzank!’ Thus spake he, and flew out of the sack through the air.

And Ssidi’s second relation treats of the adventures of the Poor Man’s Son.

NOTE.—In this relation of the wondrous bird, we meet with abundant matter coincident with the fictions of Europe. The crocodile-frogs are clearly connected with the enchanted frogs of Scotch and German story. In the former (related by Dr. LEYDEN, in his edition of the *Complaint of Scotland*,) the maiden is not allowed to draw water from the well until she has betrothed herself to the Frog-Prince. The German legend will be inserted in the forthcoming part of this work, relating to Germany.

We are not told in what manner the son of the Chan acquired his knowledge of the language of the frogs, but it is a circumstance deserving of remark, that in CHAUCER’S Tartarian Tale, to which we have before referred, mention is made of a ring bestowing such knowledge upon the wearer.

" The vertue of this ring, if ye wol here,
 Is this, that if hire list it for to were
 Upon hire thombe, or in hire purse it bere,
 There is no fowl that flieth under heven,
 That she ne shal wel understond his steven," &c.

The Cap of Darkness and Shoes of Swiftmess, which form such striking features in the present tale, are matters for fuller investigation than our limits will admit of. The reader will already have seen in the *LAYS AND LEGENDS OF GERMANY*, (p. 68,) how Siegfried's life was preserved from the fury of Kuperan, by the dwarf Eugleyne, who placed a cap of darkness (or cloud-cap) on his head. Again in the "*Nibelungen*" we are told that Siegfried, when attacked by the dwarf Alberick and his pigmy army, "chased them into a cave, and took from Alberick the magic *tarn-cap*;"* and in the "*Heldenbuch*" Dietrich, when nearly overpowered by Laurin, (whose ring and girdle endowed him with super-human strength and whose *Hel-Keplein* (little cloak of concealment) rendered him invisible) was saved by breaking the dwarf's girdle, smiting off his ring, (and his finger with it) and pulling off his *Hel-Keplein*.

Much more on the subject of these *Mist-caps*, which are important objects in the *LEGENDS OF ANCIENT ROME*, of *FRANCE* and *IRELAND*, may be seen in the third volume of CROFTON CROKER's *Fairy Legends*.

A quotation from SIR FRANCIS PALGRAVE's amusing article in

* Properly, cloak (kappe.) In Jack the Giant Killer, (by some supposed the northern Thor, but who is clearly a far more ancient, important, and actual personage, and of whom more anon) the garment which renders the wearer invisible is the COAT.

the 21st vol. of the Quarterly Review, will furnish a profitable substitute to the reader for any observations I could offer on the subject of the Shoes of Swiftmess.

“ Jack’s shoes of swiftmess were once worn by Loke, when he escaped from Valhalla. In the Calmuc Romance of Seidi Kur, the Chan steals a similar pair of seven league boots from the Tschadkurrs, or evil spirits, by means of the cap, which made him invisible, which he won from certain quarrelling children or dwarfs, whom he encountered in the middle of a forest. *Are these mere accidental coincidences between the superstitions and fictions of the followers of Buddha and of those of Odin?*”

The amour of Solangdu, the beauteous son of the Tangari, with the wife of the Chan, resembles exactly the commencement of the Lai d’Ywenec, see ROQUEFORT, *Poesies de Marie de France*, T. i. p. 273, et seq., which MADAME D’AULNOY has converted into a thorough French fairy tale, under the title of L’Oiseau Bleu.

One more allusion to parallel myths, and we have done. The transformation into asses, of the woman and her daughter, as a punishment for making the Chan drunk, and then robbing him, and their sufferings from the loads they were doomed to carry, are analogous to the metamorphosis and sufferings of Apuleius.

4.—OF THE ADVENTURES OF MASSANG.

When the Son of the Chan arrived at the foot of the Amiri tree and spoke as he had formerly done, Ssidi approached him, suffered himself to be placed in the sack, fastened with the rope and carried away ;—as before, too, spoke Ssidi. But the Son of the Chan shook his head, whereupon Ssidi began as follows:—

A long time ago, there lived in a certain country, a poor man, who had nothing in the world but one cow, and because there was no chance of the cow's calving, he was sore grieved and said, 'If my cow does not have a calf, I shall have no more milk, and must then die of hunger and thirst.'*

But when a certain number of moons had passed, the cow gave birth to a man with horns, and with a long tail like a cow. And at the sight of this monster, the owner of the beast was filled with vexation, and he lifted up his staff to kill him; but the horned man said, 'Kill me not, father, and your mercy shall be rewarded.'

And with these words he retreated into the depth of a forest, and there he found among the trees a man of sable hue. 'Who art thou?' enquired Massang the horned. 'I was born of the forest,' was the reply; 'and am called Iddar. I will follow thee whithersoever thou goest.'

* So sprach er und vertrat selbst die Stelle des Stiers. (Die stelle ist im Original mit mehr deutlichkeit als in der Uebersung ausgedruckt.—B.

that there will be any left?' And having thus considered, he said to the old woman, 'Old woman, before thou tastest food, fetch me some water.' Thus spoke he, giving her, a bucket of which the bottom was drilled full of holes, to fetch water in. When the old woman was gone, Massang looked after her, and found that the span-high old woman reaching up to the skies, drew the bucket full of water again and again, but that none of the water remained in it. While she was thus occupied, Massang peeped into the little sack which she carried on her shoulders, and took out of it a coil of rope, an iron hammer, and a pair of iron pinchers, and put in their place some very rotten cords, a wooden hammer and wooden pinchers.

He had scarcely done so, before the old woman returned, saying, 'I cannot draw water in your bucket. If you will now not give me a little of your food to taste, let us try our strength against each other.' Then the old woman drew forth the coil of rotten cords, and bound Massang with them, but Massang put forth his strength and burst the cords asunder. But when Massang had bound the old woman with her own coil, and deprived her of all power of motion, she said unto him, 'Herein thou hast gotten the victory; now let us pinch each other with the pinchers.' Whereupon Massang nipped hold of a piece of the old woman's flesh as big as one's head, and tore it forcibly from her breast. 'Indeed, youth,' cried the old woman, sighing, 'but thou hast gotten a hand of stone; now let us hammer away at each other!' So saying, she smote Massang with the wooden hammer on his breast, but the hammer flew from the handle, and Massang was left without a wound. Then drew Massang the iron hammer out of the fire, and smote the old woman with

it in such wise that she fled from the hut, crying, and covered with blood.

Shortly after this, the three companions returned home, and said to Massang, 'Now, Massang, thou hast surely had something to suffer?' But Massang replied, 'Ye are all cowardly fellows and have uttered lies; I have paid off the old woman. Arise and let us follow her.'

At these words they arose, followed her by the traces of her blood, and at length reached a gloomy pit, in a rock. At the bottom of this pit there were ten double circular pillars, and on the ground lay the corpse of the old woman, among gold, brass and armour, and other costly things. 'Will you three descend,' said Massang, 'and then pack together the costly things, and I will draw them up, or I will pack them and you shall draw them out.' But the three companions said, 'We will not go down into the cavern, for of a verity the old woman is a Schumnu (a witch).' But Massang, without being dispirited, allowed himself to be let down into the cavern, and collected the valuables, which were then drawn forth by his companions. Then his companions spoke with one another, saying, 'If we draw forth Massang, he will surely take all these treasures to himself. It were better then that we should carry away these treasures, and leave Massang behind in the cavern.'

When Massang noticed that his three companions treated him thus ungratefully, he looked about the cavern in search of food, but between the pillars he found nothing but some pieces of bark. Thereupon Massang planted the bark in the earth, nourished them as best he might, and said, 'If I am a true Massang, then from this

bark let there grow forth three great trees. If I am not, then shall I die here in this pit.'

After these enchanting words he laid himself down near the corse of the old woman, but from his impure contact with the corse he slept for many years. When he awoke he found three great trees which reached to the mouth of the pit. Joyfully clambered he up and betook himself to the hut, which was in the neighbourhood. But, because there was no longer any one to be found therein, he took his iron bow and his arrows and set forth in search of his companions. These had built themselves houses and taken wives. 'Where are your husbands?' enquired Massang of their wives. 'Our husbands are gone to the chase,' replied they. Then Massang took arrow and bow and set forth. His companions were returning from the chase with venison, and when they beheld Massang with arrow and bow, they cried, as with one accord, 'Thou art the well skilled one! take thou our wives and property, we will now wander forth further.' At these words Massang said, 'Your behaviour was certainly not what it should have been; but I am going to reward my father—live on, therefore, as before.'

By the way Massang discovered a brook, and out of the brook arose a beauteous maiden. The maiden went her way, and flowers arose after the footsteps of the maiden. Massang followed the maiden until he arrived in heaven, and when he was arrived there, Churmusta* Tāngāri said unto him, 'It is well that thou art come hither, Massang. We have daily to fight with the

* The Protector of the Earth.—B.

host of Schumnu, (witches.) To-morrow look around ; after to-morrow be companion unto us.'

On the following day, when the white host were sore pressed by the black, Churmusta spake unto Massang, ' The white host are the host of the Tângâri, the black are the host of the Schumnu. To day the Tângâri will be pressed by the Schumnu. Draw therefore thy bow, and send an arrow into the eye of the leader of the black host.' Then Massang aimed at the eye of the leader of the black host, and smote him, so that he fled with a mighty cry. Then spake Churmusta to Massang, ' Thy deed is deserving of reward, henceforward dwell with us for ever.' But Massang replied, ' I go to reward my father.'

Hereupon Churmusta presented to Massang, Dschindamani, the wonder-stone of the Gods, and said unto him, ' By a narrow circuitous path you will reach the cave of the Schumnu. Go without fear or trembling therein. Knock at the door and say, I am the human physician. They will then lead thee to the Shumnu Chan that you may draw out the arrow from his eyes ; then lay hands upon the arrow, scatter seven sorts of grain towards heaven, and drive the arrow yet deeper into his head.'

Thus spake Churmusta, authoritatively, and Massang obeyed his commands ; reached without erring, the cavern of the Schumnu, and knocked at the door. ' What hast thou learned ?' enquired the woman. ' I am a physician,' answered Massang, and was conducted into the dwelling, examined the wound of the Chan, and laid hands upon the arrow. ' Already,' said the Chan, ' my wound feels better.' But Massang suddenly drove the arrow further into the head, scattered the seven grains towards heaven, and a chain fell clattering from heaven down to the earth.

But while Massang was preparing to lay hands upon the chain, the Schumnu woman smote him with an iron hammer upon the middle of his body, with such force, that from the blow there sprung forth seven stars.

‘Then,’ said the Son of the Chan, ‘he was not able to reward his father.’

‘Ruler of Destiny, thou hast spoken words! Ssarwala missdood jonkzang.’ Thus spake Ssidi, and burst from the sack through the air.

Thus Ssidi’s third relation treats of the adventures of Massang.

NOTE.—Massang’s adventure in the hut with the old woman, has its counterpart in German tradition. The story of the *Mannikin and the three Princesses*, in *LAYS AND LEGENDS OF GERMANY*, p. 49, contains an incident precisely similar. In the same tale there is likewise another curious coincidence with the present one; that of the youngest brother being abandoned by his brethren when he descended into the well, in the same manner that Massang is left by his associates to perish in the cave of the Schumnu. Can this coincidence be accidental?

In STANYHURST’S translation of *Giraldus Cambiensis*, Bk. ii. Ch. 16, (printed in *HOLINGSHED’S Chronicle*,) is an account of a being, born in Ireland, similar to Massang, having ‘the bodie of a man, but all the extreme parts of an oxe.’

5.—OF THE MAGICIAN WITH THE SWINE'S HEAD.

When the Son of the Chan had, as before, seized upon Ssidi, and was carrying him away, Ssidi spoke as formerly, but the Son of the Chan shook his head, without uttering a word, and Ssidi began the following relation :—

A long while since there lived, in a happy country, a man and a woman. But the man had many bad qualities, and cared for nothing but eating, drinking, and sleeping. At last his wife said unto him, ‘By thy mode of life thou hast wasted all thine inheritance. Arise thee then now from thy bed, and while I am in the fields, go ye out and look about you.’

As he, therefore, according to these words, was looking about him, he saw a multitude of people pass behind the Pagoda with their herds; and birds, foxes, and dogs crowding and noising together around a particular spot. Thither he went, and there found a bladder of butter; so he took it home and placed it on the shelf. When his wife returned and saw the bladder of butter, she asked, ‘Where found ye this bladder of butter?’ To this he replied, ‘I did according to your word, and found this.’ Then said the woman, ‘He who stays always at home, finds nothing. Thou went out but for an instant, and hast already found thus much.’

Then the man determined to display his abilities, and said, ‘Procure me then a horse, and some clothes, and a

blood-hound.' The wife provided them accordingly; and the man taking with him, besides these, his bow, cap, and mantel, seated himself on horseback, led the hound in a leash, and rode forth at random. After he had crossed over several rivers he espied a fox, 'Ah!' thought he, 'that would serve my wife for a cap.'

So saying, he pursued the fox, and when the fox fled into a hamster's hole, the man got off his horse, placed his bow, arrows, and clothes upon the saddle, fastened the blood-hound to the bridle, and covered the mouth of the hole with his cap. The next thing he did, was to take a large stone, and hammer over the hole with it; this frightened the fox, who ran out and fled with the cap upon its head. The hound followed the fox, and drew the horse along with him, so that they both vanished in an instant, and the man was left without any clothes.

After he had turned back a long way, naked as he was, he reached the country of a mighty Chan, entered the stable of the Chan, and concealed himself in a stack of hay, so that merely his eyes were left uncovered. Not long afterwards, the beloved of the Chan was walking out, and wishing to look at a favourite horse, she approached close to the hay-rick, placed the talisman of life of the Chan's kingdom before him, left it there, and returned back to the palace without once recollecting it. The man saw the wonderful stone, but was too lazy to pick it up. At sunset a cow passing the spot, covered it, in a way, which need not be more fully particularized; and some time afterwards a servant came, cleansed the place, and the wonderful stone was cast upon the dung-heap.

On the following day the people were informed, by the beating of the kettle-drums, that the beloved of the Chan

had lost the wonderful stone. At the same time, all the magicians and soothsayers, and interpreters of signs, were summoned and questioned upon the subject. On hearing this, the man in the hay-rick crept out as far as his breast, and when the people thronged around him, and asked, 'What hast thou learned?' he replied, 'I am a magician.' On hearing these words they exclaimed, 'Because the wondrous stone of the Chan is missing, all the magicians in the country are summoned to appear before him. Do you then draw nigh unto the Chan.' But the man said, 'I have no clothes.' Hereupon the whole crowd hastened to the Chan, and announced unto him thus, 'In the hay-rick there lieth a naked magician. This magician would draw nigh unto you, had he but fitting clothes to appear in.' The Chan said, 'Send unto him this robe of cloth, and let him approach.' It was done.

The man was fetched, and after he had bowed down before the Chan, he was asked what he needed for the performance of his magic charms? To this question he replied, 'For the performance of my magic charms, it is needful that I should have the head of a swine, some cloths of five colours, and a large baling.*

When all these things were prepared, the magician deposited the swine's head at the foot of a tree, dressed it with the cloths of five colours, fastened on the large baling, and passed the whole of three nights in contemplative meditation. On the day appointed, all the people assembled, and the magician having put on a great *durga*, (cloak) placed himself, with the swine's head in his hand, in the street. When they were all assembled together, the magician

* *Baling*.—See note, page 32.

showing the swine's head, said 'Here not and there not.' All were gladdened at hearing these words. 'Because, therefore,' said the magician, 'the wonderful stone is not to be found among the people, we must seek for it elsewhere.'

With these words, the magician still holding the swine's head in his hand, drew nigh unto the palace, and the Chan and his attendants followed him, singing songs of rejoicing. When, at last, the magician arrived at the dung-heap, he stood suddenly still, and exclaimed, 'There lies the wonderful stone!' Then, first removing some of the dung, he drew forth the stone and cleansed it. 'Thou art a mighty magician,' joyfully exclaimed all who beheld it.— 'Thou art the master of magic with the swine's head. Lift up thyself that thou mayest receive thy reward.' And the Chan said, 'Thy reward shall be whatsoever thou wilt.' But the magician, who thought only of the property he had lost, said, 'Give unto me a horse, with saddle and bridle, a bow and arrows, a cap, a mantel, a hound, and a fox. Such things give unto me.' At these words the Chan exclaimed, 'This man is indeed very wonderful!' But to his ministers the Chan said, 'Give him all that he desireth.' And this was done, and the magician returned home with all that he desired, and with two elephants, one carrying meat and the other butter.

And his wife met him close to his dwelling, with brandy for him to drink, and said, 'Now, indeed, thou art become a mighty man.' Thereupon they went into the house, and when they had laid themselves down to sleep, the wife said to him, 'Where hast thou found so much flesh and so much butter?' Then her husband related to her circumstantially the whole affair; and she answered him, saying,

‘Verily, thou art a stupid ninny. To-morrow I will go with a letter to the Chan.’

The wife accordingly wrote a letter, and in the letter stood the following words:—‘Because it was known unto me that the lost wondrous stone retained some evil influence over the Chan, I have, for the obviating of that influence, desired of him the dog and the fox. What I may receive for my reward, depends upon the pleasure of the Chan.’

The Chan read the letter through, and sent costly presents to the magician. And the magician lived pleasantly and happily.

Now in a neighbouring country there dwelt seven Chans, brethren. Once upon a time they betook themselves, for pastime, to an extensive forest, and there they discovered a beauteous maiden with a buffalo, and they asked, ‘What are you two doing here? Whence come ye?’ The maiden answered, ‘I come from an eastern country, and am the daughter of a Chan. This buffalo accompanies me.’ At these words the others replied, ‘We are the seven brethren of a Chan, and have no wife. Wilt thou be our wife?’* ‘The maiden answered, ‘So be it.’ But the maiden and the buffalo were two Mangusch, (a species of evil spirit like the Schumnu) and were seeking out men whom they might devour. The male Mangusch was the buffalo, and the female, she who became wife to the brethren.

After the Mangusch had slain, yearly, one of the brethren of the Chan, there was only one remaining. And because he was suffering from a grievous sickness, the ministers consulted together and said, ‘For the sickness of the other

* It is in accordance with the customs of Thibet, for a woman of that country to have several husbands.—B.

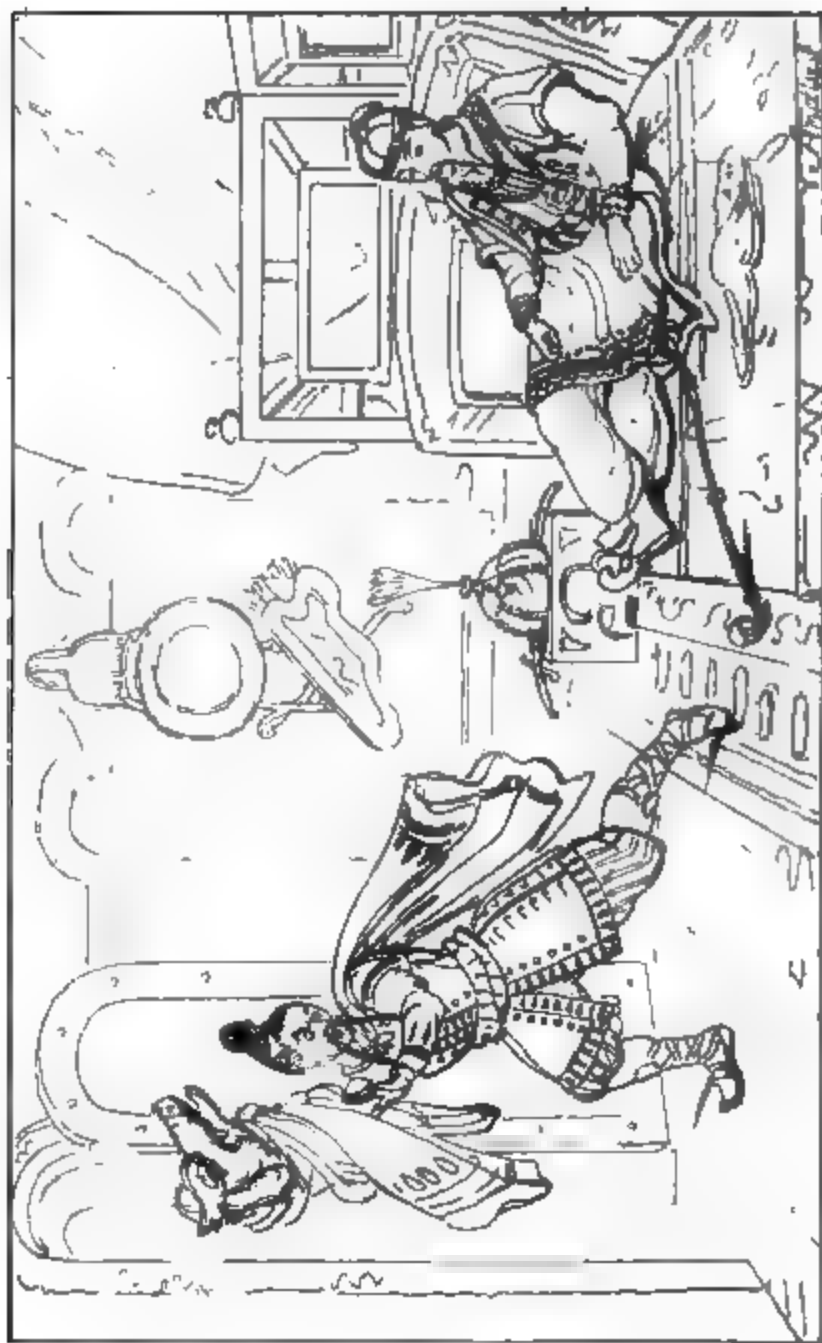
Chans we have tried all means of cure, and yet have found no help—neither do we in this case know what to advise. But the magician with the swine's head dwells only two mountains off from us, and he is held in great estimation; let us, without further delay, send for him to our assistance.'

Upon this, four mounted messengers were dispatched for the magician, and when they arrived at his dwelling, they made known to him the object of their mission. 'I will,' said the magician, 'consider of this matter in the course of the night, and will tell you in the morning what is to be done.'

During the night he related to his wife what was required of him, and his wife said, 'You are looked upon, up to this time, as a magician of extraordinary skill; but from this time there is an end to your reputation. However, it cannot be helped, so go you must.'

On the following morning the magician said to the messengers, 'During the night time I have pondered upon this matter, and a good omen has presented itself to me in a dream. Let us not tarry any longer, but ride forth to-day.' The magician, thereupon, equipped himself in a large cloak, bound his hair together on the crown of his head, carried in his left hand the rosary, and in his right the swine's head, enveloped in the cloths of five colours.

When in this guise he presented himself before the dwelling-place of the Chan, the two Mangusch were sorely frightened, and thought to themselves, 'This man has quite the appearance, quite the countenance of a man of learning.' Then the magician, first placing a baling on the pillow of the bed, lifted up the swine's head, and muttered certain magic words.



... and the swires head & vanished through the door" p. 83

The wife of the Chan seeing this, discontinued tormenting the soul of the Chan, and fled in all haste out of the room. The Chan, by this conduct, being freed from the pains of sickness, sunk into a sound sleep. 'What is this?' exclaimed the magician, filled with affright. 'The disease has grown worse, the sick man uttereth not a sound; the sick man hath departed.' Thus thinking he cried, 'Chan, Chan!' But because the Chan uttered no sound, the magician seized the swine's head, vanished through the door, and entered the treasure-chamber. No sooner had he done so, than 'Thief, thief!' sounded in his ears, and the magician fled into the kitchen; but the cry of 'Stop that thief! stop that thief!' still followed him. Thus pursued, the magician thought to himself, 'This night it is of no use to think of getting away, so I will, therefore, conceal myself in a corner of the stable.' Thus thinking, he opened a door, and there found a buffalo, that lay there as if wearied with a long journey. The magician took the swine's head, and struck the buffalo three times between the horns, whereupon the buffalo sprung up and fled like the wind.

But the magician followed after the buffalo, and when he approached the spot where he was, he heard the male Mangusch say to his female companion, 'Yonder magician knew that I was in the stable; with his frightful swine's head he struck me three blows—so that it was time for me to escape from him!' And the Chan's wife replied, 'I too am so afraid, because of his great knowledge, that I would not willingly return; for, of a certainty, things will go badly with us. To-morrow he will gather together the men with weapons and arms, and will say unto the women, 'Bring hither firing;' when this is done he will say, "Lead

the buffalo hither.' And when thou appearest, he will say unto thee, 'Put off the form thou hast assumed.' And because all resistance would be useless, the people perceiving thy true shape, will fall upon thee with swords, and spears, and stones, and when they have put thee to death, they will consume thee with fire. At last the magician will cause me to be dragged forth, and be consumed with fire. Oh, but I am sore afraid.'

When the magician heard these words, he said to himself, 'After this fashion, may the thing be easily accomplished.' Upon this he betook himself, with the swine's head, to the Chan, lifted up the baling, murmured his words of magic, and asked, 'How is it now with the sickness of the Chan?' And the Chan replied, 'Upon the arrival of the master of magic, the sickness passed away, and I have slept soundly.' Then the magician spake as follows: 'To-morrow, then, give this command to thy ministers, that they collect the whole of the people together, and that the women be desired to bring firing with them.'

When, in obedience to these directions, there were two lofty piles of faggots gathered together, the magician said, 'Place my saddle upon the buffalo.' Then the magician rode upon the saddled buffalo three times around the assembled people, then removed the saddle from the buffalo, smote him three times with the swine's head, and said, 'Put off the form thou hast assumed!'

At these words the buffalo was transformed into a fearfully ugly Mangusch. His eyes were bloodshot, his upper tusks descended to his breast; his bottom tusks reached up to his eye-lashes, so that he was fearful to behold. When the people had hewed this Mangusch to pieces, with sword and with arrow, with spear and with stone, and his body

was consumed upon one of the piles of faggots ; then, said the magician, ‘ Bring forth the wife of the Chan !’ And with loud cries did the wife of the Chan come forth, and the magician smote her with the swine’s head, and said, ‘ Appear in thine own form !’ Immediately the breast of the Chan’s wife hung down to her knees, and her long tusks, and blood-shot eyes, exhibited the terrific figure of a female Mangusch.

After the wife of the Chan had been cut in pieces, and consumed by fire, the magician mounted his horse, but the people bowed themselves before him, and strewed grain over him, presented him with gifts, and regaled him so on every side, that he was only enabled to reach the palace of the Chan on the following morning. Then spake the Chan, full of joy, to the magician, ‘ How can I reward you for the great deed that thou hast done ?’ And the magician answered, ‘ In our country there are but few nose-sticks* for oxen to be found. Give me, I pray you, some of these nose-sticks.’ Thus spake he, and the Chan had him conducted home with three sacks of nose-sticks, and seven elephants bearing meat and butter.

Near unto his dwelling his wife came with brandy to meet him ; and when she beheld the elephants, she exclaimed, ‘ Now, indeed, thou art become a mighty man.’—Then they betook themselves to their house, and at night-time, the wife of the magician asked him, ‘ How camest thou to be presented with such gifts ?’ The magician re-

* Among the Mongolians and Calmucs, like all the other Asiatic nations, it is the custom to lead draught oxen by the sticks, which are drawn through their noses for that purpose.—B.

plied, 'I have cured the sickness of the Chan, and consumed with fire two Mangusch.' At these words she replied, 'Verily, thou hast behaved very foolishly. After such a beneficial act, to desire nothing but nose-sticks for cattle! To-morrow I myself will go to the Chan.'

On the morrow the wife drew nigh unto the Chan, and presented unto him a letter from the magician, and in this letter stood the following words:—'Because the magician was aware that of the great evil of the Chan, a lesser evil still remained behind—he desired of him the nose-sticks. What he is to receive as a reward, that depends upon the pleasure of the Chan.'

'He is right,' replied the Chan, and summoned the magician, with his father and mother, and all his relatives before him, and received them with every demonstration of honour. 'But for you I should have died—the kingdom would have been annihilated—the ministers and all the people been consumed as the food of the Mangusch. Since, therefore, thy wife is so intelligent, I, too, will take her to wife.*' And when he had thus spoken he took her to wife.

'Both man and wife were intelligent,' exclaimed the Son of the Chan.

'Ruler of Destiny,' replied Ssidi, 'Thou hast spoken words! Swarwala misdood jakzang!' Thus spake he, and burst from the sack through the air.

* Since Polyandry prevailed in the kingdom of this Chan, the magician was bound to consider himself highly honoured in possessing a wife in common with the Chan.—B.

Ssidi's fourth relation treats of the Magician with the head of the Swine.

NOTE.—The manner in which the magician of the present story converts his accidentally acquired information into a seemingly magical knowledge of persons and events, must recal to the mind of the reader the English story of the 'Conjuror and the Turkey-cock;' in which a poor fellow undertakes to discover the thieves who had robbed a certain nobleman of his property, and who does so, not by his extraordinary skill, but by his accidental remarks astounding the guilty parties, and inducing them to confess their misdeeds to him. The German story of '*Doctor Allwissend*,' in GRIMM'S *Kinder und Hans Märchen*, Band 2. turns on the same idea, which we have seen expanded under the hands of a VOLTAIRE into '*Zadig*.'

6.—THE HISTORY OF SUNSHINE AND HIS BROTHER.

As the Chan's son was journeying along as before, laden with Ssidi, Ssidi enquired of him as formerly, who should tell a tale? But the Son of the Chan shook his head without speaking a word, and Ssidi began as follows:—

Many years ago, Guchanasschang reigned over a certain happy land. This Chan had a wife, and by her a son,

whose name was Sunshine, (Narrani Garral.) Upon the death of his first wife, the Chan married a second; and by her likewise he had a son, and the name of his second son was Moonshine, (Ssarrani Garral.) And when both these sons were grown up, the wife of the Chan thought to herself, 'So long as Sunshine the elder brother lives, Moonshine the younger will never be Chan over this land.'

Some time after this, the wife of the Chan fell sick, and tossed and tumbled about on her bed from the seeming agony she endured. And the Chan enquired of her, 'What can be done for you, my noble spouse?' To these words the wife of the Chan replied, 'Even at the time I dwelt with my parents, I was subject to this sickness. But now it is become past bearing. I know indeed but one way of removing it; and that way is so impracticable, that there is nothing left for me but to die.' Hereupon spake the Chan, 'Say unto me this way of help; and though it should cost me half my kingdom, thou shalt have it. Tell me what thou requirest?' Thus spake he, and his wife replied with the following words: 'If the heart of one of the Chan's sons were roasted in the fat of the Gunsa.*—But thou wilt not of course sacrifice Sunshine for this purpose, and I myself bare Moonshine, his heart shall not pass down my throat. So that there is now nothing left for me but to die.' The Chan replied, 'Of a surety Sunshine is my son, and inexpressibly dear unto me; but in order that I may not lose thee, I will to-morrow deliver him over to the Jargatschi, (the servants of justice.)'

* As none of the Calmucs could describe the Gunsa, with sufficient precision, the European name of the beast must remain unknown.—B.

Moonshine overheard these words, and hastened to his brother, and said, 'To-morrow they will murder thee.' When he had related all the circumstances, the brother replied, 'Since it is so, do you remain at home, honouring your father and mother. The time of my flight is come.' Then said Moonshine with a troubled heart, 'Alone I will not remain, but I will follow thee, whithersoever thou goest.'

Because the following day was appointed for the murder, the two brothers took a sack with Baling-cakes from the altar, crept out at night, for it was the night of the full moon, from the palace, journeyed on day and night through a mountainous country, until they at length arrived at the course of a dried-up river. Because their provender was exhausted, because the river afforded no water, Moonshine fell to the earth utterly exhausted. Then spake the elder brother full of affliction, 'I will go and seek water, but do you watch an instant until I come down from the high places.'

After some vain attempts Sunshine returned and found that his brother had departed this life. After he had with great tenderness covered the body of his brother with stones, he wandered over high mountains, and then arrived at the entrance of a cave. Within the cave sate an aged Arschi. 'Whence comest thou?' enquired the old man, 'thy countenance betokeneth deep affliction.' And when the youth had related all that had passed, the old man taking with him the means of awakening the dead, went with the youth to the grave, and called Moonshine back to life. 'Will ye be unto me as sons?' Thus spake the old man, and the two young men became as sons unto him.

Not far from this place, there reigned a mighty Chan of

fearful power. And the time was approaching in this country, when the fields were watered, but the crocodiles prevented this. These crocodiles frequented a marsh at the source of the river, and would not allow the water to stream forth, until such times as a Son of the Tiger-year* had been offered to them as food. After a time it happened that when search had been made in vain for a Son of the Tiger-year, certain people drew nigh unto the Chan and said, 'Near unto the source of the river, dwelleth the old Arschi, and with him a Son of the Tiger-year. Thither led we our cattle to drink, and we saw him.'

When he heard this, the Chan said, 'Go and fetch him.'

Accordingly the messengers were dispatched for him, and when they arrived at the entrance of the cave, the Arschi himself came forth. 'What is it that ye seek here?' enquired the aged Arschi. 'The Chan,' replied they, 'speaketh to thee thus. Thou hast a Son of the Tiger-year. My kingdom hath need of him. Send him unto me.' But the Arschi said, 'Who could have told you so? Who indeed would dwell with an old Arschi?'

Thus speaking he retired into his cave, closed the door after him, and concealed the youth in a stone chest, placed the lid over him, and cemented up the crevices with clay,

* Every year has its peculiar name, and those born in any year are called by the Calmucs, children of that year; and many of the ceremonies of the Calmuc ritual depend upon this point. For example, those born in tiger-year are buried with their faces towards the East; those born in horse-year, with their faces towards the South.—Ed.

as if it was from the distillation of Arack.* But the messengers having broken down the door, thrust themselves into the cave, searched it, and then said, 'Since he whom we sought is not here, we are determined that nothing shall be left in the cave.' Thus speaking, they drew their swords, and the youth said, out of fear for the Arschi, 'Hurt not my father, I am here.'

And when the youth was come forth, the messenger took him with them, but the Arschi they left behind them weeping and sorrowing. When the youth entered into the palace of the Chan, the daughter of the Chan beheld him, was inflamed with love for him, and encircled his neck with her arms. But the attendants addressed the Chan saying, "To-day is the day appointed for the casting of the Son of the Tiger-year into the waters." Upon this the Chan said—'Let him then be cast into the waters!' But when they would have led him forth for that purpose, the daughter of the Chan spake and said, 'Cast him not into the waters, or cast me into the waters with him.' And when the Chan heard these words, he was angered and said, 'Because this maiden careth so little for the welfare of the kingdom over which I am Chan, let her be bound fast unto the Son of the Tiger-year, and let them be cast together into the waters.' And the attendants said, 'It shall be according as you have commanded.'

And when the youth was bound fast, and with the maiden cast into the waters, he cried out, 'Since I am the Son of the Tiger-year, it is certainly lawful for them to cast me into the waters, but why should this charming maiden die; who so loveth me?' But the maiden said 'Since I am but

* Among the plates which illustrate TURNER'S Travels, is one of a similar Thibetian apparatus for distillation.—B.

an unworthy creature, it is certainly lawful for them to cast me into the waters, but wherefore do they cast in this beauteous youth ?”

Now the crocodiles heard these words, felt compassion, and placed the lovers once more upon the shore. And no sooner had this happened, than the streams began to flow again. And when they were thus saved, the maiden said to the youth ‘Come with me I pray you unto the Palace ?’ and he replied, ‘When I have sought out my father Arschi then will I come, and we will live together unsevered as man and wife.’

Accordingly the youth returned to the cave of the old Arschi, and knocked at the door. ‘I am thy son!’ said he. ‘My son!’ replied the old man, ‘has the Chan taken and slain; therefore it is that I sit here and weep.’ At these words the youth replied, ‘Of a verity I am thy son: The Chan indeed bade them cast me into the waters, but because the crocodiles devoured me not, I am returned with you. Weep not, oh my father.’

Arschi opened the door. But Arschi had suffered his beard and the hair of his head to grow, so that he looked like a dead man. Sunshine washed him therefore with milk and with water, and aroused him by tender words, from his great sorrow.

Now when the maiden returned back again to the palace, the Chan and the whole people were exceedingly amazed. ‘The crocodiles,’ they exclaimed, ‘have, contrary to their wont, felt compassion for this maiden and spared her. This is indeed a very wonder.’ So the whole people passed around the maiden,* bowing themselves down before her. But the Chan said, ‘That the maiden is returned is

* See Note page 29.—Ed.

indeed very good. But the Son of the Tiger-year is assuredly devoured.' At these words, his daughter replied unto him, 'The Son of the Tiger-year assuredly is not devoured. On account of his goodness his life was spared him.'

And when she said this, all were more than ever surprised. 'Arise,' said the Chan to his ministers, 'lead this youth thither.' Agreeably to these commands, the ministers hastened to the cave of the aged Arschi. Both Arschi and the youth arose, and when they approached unto the dwelling of the Chan, the Chan said, 'For the mighty benefits which this youth has conferred upon us and upon our dominions, we feel ourselves bound to go forth to meet him.'

Thus spoke he, and he went forth to meet the youth, and led him into the interior of the palace, and placed him upon one of the seats appropriated to the nobles. 'Oh thou most wondrous youth!' he exclaimed, 'art thou indeed the son of the Arschi?' The youth replied, 'I am the son of a Chan. But because my step-mother, out of the love she bare to her own son, sought to slay me, I fled, and, accompanied by my younger brother, arrived at the cave of the aged Arschi.'

When the Son of the Chan related all this, the Chan loaded him with honours, and gave his daughters for wives unto the two brothers, and sent them with many costly gifts and a goodly retinue, home to their own kingdom. Thither they went, drew nigh unto the palace, and wrote a letter as follows:—'To the Chan their father, the two brothers are returned back again.'

Now their father and mother had for many years bewailed the loss of both their sons, and their sorrows

had rendered them so gloomy that they remained ever alone.

On the receipt of this letter they sent forth a large body of people to meet their children. But because the wife of the Chan saw both the youths approaching with costly gifts and a goodly retinue, so great was her envy that she spat blood and died.

'She was very justly served!' exclaimed the Son of the Chan.

'Ruler of Destiny, thou hast spoken words! Ssarwala missdood jonkzang.' Thus spake Ssidi, and burst from the sack through the air.

Thus Ssidi's fifth relation treats of Sunshine and his brother.

NOTE.—The commencement of the present tale is founded on a motive of action, very common in the legendary tales of Europe, the love of a mother for her own child, in preference to her step-child; similar consequences, too, are frequently described as resulting from this parental anxiety, prevailing over a sense of moral right, when the desire of forwarding the interest of her own child prompts the step-mother to consent or plot the murder of the child of her husband,

The crocodiles of the present story, in their influence, in their being objects of sacrifice, and their dwelling place, and power of hindering the rivers from flowing through the land, are clearly identical with the frogs or crocodile-frogs of the third story of the present series.

Query.—Have the sacrifices here alluded to, any connexion with propitiatory offerings, with the view of ensuring the overflowings of the Nile?

7.—OF THE WONDERFUL MAN WHO OVERCAME THE CHAN.

When the Son of the Chan had proceeded as formerly to seize the dead one, then spake he the threatening words, seized upon Ssidi, thrust him into the sack, tied the sack fast, ate of the butter-cakes, and journeyed forth with his burden. After Ssidi had, as before, asked who should tell the tale, and the Son of the Chan had replied by merely shaking his head, Ssidi began the following relation:—

A long, long time ago, there lived in the land of Barschiss, a wild high-spirited man, who would not allow any one to be above him. Then spake the Chan of the kingdom, full of displeasure, to him, ‘Away with thee, thou good for nothing one! Away with thee, to some other kingdom!’ Thus spake he, and the wild man departed forth out of the country.

On his journey, he arrived about mid-day at a forest, where he found the body of a horse which had been suddenly killed, and he accordingly cut off its head, fastened it to his girdle, and climbed up a tree.

About midnight, there assembled a host of Tschadkurrs, (evil-spirits,) mounted upon horses of bark, wearing likewise caps of bark, and they placed themselves around the tree. Afterwards there assembled together other Tschadkurrs, mounted upon horses of paper, and having caps of

paper on their heads, and they likewise placed themselves around the tree.

During the time that those who were assembled were partaking of various choice viands and liquors, the man peeped anxiously down from the tree, and as he was doing so, the horse's head fell down from his belt, the Tschadkurrs were thereby exceedingly alarmed; so much, that they fled hither and thither, uttering fearful cries.

On the following morning, the man descended from the tree, and said, 'This night, there was in this spot many choice viands and liquors, and now they are all vanished.' And while he was thus speaking, he found a brandy flask, and as he was anxious for something to drink, he immediately applied the flask, which he had found, to his lips; when suddenly there sprung out of it, meat and cakes, and other delicacies fit for eating. 'This flask,' cried he, 'is of a surety a wishing flask, which will procure him who has it, every thing he desires. I will take the flask with me.'

And when he had thus spoken, he continued his journey, until he met with a man holding a sword in his hand. 'Wherefore,' cried he, 'dost thou carry that sword in thine hand?' And the man answered, 'This sword is called Kreischwinger, and when I say to it—Kreischwinger, thither goes a man who has taken such a thing from me, follow him and bring it back—Kreischwinger goes forth, kills the man, and brings me my property back again.' To this, the first replied, 'Out of this vessel springeth every thing you desire; let us exchange.' So accordingly they made an exchange, and when the man went away with the flask, he who now owned the sword, said, 'Kreischwinger, go forth and bring me back my flask.' So the sword went

forth, smote his former master dead, and brought the golden vessel back again.

And when he had journeyed a little farther, he met a man, holding in his hand an iron hammer—‘Wherefore,’ cried he, ‘dost thou hold this hammer in thine hand?’—To this question the other replied, ‘When I strike the earth nine times with this hammer, there immediately arises a wall of iron, nine pillars high.’ ‘Then,’ said the first, ‘let us make an exchange.’ And when the exchange was made, he cried out, ‘Kreischwinger, go forth and bring me back my golden vessel!’

After Kreisschwinger had slain the man, and brought back the golden vessel, the man journeyed on until he encountered another man, carrying in his bosom a sack, made of goat-skin, and he asked him, ‘Wherefore keepest thou that sack?’ To this question the other replied, ‘This sack is a very wonderful thing. When you shake this sack, it rains; and if you shake it very hard, it rains very heavily.’ Hereupon the owner of the flask said, ‘Let us change?’ and they changed accordingly; and the sword went forth, slew the man, and returned back to its master with the golden vessel.

And when the man found himself in the possession of all these wonderful things, he said unto himself, ‘The Chan of my country is, indeed, a very cruel man; nevertheless, I will turn back unto my native land.’ And when he had thus considered, he turned back again, and concealed himself in the neighbourhood of the royal palace.

And about midnight, he struck the earth nine times with his iron hammer, and there arose an iron wall nine pillars high.

On the following morning, the Chan arose, and said, 'During the night I have heard a mighty tock, tock, at the back of the palace.' Thereupon, the wife of the Chan looked out and said, 'At the back of the palace, there stands an iron wall nine pillars high.' Thus spake she, and the Chan replied, full of anger, 'The wild, high-spirited man has, of a surety, erected this iron wall; but we shall see whether he or I will be the conqueror.'

And when he had spoken these words, the Chan commanded all the people to take fuel and bellows, and to make the iron wall red-hot on every side. Thereupon there was an immense fire kindled, and the Wonderful Man found himself, with his mother, within the walls of iron.—He himself was on the upper pillars, but his mother was on the eighth. And because the red heat first reached the mother, she exclaimed unto her son, 'The fires which the Chan has commanded the people to kindle, will destroy the iron wall, and we shall both die.' But the son replied, 'Have no fear, mother, for I can find means to prevent it.'

And when he had spoken these words, he shook the sack of goat-skin, and there descended heavy rain and extinguished the fire. And after that, he shook the sack still more forcibly, that there arose around them a mighty sea which carried away both the fuel and the bellows which the people had collected.

'Thus, then, the Wonderful Man, gained the mastery over the Chan,' exclaimed the Son of the Chan.

'Ruler of Destiny, thou hast spoken words! Ssarwala missdood jakzang!' Thus spake he, and burst from the sack through the air.

Thus Ssidi's sixth relation treats of the Wonderful Man who overpowered the Chan.

NOTE.—In the note to the third story of the present collection, we have had occasion to introduce a number of instances of coincidences between the fictions of Asia and of Europe. The present relation of Ssidi necessarily calls forth further proofs of such identity; for it would be impossible to pass over the various machinery of this obviously imperfect or fragmentary legend without dilating, somewhat copiously, on the connexion which exists between the magical agents introduced into it, and those which have so long figured among the traditions of the western world.

We will not stop to enquire as to the relationship which the horse's head, tied by the hero to his girdle, may bear to the headless horses of European romance, but proceed at once to mark the identity of the 'Wonderful Flask,' with that which Mick Purcell obtained in exchange for his cow.—See *Legend of Bottle Hill*.—CROFTON CROKER's *Fairy Legends*, vol. 1, p. 73—89.

Mick Purcell's bottle is the Irish type of one of the most popular 'Gifts of Fairy' to be found in the imaginary regions of tradition, and of which, as the late learned Editor of Warton, Mr. PRICE, says, very properly, 'The earliest notice to be found is the Widow's Cruse' of the Old Testament.—(2 Kings, chap. iv.)

While on this subject, we cannot do better than quote the whole of that gentleman's observations on the nature of these 'Miraculous Agencies.'—(WARTON's *English Poetry*, vol. 1, p. 66, et seq.)

'A still more favourite ornament of popular fiction, is the highly gifted object which is to supply the fortunate owner with the gratification of some particular wish, or to furnish him with the golden means of satisfying every want. In British fable, this property has been given to the dish or napkin of Rhydderch, the Scholar, which like the table or table-cloth, introduced into a variety of G

tales, no sooner received its master's commands, than it became covered with a sumptuous banquet. The counterpart of Rhyderch's dish, is to be found in another British marvel, the Horn of Bran, which spontaneously produced whatever liquor was called for; and a repetition of the same idea occurs in the goblet given by Oberon to Huon of Bourdeaux, which, in the hands of a good man, became filled with the most costly wine. In *Fortunatus*, and those tales, which are either imitations of his adventures, or copied from a common original, an inexhaustible purse is made to meet the demands of every occasion: while in others, a bird, a tree, and even the human person, are made to generate in the same miraculous manner a daily provision of gold.'

'A modification of the same idea is also found in the basket of Gwyddno, which no sooner received a deposit of food for one, than the gift became multiplied into a supply for a hundred; or in those stories where the charity bestowed upon the houseless wanderer is rewarded by an endless stock of some requisite article of subsistence. In Hellenic fable we have, already, seen the dart of Apollo enabling Abaris to live without appearing to partake of sustenance; and the narrative of Cleombrotus, also noticed before, seems to imply some similar resource on the part of his eastern traveller. Another mysterious personage of early Grecian fable, and whose goetic practices, like those of Abaris, have secured for him a dubious fame, is Epimenides the Cretan. Of him we are, also, told that he was never known to eat, but that he allayed his hunger by occasionally tasting a precious edible, bestowed upon him by the nymphs; and which he carefully kept preserved in an ox's hoof.—The popular creed of Attica, which seems to have delighted in investing the Theban Hercules with much the same absurdities

that northern fable has gathered round the person of Thor, had recourse to a similar invention, as the only appropriate means of appeasing this divinity's ravenous appetite. It has, accordingly, conferred upon him the horn of Amalthea, the fruit of his victory over the river-god Achelous; and, of which, the earliest tradition on record has given the popular view of its powers, that it never failed to produce a constant store of food. As such, it becomes identified with the Æthiopian fable of the sun, mentioned by Herodotus; but in later fictions, this idea has been refined into a horn, containing every possible delicacy of the vegetable kingdom, overflowing with all earthly good, and conferring wealth and prosperity upon every one who might chance to possess it.'

MR. PRICE then refers to the 'Holy Graal,' the subject of such a numerous cycle of Middle Age romances, and which is again connected with the 'divining cup of Joseph;' but we must content ourselves with referring our readers to his learned notices upon the subject, that we may make some allusions to other parts of the tale, which has called forth this somewhat lengthy note.

In the Irish legend, to which we have before referred, mention is made of another bottle, from which issued 'two great stout men with big cudgels;' and these, again, find a parallel in the 'Kreischwinger' of Ssidi's present relation; and this again, with 'The Avenging Cudgel,' which figures among the Traditions of Germany, either in the shape which we have just named—as the sword which slays all who are before it, at the words, 'Heads off!'—or as the wonderful sword, Balmung or Mimung.

Whether the hammer is allied to the hammer of Thor, we cannot take upon us to assert; nor do we at this moment recollect a *corresponding myth* with the goat-skin sack, from which the rain was

shaken; but we think our readers will agree with us, that these coincidences between the fictions of the East, and of the West, cannot be all accidental.

8.—OF THE BIRD-MAN.

When the Son of the Chan had done as formerly, spoken the threatening words and carried off Ssidi—Ssidi asked him, as before, to tell a tale; but the Son of the Chan shook his head, without speaking a word, and Ssidi began as follows:—

In times gone by, there lived in a blooming country, a father of a family, with three daughters, who had daily, by turns, to watch over the calves. Now it once happened, during the time that the eldest sister should have been watching the calves, that she fell asleep, and one of them was lost. And when the maiden awoke and missed the calf, she arose and went forth to seek it, and wandered about until she reached a large house with a red door.

She went in, and then came to a golden door, next to that to a silver one, and last of all to a brazen door. After she had likewise opened this door she found, close to the entrance of it, a cage decorated with gold and all manner of costly jewels; and within it, on a perch, there stood a white bird.*

‘I have lost a calf,’ said the maiden, ‘and am come hither

* The *Zagaom Schabucha* of the original, means, properly, a species of great owl. The translator has expressed the verbal meaning of the appellation.—B.

to seek it.' At these words the bird said, 'If thou wilt become my wife, I will find the calf for you, but not without.' But the maiden said, 'That may not be. Among men, birds are looked upon but as wild creatures. Therefore I will not become your wife, even though, through refusing, I lose the calf for ever.' And when she had thus spoken, she returned home again.

On the following day the second sister went forth to tend the calves, and she likewise lost one of them. And it happened unto her, as it had done unto the eldest sister; and she, too, refused to become the wife of the bird.

At last the youngest sister went forth with the calves, and when she missed one, she, too, wandered on until she reached the house wherein the bird resided. And the bird said unto her likewise, 'If thou wilt become my wife, I will procure for thee the calf which thou hast lost.' 'Be it according to thy will.' Thus spake she, and became the wife of the bird.

After some time, it happened that a mighty thirteen days' feast was held at a large pagoda in the neighbourhood, and upon this occasion a number of persons assembled together; and among the rest, the wife of the bird. And she was the foremost among the women; but among the men, the most noticed, was an armed man who rode upon a white horse three times round the assemblage. And all who saw him exclaimed, 'He is the first.'

And when the woman returned home again, the white bird demanded of her, 'Who were the foremost among the men and the women who were there assembled together?' Then, said the woman, 'The foremost among

the men was seated upon a white horse, but I knew him not. The foremost of the women was myself.'

And for eleven days did these things so fall out. But on the twelfth day, when the wife of the bird went to the assemblage, she sate herself down near an old woman.— 'Who,' said the old woman, 'is the first in the assemblage this day?' To this question, the wife of the bird replied, 'Among the men, the rider upon the white horse is beyond all comparison the foremost. Among the women, I myself am so. Would that I were bound unto this man, for my husband is numbered among wild creatures, since he is nothing but a bird.'

Thus spake she, weeping, and the old woman replied as follows:—'Speak ye no more words like unto these.— Amongst the assembled women, thou art in all things the foremost. But the rider upon the white horse is thine own husband. To-morrow is the thirteenth day of the feast. Come not to-morrow unto the feast, but remain at home behind the door, until thine husband opens his bird-house, takes his steed from the stable and rides to the feast. Take ye, then, the open bird-house and burn it.— And when thou hast done this, thy husband will remain henceforth and for ever in his true form.'

The wife of the bird, thereupon, did according as she had been told; and when the bird-house was opened, and her husband was departed, she took the bird-house and burned it upon the hearth. And when the sun bowed down towards the west, the bird returned home, and said to his wife, 'What, art thou already returned?' and she said, 'I am already returned.' Then, said her husband, 'Where is my bird-house?' And the wife replied, 'I

have burnt it.' And he said, 'Barama, that is a pretty business—that bird-house was my soul.'

And his wife was troubled and said, 'What is now to be done?' To these words the bird replied, 'There is nothing can be done now, except you seat yourself behind the door, and there, by day and by night, keep clattering a sword. But if the clattering sword ceases, the Tschadkurrs will carry me away. Seven days and seven nights must ye thus defend me from the Tschadkurrs and from the Tângâri.'

At these words the wife took the sword, propped open her eyelids with little sticks, and watched for the space of six nights. On the seventh night her eyelids closed for an instant, but in that instant the Tschadkurrs and Tângâri suddenly snatched her husband away.

Weeping bitterly, and despising all nourishment, the distracted wife ran about every where, crying unceasingly, 'Alas, my bird-husband! alas, my bird-husband!'

And when she had sought for him day and night, without finding him, she heard from the top of a mountain the voice of her husband. Following the sound, she discovered that the voice proceeded from the river. She ran to the river and there discovered her husband with a load of tattered boots upon his back. 'Oh, my heart is greatly rejoiced,' said the husband, 'at seeing thee once more. I am forced to draw water for the Tschadkurrs and the Tângâri, and have worn out all these boots in doing so.—If thou wishest to have me once again, build me a new bird-house, and dedicate it to my soul—then I shall come back again.'

With these words he vanished into the air. But the woman betook herself home to the house again, made a

new bird-house, and dedicated it to the soul of her husband. At length the bird-man appeared and perched himself on the roof the house.

‘ Truly, his wife was an excellent wife,’ exclaimed the Son of the Chan.

‘ Ruler of Destiny, thou hast spoken words! Ssarwala missedood jaksang!’ Thus spake Ssidi, and burst from the sack through the air.

Thus Ssidi’s seventh relation treats of the Bird-man.

NOTE.—The Bird-husband of the present tale, is clearly to be identified with Solangda, the beauteous Son of the Tångari, who figures in the third story of this collection. For hints upon the connexion between these bird-men, and similar European fictions, we therefore refer the reader to the note which we have appended to the tale in question.

In the ‘ *Irish Fairy Tales*,’ we meet with ‘ Soul Cages,’ ‘ things like lobster pots, ranged along the wall.’ And in GRIMM’s *Deutsche Sagen*, similar residences for the souls of the drowned are likewise described. In the present story, the cage is the cage of the bird, and appears not to contain the soul, but to be itself the soul.

9.—OF THE PAINTER AND THE WOOD CARVER.

When the Son of the Chan had, as on all the former occasions, spoken the words of threatening, placed the dead one in the sack, and journeyed forth with him, Ssidi spake this time also as follows :—‘ The dayis long, and the distant journey will tire us, do you relate a tale unto me, or I will relate one unto you.’ But the Son of the Chan shook his head, without saying a word, and Ssidi began as follows :—

Many years ago, there lived in the land of Gujassmunn, a Chan, whose name was Gunisschang. This Chan, however, died, and his son Chamuk Sakiktschi was elected Chan in his place. Now there lived among the people of that country, a painter and a wood carver, who bore similar names, and were inimically disposed towards each other.

Once upon a time, the painter Gunga drew nigh unto the Chan, and said unto him, ‘ Thy father hath been borne into the kingdom of the Tângâri, and hath said unto me, ‘ Come unto me !’ Thither I went, and found thy father in great power and splendour; and have brought for you this letter from him.’ With these words the painter delivered unto the Chan, a forged letter, the contents of which were as follows :—

‘ This letter is addressed to my son Chamuk Sakiktschi :—

dom, a Chan, named Guguluktschi. Upon the death of this Chan, his son, who was of great reputation and worth, was elected Chan in his place. And the new Chan married a wife out of the eastern country, but he loved her not.

One berren from the residence of the Chan, dwelt a man who had a daughter of wonderful abilities and extraordinary beauty. The Son of the Chan was enamoured of this maiden, and visited her daily; until, at length, the Son of the Chan fell sick of a grievous malady, and died, without this maiden being at all aware of it.

And one night, just as the moon was rising, this maiden heard a knocking at the door, and the face of the maiden was gladdened when she beheld the Son of the Chan; and the maiden arose and went to meet the Son of the Chan, and led him in and placed arrack and cakes before him.— ‘Wife,’ said the Son of the Chan, ‘come with me!’

And the maiden followed, and they kept going further and further, until they arrived at the dwelling of the Chan, from which proceeded the sound of cymbals and kettle-drums.

‘Chan! What is this?’ And the Son of the Chan replied to these enquiries of the maiden, ‘Do you not know that they are now celebrating the feast of my funeral?’— Thus spake he; and the maiden replied, ‘The feast of thy funeral! Has anything then befallen the Chan’s Son?’ And the Son of the Chan replied, ‘He is departed. Thou wilt, however, bear a son unto him. And when your time is come, go into the stable of the elephant and let him be born there. In the palace there will arise a contention betwixt my mother and my wife, because of the wonderful stone of the kingdom. The wonderful stone lies under the table of sacrifice. Give it unto my wife, and send her back

to her parents. But do you and my mother reign over this kingdom until such time as my son comes of age.'

Thus spake he, and vanished into air. But his beloved fell, from very anguish, into a swoon. 'Chan! Chan!' exclaimed she, sorrowfully, when she came to herself again. And because she felt that her time was come, she betook herself to the stable of the elephants, and there gave birth to a son.

And on the following morning when the keeper of the elephants entered the stable, he exclaimed, 'What! has a woman given birth to a son in the stable of the elephants? This never happened before. This may be an injury to the elephants.'

At these words the maiden said, 'Go unto the mother of the Chan, and say unto her, 'Arise, something wonderful has taken place.'

When these words were brought unto the mother of the Chan, then she arose and went unto the stable, and the maiden related unto her all that had happened. 'Wonderful!' said the mother of the Chan. 'Otherwise the Chan had left no successors. Let us go together into the house.'

Thus speaking, she took the maiden with her into the house, and nursed her and tended her carefully. And because her account of the wonderful stone was found correct, all the rest of her story was believed. The late Chan's wife received the wonderful stone, and returned home to her parents. So the mother of the Chan and his second wife ruled over the kingdom.

Henceforth, too, it happened that every month, on the night of the full moon, the deceased Chan appeared to his second wife, remained with her until morning dawned, and

then vanished into air. And the wife recounted this to his mother, but his mother believed her not, and said, 'This is a mere invention. If it were true, my son would, of a surety, show himself likewise unto me. If I am to believe your words, you must take care that mother and son meet one another.'

When the Son of the Chan came on the night of the next full moon, his wife said unto him, 'It is well that thou comest unto me on the night of every full moon, but it were yet better, if thou camest every night.' And as she spoke this, with tears in her eyes, the Son of the Chan replied, 'If thou hadst sufficient spirit to dare its accomplishment, thou mightest do what would bring me every night, but thou art young and cannot do it.' Then said she, 'If thou wilt but come unto me every night, I will do all that is required of me, although I should thereby lose both flesh and bone.'

Thereupon the Son of the Chan spake as follows:—
'Then betake thyself, on the night of the full moon, a berren from this place to the iron old man, and give unto him arrack. A little further you will come unto two rams, to them you must offer batschimak* cakes. A little further on you will perceive a host of men in coats of mail and other armour, and there you must share out meat and cakes. From thence you must proceed to a large black building, stained with blood; the skin of a man floats over it instead of a flag. Two Aerliks (fiends) stand at the entrance. Present unto them both offerings of blood. Within the mansion thou wilt discover nine fearful exor-

* None of the Calmucs could give me the information I desired on the subject of these cakes.—B.

cists, and nine hearts upon a throne. 'Take me! take me!' will the eight old hearts exclaim; and the ninth heart will cry out, 'Do not take me!' But leave the old hearts and take the fresh one, and run home with it without looking round.'

Much as the maiden was alarmed at the task which she had been enjoined to perform, she set forth on the night of the next full moon, divided the offerings, and entered the house. 'Take me not!' exclaimed the fresh heart; but the maiden seized the fresh heart and fled with it. The exorcists fled after her, and cried out to those who were watching, 'Stop the thief of the heart!' And the two Aerlic (fiends) cried, 'We have received offerings of blood!' Then each of the armed men cried out, 'Stop the thief!' But the rams said, 'We have received Batschimak cakes.' Then they called out to the iron old man, 'Stop the thief with the heart!' But the old man said, 'I have received arrack from her, and shall not stop her.'

Thereupon the maiden journeyed on without fear, until she reached home; and found, upon entering the house, the Chan's Son, attired in festal garments. And the Chan's Son drew nigh and threw his arms about the neck of the maiden.

'The maiden behaved well, indeed!' exclaimed the Son of the Chan.

'Ruler of Destiny, thou hast spoken words! Ssarwala missdood jakzang.' Thus spake Ssidi, and burst from the sack through the air.

Thus Ssidi's ninth relation treats of the Stealing of the Heart.

NOTE.—This tale is deserving of notice, for the proof which it affords that the depth of womanly affection, and the patient suffer-

ing which women will submit to for the sake of the object of their affections, are the same in the wild regions of Tartary, as in the most civilized portions of the world.

The appearance of the Chan after his death, to his second wife, whom he loved, and the courageous attempts of that beloved wife to rescue the heart of her husband from the exorcists, form a pretty specimen of a Tartarian love tale—worked into a romance by the horrors to which the faithful spouse is exposed.

The caution given to her not to turn round, when carrying off the captured heart, calls to mind the evil fortune which befel Orpheus, who lost Euridice by looking back to see by whom he was pursued.

11.—OF THE MAN AND HIS WIFE.

When Ssidi had been captured as before, and was being carried away in the sack, he enquired, as he had always done, as to telling a tale; but the Son of the Chan shook his head without speaking a word. Whereupon Ssidi began the following relation:—

Many, many years since, there lived in the kingdom of Olmilsong two brothers, and they were both married. Now the elder brother and his wife were niggardly and envious, while the younger brother was of quite a different disposition.

Once upon a time, the elder brother, who had contrived to gather together abundance of riches, gave a great feast and invited many people to partake of it. When this was known, the younger thought to himself, ‘Although my elder brother has hitherto not treated me very well, yet he

will now, no doubt, since he has invited so many people to his feast, invite also me and my wife.' This he certainly expected, but yet he was not invited. 'Probably, thought he, 'my brother will summon me to-morrow morning to the brandy-drinking.' Because, however, he was not even invited unto that, he grieved very sore, and said unto himself, 'This night, when my brother's wife has made herself drunk, I will go unto the house and steal somewhat !'

When, however, he had glided into the treasure-chamber of his brother, there lay the wife of his brother near her husband, but presently she arose and went into the kitchen and cooked meat and sweet food, and went out of the door with it. The concealed one did not venture at this moment to steal any thing, but said unto himself, 'Before I steal any thing, I will first see what all this means.'

And so saying, he went forth and followed the woman to a mountain where the dead were wont to be laid. On the top, upon a green mound, lay a beautifully ornamented tomb over the body of a dead man. This man had formerly been the lover of the woman. Even when afar off, she called unto the dead man by name, and when she reached unto him, she threw her arms about his neck, and the younger brother was nigh unto her, and saw all that she did.

The woman next handed the sweet food which she had prepared to the dead man, and because the teeth of the corpse did not open, she separated them with a pair of brazen pincers, and pushed the food, which she had chewed, into his mouth with her tongue. Suddenly the pincers bounced back from the teeth of the dead man, and snapped off the *tip of the woman's nose*, while, at the same time, the teeth of the dead man closed together and bit off the end of the

woman's tongue. Upon this, the woman took up the dish with the food and went back to her home.

The younger brother, thereupon, followed her home, and concealed himself in the treasure-chamber, and the wife laid herself down on her husband's bed. Presently, the man began to move, when the wife immediately cried out, 'Woe is me, woe is me! was there ever such a man?' And the man said, 'What is the matter now?' The wife replied, 'The point of my tongue, and the tip of my nose, both these thou hast bitten off. What can a woman do without these two things? To-morrow the Chan shall be made acquainted with this conduct.' Thus spake she, and the younger brother fled from the treasure-chamber without stealing anything.

On the following morning the woman presented herself before the Chan, and addressed him, saying, 'My husband has this night treated me shamefully. Whatsoever punishment may be awarded to him, I myself will see it inflicted.'

But the husband persisted in asserting, 'Of all this I know nothing.' And because the complaint of the wife seemed well founded, and the man could not exculpate himself, the Chan said, 'Because of his evil deeds, let this man be burned!'

When the younger brother heard what had befallen the elder one, he went to see him. And after the younger one had related to him all the affair, he betook himself unto the Chan, saying, 'That the evil doer may be really discovered, let both the woman and her husband be summoned before you; I will clear up the mystery.'

And when they were both present, the younger brother related the wife's visit to the dead man, and because the Chan would not give credence unto his story, he said,

‘ In the mouth of the dead man you will find the end of the woman’s tongue ; and the blood-soiled tip of her nose you will find in the pincers of brass. Send thither and see if it be not so.’

Thus spake he, and people were sent to the place and confirmed all that he had asserted. Upon this, the Chan said, ‘ Since the matter stands thus, let the woman be placed upon the pile of faggots and consumed with fire.— And the woman was placed upon the pile of faggots, and consumed with fire.

‘ That served her right,’ said the Son of the Chan.

‘ Ruler of Destiny, thou hast spoken words. Ssarwala missdood jakzang !’ Thus spake he, and burst from the sack through the air.

Thus Ssidi’s tenth relation treats of the Man and his Wife.

NOTE.—This story, which is curious for its illustration of Tartarian manners, does not bear a striking resemblance to any of the fictions of Europe.

12.—OF THE MAIDEN SSUWARANDARI.

When the Son of the Chan was carrying off Ssidi, as formerly, Ssidi related the following tale :—

A long while ago, there was in the very centre of a certain kingdom, an old pagoda, in which stood the image of Choschim Bodissadoh,* formed of clay. Near unto this

* This Mongolian Burchan or Idol, is the well-known Nidubar Uesuktschi.—B,

pagoda stood a small house, in which a beautiful maiden resided with her aged parents. But at the mouth of the river, which ran thereby, dwelled a poor man, who maintained himself by selling fruit, which he carried in an ark, upon the river.

Now it happened once, that as he was returning home he was benighted in the neighbourhood of the pagoda; he listened at the door of the house in which the two old people dwelled, and heard the old woman say unto her husband, 'We are both grown exceeding old; could we now but provide for our daughter, it would be well.'

'That we have lived so long happily together,' said the old man, 'we are indebted to the talisman of our daughter. Let us, however, offer up sacrifice to Bodissadoh, and enquire of him, to what condition we shall dedicate our daughter, to the spiritual or the worldly. To-morrow at the earliest dawn, we will therefore lay our offering before the Burchan.'

'Now know I what to do,' said the listener; so in the night-time he betook himself to the pagoda, made an opening in the back of the idol and concealed himself therein. When on the following morning the two old people and the daughter drew nigh and made their offering, the father bowed himself to the earth and spake as follows:—
'Deified Bodissadoh! shall this maiden be devoted to a spiritual or worldly life? If she is to be devoted to a worldly life, vouchsafe to point out now or hereafter, in a dream or vision, to whom we shall give her to wife.'

Then he who was concealed in the image, exclaimed, 'It is better that thy daughter be devoted to a worldly life. Therefore, give her to wife to the first man who presents himself at thy door, in the morning.'

And the old people were greatly rejoiced, when they

heard these words, and they bowed themselves again and again down to the earth, and walked around the idol.

On the following morning, the man stepped out of the idol, and knocked at the door of the aged couple, 'The old woman went out, and when she saw that it was a man, she turned back again, and said to her husband. 'The words of the Barchan are fulfilled; the man has arrived.'

'Give him entrance!' said the old man. The man came in accordingly, and was welcomed with food and drink; and when they had told him all that the idol had said, he took the maiden with the talisman to wife.

When he was wandering forth and drew nigh unto his dwelling, he thought unto himself, 'I have with cunning obtained the daughter of the two old people. Now I will place the maiden in the ark, and conceal the ark in the sand.'

So he concealed the ark, went, and said unto the people, 'Though I have ever acted properly, still it has never availed me yet. I will therefore now seek to obtain liberal gifts through my prayers.' Thus spake he, and after repeating the Zoka-prayers,* he obtained food and gifts, and said, 'To-morrow I will again wander around, repeat the appointed Zoka-prayers, and seek food again.'

In the meanwhile it happened that a Son of a Chan and two of his companions, with bows and arrows in their hands, who were following a tiger, passed by unnoticed; and arrived at the sand heap of the maiden Ssuwarandari. 'Let us shoot at that heap!' cried they. Thus spake they, and shot accordingly, and lost their arrows in the sand. As they were looking after the arrows, they found

* Zoka-prayers,—a part of the Calmus ritual.

the ark, opened it and drew out the maiden with the talisman.

‘Who art thou, maiden?’ enquired they. ‘I am the daughter of Lu.’ And the Chan’s son said, ‘Come with me, and be my wife.’ And the maiden said, ‘I cannot go unless another is placed in the ark instead of me.’ So they all said, ‘Let us put in the tiger.’ And when the tiger was placed in the ark, the Chan’s son took away with him the maiden, and the talisman with her.

In the meanwhile the beggar ended his prayers, and when he had done so, he thought unto himself, ‘If I take the talisman, slay the maiden, and sell the talisman, of a surety I shall become rich indeed.’ Thus thinking he drew nigh unto the sand heap, drew forth the ark, carried it home with him, and said unto his wife, ‘I shall pass this night in repeating the Zoka-prayers. If you hear me praying ever so loudly, be sure you do not enter the chamber.’

For fear that the maiden should escape, he threw off his upper garment, and placed all that he required in order. And when he had done so, he lifted off the cover of the ark, and said unto the maiden, ‘Maiden, be not alarmed!’ And when he was thus speaking, he beheld the tiger. And the man cried aloud, but his wife and children said, laughingly, to one another, ‘Our father is, indeed, very busy at his prayers.’

But when they went into the chamber, on the following morning, they found a tiger with his tusks and claws covered with blood, and the body of the beggar torn into pieces.

And the wife of the Chan gave birth to three sons, and lived in the enjoyment of plenty of all things. But the ministers and the people murmured, and said, ‘It was not

well of the Chan, that he drew forth his wife out of the earth. Although the wife of the Chan has given birth to the sons of the Chan, still she is but a low born creature.' Thus spoke she, and the wife of the Chan received little joy therefrom. 'I have borne three sons,' said she, 'and yet am no ways regarded; I will, therefore, return home to my parents.'

She left the palace on the night of the full moon, and reached the neighbourhood of her parents at noon-tide. Where there had formerly been nothing to be seen, she saw a multitude of workmen busily employed, and among them, a man having authority, who prepared meat and drink for them. 'Who art thou, maiden?' enquired this man. 'I come far from hence,' replied the wife of the Chan, 'but my parents formerly resided upon this mountain, and I have come hither to seek them.'

At these words the young man said, 'Thou art then their daughter?' and received for answer, 'I am their daughter.'

'I am their son,' said he. 'I have been told that I had a sister older than myself—art thou then her? Sit thee down, partake of this meat and this drink, and we will then go together unto our parents.'

And when the wife of the Chan arrived at the summit of the mountain, she found, in the place where the old pagoda stood, a number of splendid buildings, with golden towers full of bells. And the hut of her parents was changed into a lordly mansion. 'All this,' said her brother, 'belongeth unto us, since thou tookest thy departure. Our parents lived here in health and peace.'

In the palace there were horses and mules, and costly furniture in abundance. The father and mother

seated on rich pillows of silk, and gave their daughter welcome, saying, 'Thou art still well and happy. That thou hast returned home before we depart from this life, it is of a surety very good.'

After various enquiries had been made on both sides, relative to what had transpired during the separation of the parties, the old parents said, 'Let us make these things known unto the Chan and his ministers.'

So the Chan and his ministers were loaded with presents, and three nights afterwards they were welcomed with meat and drink of the best. But the Chan said, 'Ye have spoken falsely, the wife of the Chan had no parents.' Now the Chan departed with his retinue, and his wife said, 'I will stop one more night with my parents, and then I will return unto you.'

On the following morning, the wife of the Chan found herself on a hard bed, without pillows or coverlets.—'What is this?' exclaimed she, 'Was I not this night with my father and mother—and did I not retire to sleep on a bed of silk?'

And when she rose up, she beheld the ruined hut of her parents. Her father and mother were dead, and their bones mouldered; their heads lay upon a stone.—Weeping loudly, she said unto herself, 'I will now look after the pagoda.' But she saw nothing but the ruins of the pagoda and of the Burchan. 'A godly providence,' exclaimed she, 'has resuscitated my parents.—Now since the Chan and the Ministers will be pacified, I will return home again.'

On her arrival in the kingdom of her husband, the ministers and the people came forth to meet her, and walked around her. 'This wife of the Chan,' cried they, 'is de-

scended from noble parents, has borne noble sons, and is herself welcome, pleasant and charming.' Thus speaking, they accompanied the wife of the Chan to the palace.

' Her merits must have been great.' Thus spake the Son of the Chan.

' Ruler of Destiny, thou hast spoken words ! Ssarwala missdood jakzang !' Thus spake Ssidi, and burst from the sack through the air.

Thus Ssidi's eleventh relation treats of the Bird-man.

INDEX.

	Page.
Introduction - - - - -	iii
The Relations of Ssidi Kur - - - - -	15
Of the Adventures of the Rich Youth - - - - -	21
The Adventures of the Beggar's Son - - - - -	28
Of the Adventures of Massang - - - - -	39
Of the Magician with the Swine's Head - - - - -	47
The History of Sunshine and his Brother - - - - -	57
Of the Wonderful Man who overcame the Chan - - - - -	65
Of the Bird-Man - - - - -	72
Of the Painter and the Wood Carver - - - - -	77
The Stealing of the Heart - - - - -	81
Of the Man and his Wife - - - - -	86
Of the Maiden Ssuwarandari - - - - -	89

LAYS AND LEGENDS

OF

VARIOUS NATIONS:

ILLUSTRATIVE OF THEIR

TRADITIONS, POPULAR LITERATURE,

MANNERS, CUSTOMS, AND SUPERSTITIONS.

BY

WILLIAM J. THOMS,

EDITOR OF THE "EARLY ENGLISH PROSE ROMANCES."



Lays and Legends of France.



"He who desires to be well acquainted with a people will not reject their Popular Stories or Local Superstitions."—SIR JOHN MALCOLM.

LONDON :

GEORGE COWIE, 312, STRAND.

MDCCCXXXIV.

G. COWIE, PRINTER
13, NEWCASTLE-STREET, STRAND.

INTRODUCTION.

THE Lays and Legends of France, of which the first part is here presented to the reader, will exhibit to him points of character essentially different from those which he has previously encountered in the traditions of Germany. The natural vivacity by which the French are animated, is clearly shown, by the preference which was given in the most remote periods to tales of "Love and Druerie"—and by the comparative disregard which appears to have been manifested in those days, towards such narratives as exhibit "horrors on horrors accumulated," and in which the incidents are brought about by the incantations of the necromancer, or the humbler spell of the village witch.

The relics of the Middle Ages, which have been most industriously recovered, and illustrated by the antiquaries of France, are the Heroic Poems, and Fabliaux of the Norman Trouveurs: and the publication of them in modern days, has been hailed by scholars with all the generous welcome which used to greet their authors in by-gone times, when they wandered from lordly-hall, and lady's-bower—to the humbler cot of the peasant; receiving from all, both welcome and courtesy, and requiting the hospitality of their entertainers with a tale, a jest, or a song.

" Usage est en Normandie,

Que qui herbegiez est, qu'il die

Fable ou Chanson a l'hoste."

Nor was this all ; when Saint Louis enforced a toll upon every monkey brought into Paris for sale, and exempted every one which was kept by an individual for his own private amusement, he showed still greater indulgence to that which was the property of a minstrel or jongleur. For, in that case, the exhibition of his monkey-tricks entitled Master Jacko not only to his own admission duty free, but also to the admission duty free of every thing necessary for his use. Nay more, his master was likewise allowed to pay the toll for himself in his own coin, and claim exemption from the tribute, upon his favouring the collector with the fag-end of a song.*

Our limits will not admit of our discoursing at any length on the nature of the Fabliaux. They are of inestimable value for the pictures of society which they exhibit, while the humorous nature of many of the adventures described in them, and the sprightliness with which such adventures are related, give them a charm totally independent of their

* Li singes au Marchant doit quatre deniers, si il pour vendre le porte, et si li singes est à home quil'ait acheté pour son déduit, si est quites, et se li singes est au jqueur, jouer en doit devant le paagier, et pour son jeu doit estre quite de toute la chose qu' il achète à son usage, et ausi-tôt le jougleur sont quite por un ver de chanson."

Establissemens des Mestiers de Paris, par Estienne Boileau, who was Provost of Paris from 1258 to 1268.

It is from this usage, that the French proverb, " Payer en monnoie de singe"—(to pay in monkey's money,) takes its rise.—ROQUEFORT
POESIE FRAN. p, 92,

historic value. The art of hoaxing is not more elaborately disclosed, nor the shifts and wiles of the intriguer more fully exhibited in the pages of the Italian novelists, than in those of their prototypes, the *Trouveurs* of Normandy. The consequence of this is, that many of their tales are not only faulty in their moral, but positively objectionable in the matter of which they consist. On the other hand, there is oft-times a sly vein of raillery pervading them, which would do credit alike to the taste and to the morals of more refined ages; and which, when the nature of the subject demands it, is changed into a bitter and caustic satire, sparing neither the vices of the priesthood, nor the folly of the crown; and which is applied with a boldness and audacity, exciting at once our wonder and our approbation; the more so, that it is obvious such castigation was generally as imperiously called for, as it was unsparingly inflicted.

All the *Fabliaux* were not, however, of this comic cast:—

“ Sum bethe of war, and sum of wo,
Sum of joie and mirthe also,
And some of trecherie and of gile,
Of old adventours that fel while ;
And sum of bourdes and ribaudy,
And many there beth of fairy ;
Of all things that men seth,
Maist o love forsothe thai beth.

The Fairies indeed figure conspicuously in many of them, and allusions to those important personages “ of pigmæan size,” are plentifully scattered over the literature of the country. But the traditions of France, in which if we may

so term it—the fairy creed of the country is developed, have not yet been collected. There is indeed a goodly crop* spread over its smiling plains, and the Grimm or Crofton Croker who shall devote himself to the labour of gathering it in, cannot fail of being rewarded with a rich and well-filled garner. In Brittany and Normandy alone, to speak after the fashion of the legends of which we are treating, immense treasures are yet lying concealed. †

We now come to a branch of popular literature, in which France, as compared with Germany, Denmark, Sweden, Spain, or Great Britain, is poor, and poor indeed. We allude of course to her popular ballads. She has romances

* “ In the Abbey of Poissy, founded by Saint Louis, a mass was said every year for the preservation of the monks from the power of the fairies ; nor is it a very long time since the custom was abolished. * * * Who has not heard of the Chateau de Pirou in Normandy, built by the fairies, and of that of Lusignan erected by the famous Melusina.”

LEGRAND—*Fabliaux*—tome 1. p 153—Paris, 1829.

† How incurious are the majority of us, except on the subject which we deem the one all worthy of our attention. How many an antiquary, who has travelled miles to see a druidical monument, has cried “ Pish”—at the legend with which his peasant guide would illustrate it, when reflection would have told him, that under the garb of fiction the truth of history is frequently concealed. CAMBRAY’S *Monumens Celtiques* is full of allusions to traditions, the particulars of which are for the most part studiously suppressed.

innumerable, fabliaux innumerable, and songs as abundant as either. But her ballads, (and we use the word in the English sense of it, as a song with a story in it,) are few indeed. Many have said France has no ballads. That this opinion is not well founded our pages will show, but that they are so scarce as to have led to that opinion is true enough. And the reason is obvious; in their length, nature and subject the Fabliaux approach so nearly to the character of ballads, as to render those peculiarly national poems substitutes for them. In France there are few ballads, but ample stories of fabliaux, while in the countries which we have before named the reverse is the case, ballads abound, while the fabliaux are almost unknown.



LAYS AND LEGENDS.

France.

1.—SAINT PETER AND THE MINSTREL.

There once lived at Sens, a minstrel, who was the very best fellow on the face of the earth—a good natured soul, who would not quarrel with any one, but so wild and careless withal, that he was generally little better than half clothed. He was fond of play, and had the bad luck to lose whenever he played; so that frequently he was not only without a violin to follow his profession, but also without either shoes or cloak; nay, oftentimes exposed to the inclemency of the season, with no other covering than his shirt. His whole time was passed with the ladies fair and free, at the gaming table and the wine house; for to each of these pursuits did he dedicate one third of his life. No sooner did his talents procure him money than he wasted it in wine, play, or something worse. He never thought of the future, and as for providing for a rainy day, he was well content to let the rainy day provide for itself. But whatever misfortunes, how ill soever his luck, he was always merry, always singing, and with a chaplet of flowers on his head, and a glass of wine in his hand, he banished all thoughts of sorrow, and all his wishes were for seven Sundays in every week.

In the mean while a young demon, who had been absent from hell for upwards of a month, running about the world in search of souls, and who had not yet succeeded in catching even a little one, arrived at Sens most opportunely, at the very moment when our worthy quitted this world in the midst of a splendid banquet. Well pleased with his prize was the young demon; and right speedily did he fly with it to the infernal regions, where he arrived at the moment when all the emissaries of Satan were returning with their motley prey of knights, priests, thieves, monks, abbots, nobles, and gentlemen. Like the rest, the young demon deposited his booty at the feet of his master. Lucifer demanded if all his emissaries were returned, and was informed that no one was missing except a novice, a poor idiot, who had been absent a month, and who was probably still in search of a victim. The young fiend, who was unwilling that a doubt as to his capacity should exist any longer, broke the silence which his modesty had induced him so long to preserve, and making his way through the crowd, presented himself boldly before the monarch of the infernal realms, and laid before him the soul which he had captured.

Lucifer before ordering the minstrel to be cast into his cauldron with the rest, demanded of him, "What are you, thief, spy, or vagabond?" "No, Sire, I was a minstrel, gifted with every accomplishment the age affords; yet in spite of that, I have suffered a thousand ills; I have endured a thousand privations, I have been contemned, I have been maltreated. But that is all past, and since you are pleased to give me shelter here, why, in faith, I'll not only think no more of what has occurred, but if it will afford your majesty any satisfaction, I'll even give you a song.'

'A song, indeed! No, no—that's not exactly our style of

music. But I'll give you an opportunity of making yourself much more useful. Since you are so miserably clothed, or indeed, to speak more correctly, naked, I give you the charge of keeping up the fire under yonder cauldron, and I hope your conduct will be such as to justify the confidence which I have placed in you. Say, do you like the place, and will you have it ?

‘ With all my heart, Sire, for I want warming bad enough.’ Accordingly he instantly entered upon the duties of his office, in which he acquitted himself so much to the satisfaction of his patron, that after a certain period when his Infernal Majesty determined to sally forth with his legions to wage war against the souls on earth, he did not hesitate to do so, and leave his dominions in the custody of the minstrel.

Before starting, however, he summoned the minstrel to his presence and said, ‘ Hark ye, Sir Minstrel, I leave my prisoners under your charge, you shall answer for them with your eyes—for let but one of them escape, and I'll have your eyes torn out, and yourself hung up by the jaws.’

‘ Don't make yourself uneasy,’ said the minstrel, ‘ depend on't I'll render you a very satisfactory account on your return.’ Lucifer accordingly departed perfectly easy upon that score, promising the minstrel, that if he did his duty, he would treat him on his return with either a fat monk roasted, or an usurer dressed with *sauce piquante*.

The infernal host had no sooner taken their departure, than Saint Peter, who had overheard this discourse, and was anxious to turn the opportunity to good account, descended into the realms below, having first disguised himself with an immense black beard, and a pair of exquisitely well-curved mustachios, and addressing the minstrel said, ‘ Well,

friend, shall you and I gamble a little; I have got a table, dice, and good store of cash, which you may have for the winning?' While at the same time, to increase the temptation, the Saint drew forth a capacious purse well filled with coin. 'Sir,' replied the minstrel, 'I am obliged to you for your polite offer, but I assure you, on the word of a minstrel, that I have nothing in the world but the ragged shirt in which I have the honour of receiving you.' 'Well,' said Saint Peter, 'if you have no money, why I'll play you for a few souls; you will scarcely refuse to make such stakes, seeing what an abundance you have.' 'That is quite impossible,' said the other, 'I stake five or six souls on a throw of the dice! Why, if I had the bad luck to lose one of them, my master, who is not the sort of a person to enter into a joke of that nature, would eat me alive. No, if you have any other proposal to make, I shall be most happy to receive it; but I must beg to decline acceding to the present one.'

'Simpleton,' said Saint Peter, 'how would your master ever miss a few souls from the millions which he has got. Though you were to lose a score of them, there would be no fear of his becoming a bankrupt; and if you don't avail yourself of the present opportunity you will be sure to regret it; for remember, if once I depart, I shall never return. Look at these beautiful crowns, they are quite new, and shine more brightly than the sun on a spring morning.'

The unhappy minstrel looked anxiously at the dice; he took them in his hands, put them back again, and again laid hold of them. At length he was no longer able to resist the temptation and agreed to take a few throws, but only for small stakes, such as a soul a throw, for he was afraid of

losing largely. 'Agreed,' cried the Saint, 'one a throw, and I'm not particular as to age, sex, or complexion. I'll leave the choice to you, so that we do but have a game.'

Thereupon the minstrel went and pick'd out a few souls, while the Saint spread the table and counted his crowns; and then seating themselves by the side of the furnace they began their play. As may be supposed, the Saint played most skilfully, and in fact won every thing. The minstrel, who had been in his time one of the finest players in France, believed himself cheated; he rose from his seat, upset the table, and called his adversary a cheat,* and a scoundrel, and in short every thing but a gentleman. The Saint felt hurt, and reproved the minstrel for his indecorous behaviour, but he, deaf to every sort of remonstrance, only doubled his invectives.

The Saint now lost his forbearance, and finding that his adversary grew more and more insolent, advanced to administer to him that chastisement which he had so richly deserved. The stirrer of fires anticipating this intention, seized the Saint by the beard; a violent contest now ensued between them, blows were rapidly exchanged, and in a few moments they were both rolling on the ground. Saint Peter, however, who was the more powerful and active of the two, at length gained the ascendancy, and compelled his antagonist to beg for mercy.

* The invention of loaded dice is not one of the results of the much talked-of "March of Intellect;" for, in the Fabliau of "Le Mercier," the dealer says that he has dice of Paris, Rheims, and some which always FALL UPON THE ACE. Loaded dice are likewise mentioned in the Fabliau, "Du Cure et des deux Ribauds."

The minstrel, confused and abashed, acknowledged the impropriety of his conduct. The Saint, to show his generosity, offered to forgive him, upon condition of his paying honourably the fifty-three souls which he had already lost. The minstrel, however, pleaded so earnestly, begging that all that was passed might be considered as null and void, promising to pay his future losses honourably, and offering even to let the Saint choose from the cauldron, thieves, wenches, friars, knights, priests, peasants, monks or nuns, just whichever he pleased, that he, although he could not help reproaching him with his outrageous conduct, at length was overpowered by his apologies, and agreed to begin the game once more.

The minstrel had, however, no better fortune than heretofore. He got angry—staked a hundred souls—and a thousand souls at a time; changed the dice; changed his place; but still lost everything he played for. At length he arose in despair and quitted the game, cursing alike that and his bad fortune, which followed him even to the infernal regions. Saint Peter likewise got up from the table, and approached the cauldron to select those whom he had won. Dreadful were the cries which arose on his approach from those who begged to be the fortunate objects of his choice. All the sinners spoke at the same time, and entreated the Saint not to abandon them. Some cried that they might move him; some howled that they might excite his compassion—it was, in short, an uproar loud enough to awaken the inhabitants of a sepulchre.

The infuriated minstrel, driven to desperation by this clamour, and his dread of the vengeance of Lucifer, came to the resolution of recovering his losses, or of losing all; and therefore proposed to stake the remaining souls upon a

certain number of throws. The Saint wished for no better offer. The game was decided on the spot, and the unhappy souls ceased for awhile their lamentations, to watch in mournful silence, the struggle which was to decide their fate for ever. Fortunately for them, the minstrel was vanquished for the third time, and while he filled the regions of darkness with his cries and lamentations, Saint Peter took his departure for Paradise, accompanied by the myriads of souls whom he had snatched from eternal perdition.

Some hours afterwards Lucifer returned. But what was his vexation when he beheld his fires extinguished; his cauldron empty; and not one soul remaining of all those whom he had so recently left there. He called before him the unhappy stirrer of fires—"Villain, what hast thou done with my prisoners?" 'Sir,' said he, 'I throw myself at your knees, and implore your pardon; forgive me, and I will confess to you the whole truth.' He then recounted the whole adventure, and finished by avowing that he found himself no happier in the infernal regions than he had been upon earth.

The monarch of those realms had no sooner heard this, than he demanded to know, who was the imbecile who had brought a minstrel into his states. He was immediately told. He then called the young fiend before him, and had him so severely whipped in his presence, that he promised never more to be guilty of a similar imprudence. Then turning to the minstrel, who expected nothing less than to be devoured alive by the attendants of the enraged Archdemon, he exclaimed, 'I shall not attempt to punish you, for that were in vain; gamesters are incorrigible. But get you gone from here. If they will let you into Paradise, well and good. Here we will have neither you, nor any of your *minstrel fraternity*.'

The poor fellow was well pleased to hear this. He ran from the realms of endless misery as fast as his legs would carry him, and went and knocked at the gates of Paradise. They were opened to him, by his former adversary, who overlooking the past, not only gave him admission, but received him with friendship, granted him hospitality, and treated him magnificently.

Jongleurs and Minstrels rejoice !

Rejoice ! as ye may well—

For he who lost the souls at dice,

Has kept you out of hell.

NOTE.—LEGRAND's *Fabliaux*, (Paris, 1829.) Tome 2, p. 243—250.

BARBAZAN *Fabliaux*, (Paris, 1808.) Tome 2, p. 282, et seq. In Grimm's *Kinder, und Haus Marchen*, bd 2, s. 84, there is a tale "Des Teufel's Russiger Bruder," in which an old soldier is employed to keep the fires alight under the infernal cauldrons.

In the *Facetiæ Bebelianæ*, p. 73. is a story of the soldiers killed in battle, descending to the infernal regions—in military costume, and with their red banners, on which are displayed the figures of St. George and the Cross. At the sight of these redoubtable signs, the affrighted demons barricade the entrance, crying that they are attacked, and direct the soldiers to turn to the right, and go to heaven. They do so accordingly; but Saint Peter shuts the door in their faces, saying "that Paradise was not for men of blood and slaughter." One of them remonstrates, and the Apostle fearing that they may address him in language offensive to the ears of the blest, gives them admittance, and promises in future to be less harsh towards all unhappy sinners.

2.—THE DOG OF MONTARGIS.

There was once a gentleman, who is asserted by some to have been one of the archers of the guard to the king, but whom I prefer to call a simple gentleman or a courtier; because the Latin history from which this is taken styles him *aulicus*. By some historians he is called the Chevalier Macaire, and who being jealous of the favour shown by the king to one of his companions, named Aubry de Montdidier, watched him continually, until at length he surprised him in the forest of Bondy, accompanied only by his dog, (which some historians, and notably the *Sieur Dodiguier*, say was a greyhound,) and finding the opportunity favourable to the satisfaction of his unhappy jealousy, slew him, and having buried him in the forest, returned with alacrity to the court. The dog, for his part, never stirred from the ditch wherein his master was concealed, until hunger obliged him to go to Paris, where the king was, to beg for food from the friends of his late master—which, when he had obtained, he then incontinently returned to the spot where the assassin had buried his victim. And as he was continually doing this thing, some of those who saw him come, and go, howling and whining, and seeking by his extraordinary actions to discover his grief, and declare the misfortunes of his master, followed him to the forest, and watching exactly what he did, saw that he stopped at a spot where the earth had been recently disturbed. Whereupon they searched, and there found the murdered corse, which they honoured with a more worthy sepulture, without being able to discover the author of so execrable a murder. As the dog still resided with one of

these friends of the deceased, and followed him, he by chance discovered the murderer of his first master; and having picked him out from the midst of all the other gentlemen and archers, attacked him with great violence, leaped at his throat, and did his utmost to tear him to pieces, and strangle him; they beat him off, they drove him away—but he continually returned—and when he could not reach him, kept growling at the spot where he perceived the assassin had concealed himself. And as the dog repeated these attacks every time he encountered this man, some suspicions of the fact arose, the more so that the poor dog, more faithful and mindful of his late master, than any other follower would have been, only attacked the murderer, and never ceased from flying at him, in order to be avenged.

The king having been informed by some of his attendants of the obstinacy of the dog, which was recognised as having belonged to a gentleman who had been found buried and miserably slain, was willing to witness the actions of the poor animal. He was accordingly brought before him, the king having first commanded that the suspected gentleman should conceal himself in the midst of the other attendants, who were very numerous. But the dog with its accustomed fury, soon discovered this man from among all the others, and as if he felt encouraged by the presence of the king, he flew at him more violently than ever, uttering at the same time a piteous cry, as if demanding justice from the sagacious prince.

And he obtained it—for the case appearing strange and marvellous to the king, when joined to some other circumstances, he called before him the suspected gentleman, interrogated him, and publicly pressed him, to ascertain the truth of

what common report, and the attacks and yelpings of this dog (which were as so many accusations) brought against him. But shame, and the fear of dying an ignominious death, rendered the criminal so obstinate and firm in his denial, that the king was at length compelled to ordain, that the complaint of the dog and the gentleman's denial, should be settled by a single combat between the two, in order that the truth might, through God's grace, be thereby brought to light.

Accordingly they were both placed in the field like two champions, in the presence of the king, and of his whole court. The gentleman was armed with a large and massive baton, and the dog with his natural arms, having only an empty barrel for his retreat. Immediately that the dog was loosened, he did not wait for the enemy to begin the battle, he knew that it was for the challenger to commence the attack; but the club of his adversary was strong enough to annihilate him at one blow—which obliged the dog to dodge here and there around him, to avoid the heavy weight of it. But after turning first on one side and then on the other, he watched the time so well, that at length he threw himself full at the throat of his enemy, and there fastened himself so securely, that he threw him to the ground and compelled him to cry for mercy; which he did, begging the king would order the beast to be removed, and he would then confess the whole circumstances.

Upon this the attendants of the field removed the dog, and the judges having, by command of the king, approached the gentleman, he confessed before them all, that he had slain his companion, without any person having seen him, but the dog, by whom he acknowledged himself vanquished. History says, that he was punished, but it does

not say with what death ; nor in what manner he had slain his friend.

If this dog had lived in the time of the ancient Greeks, when the city of Athens was in its lustre, he would have been kept at the public expense—his name would have figured in history—a statue would have been dedicated to him, and his body would have been buried, with more reason and with more justice than that of Xantippus. The history of this dog, besides the honourable painted traces of its victory, which are to be seen at Montargis, has been recommended to posterity by several authors, and especially by Julius Scaliger, in his book against Cardan, Exerc. 22.

I forgot to mention that the combat took place in the Island of Notre Dame, in the presence of the King and of all the Court.

NOTE.—“DE LA COLOMBIERE—Le Theatre d'honneur et de Chevalerie,” Tome 2, c. 23, from which it is quoted in a dissertation upon the subject in “BULLET Dissertations sur la Mythologie de France, 8vo., Paris 1771. The earliest mention of this incident is by ALBERICUS DE TRIBUS FONTIBUS—whose Chronicle is printed in LEIBNITZ. (Access. Hist. Tom. 2, part 1.) It forms an important feature of the metrical Romance of “Berte aux Grans Piés,” by ADENEZ, which has lately been published by M. PAULIN PARIS ; and figures no less conspicuously in the Spanish Prose Romance, “Hystoria de la Reyna Sevilla.”—Seville, 1532. The reader, whose curiosity is not now satisfied, is referred for further information on the subject to WOLFF—“Ueber die Alt. Franz. Heldengedichte.—Vienna, 1833 s. 137, u. 156.

3.—LEGENDS OF RICHARD THE GOOD, DUKE OF NORMANDY.

It was the custom of Duke Richard of Normandy, called the Good, to ramble about by night as well as by day, and though he met with many phantoms, he was never afraid of them. As he was so much abroad in the former season, it was commonly reported that he could see as well in the dark as other men by day-light. Whenever he came to an abbey or a church, he was sure to stop and pray outside, if he could not gain admission within. One night as he was riding along, wrapt in meditation, and far from any attendant, he alighted, according to custom, before a church, fastened his horse at the door, and went in to pray. He passed by a coffin which lay on a bier, threw his gloves on a reading-desk in the chair, knelt before the altar, kissed the earth, and commenced his devotions. He had scarcely done so, when he heard a strange noise proceeding from the bier behind him. He turned round, (for he feared nothing in the world;) and looking towards the place said, "Whether thou art a good or a bad thing, be still and rest in peace!"

The duke then proceeded with his prayer, (whether it was long or short I cannot tell,) and at the conclusion, signed himself with the cross, saying—

Per hoc signum Sanctæ Crucis,

Libera me de malignis,

Domine Deus salutis.

He then arose and said, "Lord, into thy hands I commend my spirit." He took his sword, and as he was preparing to

leave the church, behold, the devil stood bolt upright at the door, extending his long arms, as if to seize Richard, and prevent his departure ! The latter drew his sword, cut the figure down the centre, and sent it through the bier. Whether it cried out or not, I do not know. When Richard came to his horse outside the door, he perceived that he had forgotten his gloves ; and as he did not wish to lose them, he returned into the chancel for them. Few men would have done as much. Wherefore he caused it to be proclaimed, both in the churches and the market-places, that in future no corpse should be left alone until it was buried.

Another adventure happened to the Duke which made people wonder, and which would not easily be believed, were it not so well known. I have heard it from many, who had in like manner heard it from their forefathers ; but often through carelessness, idleness, or ignorance, many a good tale is not committed to writing, though it would prove very entertaining. At that timethere was a sacristan, who was reckoned a proper monk, and one of good report ; but the more a man is praised the more the devil assaults him, and watches the more for occasions to tempt him. So it happened to the sacristan. One day, so the devil would have it, as he was passing by the church about his business, he saw a marvellously fine woman, and fell desperately in love with her. His passion knows no bounds—he must die if he cannot have her ; so he will leave nothing undone to come at his end. He talked to her so much, and made her so many promises, that the fair dame at last appointed a meeting in the evening at her own house. She told him that he must pass over a narrow bridge or rotten plank which lay across the River Robec ; that there was no other way, and that she could not be spoken with any where else.—

When night came, and the other monks were asleep, the sacristan grew impatient to be gone. He wanted no companion, so he went alone to the bridge and ventured on it.— Whether he stumbled or slipt, or was taken suddenly ill, I cannot tell, but he fell into the water and was drowned.

As soon as his soul left the body the devil seized it, and was posting away with it to hell, when an angel met him and strove with him which of them should possess it; wherefore a great dispute rose between them, each giving a reason in support of his claim. Says the devil, “Thou dost me wrong in seeking to deprive me of the soul I am carrying; dost thou not know that every soul taken in sin is mine? This was in a wicked way, and in a wicked way I have seized it. Now, the Scripture itself says, ‘As I find thee, so will I judge thee.’ This monk I found in evil, of which the business he was about is a sufficient proof, and there needs no other.” Replies the angel, “Hold thy peace! it shall not be so. The monk led a good life in his abbey, he conducted himself well and faithfully, and no one ever saw ill of him. The Scripture saith, that which is reasonable and right, every good work shall be rewarded, and every evil one punished. Then this monk ought to be rewarded for the good we know he has done; but how could that be if he were suffered to be damned? He had not committed any sin when thou did’st take and condemn him. Howbeit, he had left the abbey, and did come to the bridge, he might have turned back, if he had not fallen into the river; and he ought not to be so much punished for a sin which he never committed. For his foolish intention alone thou condemnest him, and in that thou art wrong. Let the soul alone; and as for the strife betwixt thee and me, let us go to Duke Richard, and abide by his opinion. Neither side

will then have any reason to complain; he will decide honestly and wisely, for false judgment is not to be found in him. To what he says, we will both submit, without any more dispute." Says the devil, "I consent to it, and let the soul remain between us!"

They immediately went to Richard's chamber, who was then in bed. He had been asleep, but just then he was awake, and reflecting about divers things. They related to him how the monk had left his monastery on an evil errand, how he had fallen from the bridge and been drowned, without doing evil. They desired him to judge which of them should take possession of the soul. Answers Richard, briefly, "Go immediately, and restore the soul to the body; let him then be placed on the bridge, on the very spot from which he tumbled, and if he advances one foot, nay, ever so little, let Nick go and take him away without hindrance; but if the monk turns back, let him do so unmolested." Neither could say nay to this decision; so they did as he had said. The soul was returned to the body, the body restored to life, and the monk placed on the very part of the bridge whence he had fallen. As soon as the poor fellow perceived that he was standing upright on the bridge, he ran back as quickly as though he had trod on a snake; he did not even stay to bid the devil and the angel good bye. On his reaching the abbey, he shook his wet clothes and crept into a corner. He was still terrified at the thought of death, and he could not well say, whether he was dead or alive. The next morning Richard went to the abbey church to pray; all the monks of the convent were met together, and he enquired for a certain one among them. The Duke caused him to be brought before the abbot. "Brother," says Richard, "what think you

now? How came you to be taken? Take care another time how you pass over the bridge. Tell the abbot what you have seen to-night." The monk blushed, and was ashamed, in the presence of his superior and the Duke. He confessed all, how he went, how he perished, how the devil had deceived him, and how the Duke had delivered him; he related the whole matter, which was confirmed by the noble Richard. Thus was the thing noised abroad, and its certainty established. Long after it took place, this saying became a proverb in Normandy, "Sir monk, go gently, take care of yourself when you pass over the bridge."

NOTE.—From Wace's *Roman de Rou* edited by PLUQUET. We have, however, borrowed them, directly, from the second volume of the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, in which there is a very able article on the subject of Wace's Poem. They are certainly the most curious legends contained in that extraordinary composition; the only other one deserving of comparison with them, being that which turns upon the amours of one of Duke Richard's huntsmen, with a spirit of the woods, and which bears some resemblance to Sir Walter Scott's *Ballad of Glenfinlas*. How far the good Duke was a fitting and impartial judge in the matters submitted to him, by the contending parties who figure in the above story, the following extract from the *Chronicle of Normandy* will serve to show.

"Once upon a time, as Duke Richard was riding from one of his castles to a mansion, wherein there dwelt a very beauteous lady, the devil attacked him, and Richard combated and vanquished him. And after this adventure the devil disguised himself like a very beautiful damsel, who presented herself before him in a boat, in the harbour of Graniulle where Richard then was; Richard entered into the said

boat to converse with, and behold the beauty of this lady. The devil thereupon bore off Richard to a rock in the sea, in the isle of Grenesey—where he was discovered.”—*L’Histoire et Chronique de Normandie*. Rouen. 1581—cap. 9.

We cannot omit this opportunity of offering our humble meed of praise to the admirable periodical to which we have before alluded. The services which it has rendered to English literature are great indeed; firstly, by the information which it has disseminated relative to the sayings and doings of the continental literati; secondly, by the good tone and excellent taste exhibited alike in its articles and arrangement.

4.—THE BALLAD OF THE LOUP-GAROU.

Oh list! and I will tell,
All of a gay gallant,
Who loved a wife and sought
Her husband to supplant.
She feigned consent, and said,
“My gentle love and true
Come at the vesper hour,
Dight like a Loup-Garou.”

“Ladye, with all my heart,
At eve I’ll come to thee,

Nor man, nor dame, be sure
Shall gain a glimpse of me;
Thus too will I depart,
All loyally from you"—
"Then come," said she, "to-night,
Come like a Loup-Garou."

Her good man then she told,
What she had done and said;
Quoth he, "'twere merry jest
To catch this gallant blade."
Quoth she, without delay—
"To get him scared by you,
Anon be sure you shall
Here catch the Loup-Garou."

Without fail presently,
The gallant there ycame,
All muffled in a hide,
And whispered to the dame,
Thus speaking—"Fair Neck say,
Art pleased since thus I do?"
She feigned alarm, and cried,
"Help! help! the Loup-Garou."

Her husband was at hand,
And laid on with his club,
And all his neighbours helped
This Loup-Garou to drub,
Of blows good store got he,
For one and all set to,
And thrashed, and laughed the while,
Alas! poor Loup-Garou.

He now for mercy begged,
 And cried—"Pray pardon me !
 And you I pray beside,
 Who fain would lovers be—
 Bethink how I was drubbed,
 When I but thought to woo,
 And take heed, lest ye be
 Served like the Loup-Garou !"

NOTE.—From *le Jardin de Plaisance et Fleur de Rhetorique*—sign k. l. recto, of the edition without date, published by Michael le Noir. The Loup-Garou, or Wehr-Wolf, which means a man who has the power of changing himself into a wolf, figures conspicuously among the traditions of France. MARIE of FRANCE has given the history of one, in her Lay of Bisclavaret, a translation of which will be found in the present volume.

We are indebted to M. MICHEL, who is so well known to the lovers of Old French Romance, for his skill in editing such matters, for pointing out to us the original ballad, which we think exhibits so much NAIVETE, and is so agreeably versified, that feeling certain our readers will be gratified by its perusal we have inserted it accordingly :—

Balade du Loup Garoux.

I fault que je vous die
 Dung tres gentil Galois,
 Qui cuidoit son amye,
 La femme d'ung bourgeois.

Mais elle fist la fee
En disant, " Amy doux
Venes a la vespree
Faisant loup garoux."

" Voulentiers," dist il " Dame,
Viendray devers le soir,
Que homme naura ne femme
Qui sen puist percevoir ;
Bien me scauray retraire
Loyement devers vous"—
Elle dist " venez donc faire
De nuit le loup garoux."

A son mary va dire
Tout le fait et compter,
Il dist, " cest bien pour rire
S'ón le peut latrapper—
Dist elle, sans attendre,
" Affin qui soit escoux,
Tantot vous feray prendre
Leans le loup garoux."

Tantost sans demourer
Le galant arriva,
Dune pel affublee,
Puis la dame hucha
Disant, " Gorge polie
Suis je bien a vo goux ?"
Elle fist lesbaye
Criant, " Au loup garoux!"

seen, yet not all heard, failed not to remark the richness of his dress, the elegance of his form, the regularity of his features, and, above all, the wild and fiery expression of his eyes. If the lady felt an inexpressible charm in the society of her guest, it was not to be wondered at; for she was accustomed to converse chiefly with persons who could amuse her with little else than the fifty-times-told feats of their old lord, her husband, whom nature had formed rather for the field of battle than for a lady's bower. Profiting by the advantages of his situation, Brudemmer hesitated not to throw into his conversation more flattery than even the chivalrous manners of the period permitted. The lady, commonly so proud and disdainful, was subdued by an unknown power, and listened to him without anger, and with a continually increasing emotion. Placing himself in a position that hid the lady of Clairmarais from her women, he possessed himself of her hand, and pressed it ardently to his lips. It would be difficult to express her sensations. A fierce and supernatural fire circulated painfully through her veins. She felt nothing of that soft languor—of that unspeakable delirium—which are so often the symptoms of an unfortunate attachment; it was rather the mental anguish—the cold sweat and shuddering—of a conscious sinner. In her agitation she let fall the scarf which she was embroidering. “Oh, if it were my lot to possess such a scarf!” said Brudemmer, “If the lady by whose fair hands it was wrought would but accept me as her knight, what store of lances would I break in her honour, at tourney and in battle!” With a convulsive movement she lifted it up and placed it in his hands. Brudemmer pressed the gift to his lips, to conceal a horrible smile, which he could not repress; then suddenly let it fall with a start of pain and terror, like

that of a man touched by fire. The chaplain had examined it that very evening, before the holy water had dried on his hands. Conquering his emotion, Brudemmer approached close to the lady, and said in a low tone of voice, "An old man conducted me to your castle. He was in great haste to meet with the Sire of Clairmarais, and waits even now at the postern, to reveal to him an important secret in which you are much concerned." The lady grew pale. "He told me," continued Brudemmer, "the motives which led him to seek your husband with so much eagerness. 'It is,' said he, 'that I may discover to him a mystery—a mystery, too, that will work a wondrous change in the manor of Clairmarais. She who calls herself mistress of it has chased me ignominiously from her castle: she has threatened to drown me in the moat should I return to it. The thankless wretch!—I will spoil her of the very titles and riches of which she is so proud!' As I hesitated to believe him, he told me further, that his wife had been foster-mother to the daughter of the Count d'Erin; that the infant died unknown to any one but himself, and that he had placed you, his own daughter, in the cradle of the young deceased countess; and that you had been educated and married as the child of the count her father. He furnished me with numerous and unanswerable proofs of his fraud. Let this mystery be once known to the Sire of Clairmarais, and he will not delay to repudiate a vassal whom he will regard merely as the daughter of a serf by whom he had been duped." The lady wrung her hands in despair. "Listen," cried Brudemmer, in a low tone of voice, but yet so that not one word he said was lost; "listen!—the old man is still at the postern; take this poniard—come." "But my father!" "No, you are right," said Brudemmer, with a cold and cutting

irony; "who knows that they may not take pity on you, and admit you among the waiting-women of the new lady of Clairmarais? At the very worst, they can but shave your head and shut you up in a convent." The lady rose up, motioned to her women not to follow, and, giving her hand to Brudemmer, went with him towards the postern. The Sire of Clairmarais, after having hunted all day, returned fatigued to his manor, longing to find himself before a good fire by the side of his beautiful wife. He made such haste to gain his home, that he arrived there before any of his huntsmen; when all at once his horse stopped short at the gate of his castle, refused to go on, and began to shew signs of great terror. The rider was obliged to dismount. What was his surprise and grief to find the foster-father of his wife motionless on the ground, and deeply wounded in the breast. The attendants of the old seigneur at length arrived, and assisted him in trying to restore his vassal. Their attentions were not wholly useless. The wounded man made a dying effort to rise, and inclining his lips towards the ear of his master, whispered something which made him spring back with horror. Without losing a moment, or speaking a word, the Sire of Clairmarais went directly to the chamber of his lady. There she sat pale as death, before a narrow table; and to disguise her agitation, pretended to play at chess with Brudemmer. The latter, at the sight of the master of the castle, uttered a triumphant burst of laughter. The lady joined in it, but her's was the laugh of despair. To hear it was enough to convince the husband of his misfortunes, and of the truth of what he had heard from his dying serf. "Satan," cried he, in a paroxysm of horror and indignation, "take thou the parricide—the adulterous wife: to thee I abandon her,

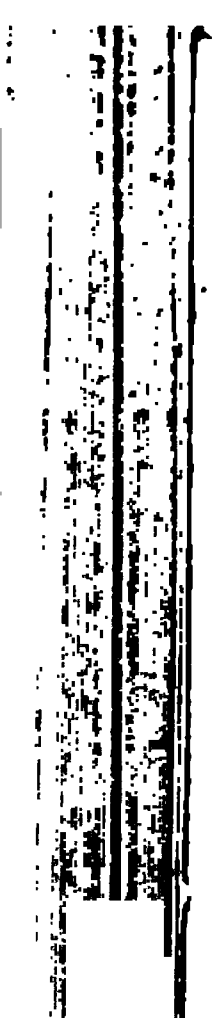
and the castle which she pollutes with her presence." "I accept them," said Brudemér; and at the same moment a crown of fire sparkled around his temples, and he stretched forth on the shoulders of the lady two terrible hands, which suddenly became armed with the talons of a demon. The Sire of Clairmarais entered into a religious house, and died in the odour of sanctity at the abbey of St. Bertin.

More than two hundred years afterwards, a monk of the order of St. Bennet asked a citizen of St. Omer what castle it was, the towers of which he saw rising in the midst of a neighbouring wood, surrounded by an immense marsh? "May our lady and the Saints protect us!" said the citizen, crossing himself with devotion; "that is the castle of Clairmarais; the place is accursed—haunted by the evil one! Every night it is illuminated by a sudden glare of light; and the devil, and I know not how many spectres, appear there in chariots of fire. If one may believe the old people of the country, the demon who dwells in that castle is called Brudemér; and he forces all those who are bold enough to enter his habitation to play at chess with him, and stake their souls against the castle and the treasure it contains. Up to the present time the devil has been constantly victorious, so that no one has returned from Clairmarais." The monk listened to the citizen in silence, bade him adieu, and after some moments of reflection walked towards the castle. He entered it without obstacle, and at length found himself in a splendid furnished chamber. In the middle of it stood a narrow table, and it a chess-board and men, ready for play. Whilst he examined these objects, which the increasing obscurity of the evening began to render indistinct, a brilliant light sprang itself suddenly through the apartment, which was at the

same moment crowded with ladies in waiting, pages and servants, all dressed after a fashion long since gone by.—A knight richly clad now slowly entered the room. On his doublet was blazoned a shield bearing two tridents sable, with this device—*Brudemmer*. He supported on his arm a lady young and beautiful, but pale as a corpse. These were followed by eight pages, bending under the weight of four heavy coffers filled with gold. Brudemmer placed himself at the chess-board, and made a sign that the monk should do the same. The monk obeyed, and both began to play without speaking a word. By a skilful combination the monk thought that he had mated his adversary, when the pale lady who stood behind Brudemmer, leaning on the back of his chair, bent towards him and pointed with her finger to a particular pawn. The move she indicated was made, the face of the game changed, and the monk found himself on the point of being mated. Brudemmer and the lady broke out into a triumphant fit of laughter, and all the attendants grouped themselves around the players, and took part in this infernal merriment. The monk now began to repent of his boldness; cold perspiration dropped from his forehead, and he would have given the world at that moment to have been safe in his convent. But he did not resign himself to despair. He saw that a miracle alone could save him, and so he prayed mentally to his patron, St. Bennet, for assistance. Suddenly, and as if by heavenly inspiration, a new combination suggested itself to his mind. He moved forward the piece on which it depended. The laugh which rung around him was changed into howlings, and the moment afterwards all was dark and silent as the grave. The monk passed the night in prayer, and saw the day break with a joy that may easily be conceived. In the



The pale lady who stood behind Brademer, pointed with her finger.



place where the lady had stood on the preceding evening was a skeleton, clad in the rich but tattered vestments of a woman of quality. Possessor of the castle and its treasures, he built a monastery on the spot, and was appointed superior of it. This religious house was destroyed during the revolution, but some slight vestiges of it still remain.

Such is the legend of the Game at Chess with the Devil.

NOTE.—From the Foreign Literary Gazette, page 156, where it is said to be a genuine legend of the country in which the scene is laid ; and to be translated from a French annual called ' L'Album Litteraire.'

6.—THE LEGEND OF CARNAC.

The Druidical pile at Carnac, in Brittany, like all similar relics of the olden time, is the subject of many traditions. It is said in one of them to have been a camp of Cæsar's. In another it is said, to be an army converted into stone. And again, that it is the work of the Crions, who are described as little men or demons, who are but two or three feet high; and yet stronger than the giants, which they sufficiently proved by bearing in their hands the immense masses of which the pile is composed.

The Crions or Gorics, are supposed to perform nightly dances around these Druidical monuments, and woe be to the traveller, who, when they are so engaged, approaches sufficiently near for them to seize him. For, if he does, he is instantly compelled to join in their rapid dances, until he falls exhausted, amidst the jeers and laughter of these Dusii, Elves, or Hobgoblins.

One of these huge stones is said to conceal an immense treasure, (the others being placed there merely to add to the difficulty of its discovery.) It is also believed, that there exists a calculation which would point out the precise spot—the key, or clue to which, is preserved in the Tower of London.

NOTE.—CAMBRY, *Monumens Celtiques*, p. 3, We may here add, that the author just quoted, further informs us, that “a fresh stone was added to the heap every year, in the month of June, and that the night before this ceremony, the pile was brilliantly illuminated.” The Elfin Spirits of Brittany, like all their brethren, seem fond of tripping it in the mazy dance. “Among the ruins of Tresmalouen,

dwell the Courills, dwarfs of a malevolent disposition, and in some measure magicians, who are very fond of dancing. They have their nocturnal meetings amidst the Druids' Stones, and dance, leap, and caper, in regular time. Woe to the shepherd who has the temerity to approach them ! he is obliged to join in their dance, and hold out till the cock-crowing. Woe to the damsels who come near the Courills ! Nine months afterwards something new takes place in the house : the birth of a young sorcerer, who is not indeed a dwarf, but to whom the malicious spirits give the features of a young villager so great is their power and subtilty."—CROFTON CROKER's Irish Fairy Legends, vol. iii. p. 150

7.—THE SACRISTAN OF CLUNI.

An inhabitant of Cluni, named Hugh, who followed the double profession of money-changer and merchant, was returning homewards from a neighbouring fair with his merchandize, which contained amongst other valuable articles a quantity of Amiens cloth, when he was attacked in a forest by brigands, and robbed of every thing he possessed. The result of this misfortune was, that he was compelled to dispose of what other few goods he was worth, in order to satisfy his creditors; so that in short he was totally ruined.

Idoine his wife, who had long desired to visit her relations, now proposed that they should remove from Cluni to that part of France in which they resided; to this he agreed,

and the third day following was accordingly fixed for their departure.

Now it happened that the Sacristan of the monastery, who had long entertained a passion for Idoine, sought to profit by these circumstances ; hoping now to obtain from her that for which he had hitherto intreated in vain. He offered her a hundred livres as the price of her consent, (a sum which he could readily command, seeing that he was treasurer, as well as sacristan,) and Idoine, tempted by an offer which would compensate for all her husband's losses, feigned consent; and in concert with her husband, fixed the following evening for her interview with the monk.

No sooner was it dark, than the Sacristan contrived to quit the monastery, by the door of the church, the key of which was in his possession. He handed to the fair object of his passion the sum which he had promised; but had scarcely commenced a declaration of his love, when her husband made his appearance, armed with a stout cudgel. Hugh struck at the monk, with the view of punishing him for his insolence, and compelling him to take to flight. Unfortunately he dealt his blows with so much energy upon the shaven-crown of the ecclesiastic, that instead of taking to his heels he fell dead upon the floor.

This event caused the greatest consternation to the unhappy couple, who saw at once what their fate would be, should the return of day discover his corpse upon their premises. So great was their terror, that had the city gates been open, they would have instantly fled the country. But the necessity which they were under of disposing of the body, sharpened their wits as to the best mode of doing so; and Idoine proposed that they should carry it back to the *monastery*, entering it through the church by means of the

Sacristan's keys. This plan was no sooner devised than executed. Hugh took the body upon his shoulders, and accompanied by his wife, who attended that she might open the doors, and give such other assistance as her husband might require, bore it back to the monastery, and placed it bolt upright against the door of an out-building.

In the night, the prior of the monastery moved by piety, or some other equally strongly operating emotion, betook himself to the spot where the dead man was placed, and thrust open the door so violently, that he threw the body to the ground, its fall causing of course considerable noise. The prior believed he had killed him; and his alarm at the idea was considerably augmented, because, having had a violent quarrel with the Sacristan on the preceding evening, he was fearful of being accused of having murdered him from feelings of revenge. He therefore thought that the best thing he could do, considering the unfortunate situation in which he was placed, would be, to carry the body out of the monastery, and place it against the door of one of the city beauties, to the jealousy of whose husband it would then be supposed he had fallen a victim. The house of Idoine being the one nearest to the monastery, thither he took it; and then, first knocking loudly at the door, fled precipitately. Had Hugh and his wife been asleep at the moment when this happened, they would inevitably have been ruined; the discovery of the body at their door, would certainly have caused their arrest; and guilty as they were of the death of the Sacristan, it would not have been long before they betrayed themselves. But, as good fortune would have it, they heard the knocking, and arose to see who was at the door. When they perceived it was the dead monk, they gave themselves up for lost, for they fully believed that it

was the devil, who had brought him back to cause their destruction. To overthrow this project of the evil one, Idoine gave her husband a charm, in which the name of God was inscribed. When armed with this irresistible weapon against the fiend, Hugh regained his courage, and for the second time, took the dead body upon his shoulders, with the intention of depositing it in some other spot.

As he was passing, groaning under his load, before the house of Thibaut, the bailiff of the monastery, he caught sight of a dung-heap, and he immediately bethought him, that it would be a good plan to conceal the monk under the dung; the more so, as the Sacristan was in the habit of visiting Thibaut very frequently, so that it was very likely the latter would be suspected of the murder. No sooner, however, had he began to make a hole in the straw, than he discovered in the midst of it a sack, which appeared to him well filled. "Oh! oh!" said he to himself, "has this wag been killing a monk too? Well, if he has, they may keep each other company, and he shall have the honour of the two." At the same time he opened the sack, and to his great surprise found in it a fresh killed pig.

Thibaut, in fact, had killed a fat hog against the approaching Christmas; this being known to two thieves of the neighbourhood, they went in the evening and laid hands upon it; but not liking to remove it until the night was further advanced, they had concealed it among the dung, and betaken themselves to a neighbouring tavern, there to drink away the time. Hugh, who was at no loss as to how to dispose of the hog, drew it from the sack, thrust the monk in its place, and again concealing the sack among the dung, returned home with his booty.

The two thieves had found companions of their own pro-

fession at the tavern, and had joined them in a drinking bout. Some of the party having expressed their opinion, that a few fresh pork chops would give an additional relish to the wine, one of the thieves offered to treat the company with some, and for that purpose went in search of the pig.

No sooner did he return with the sack, than all began to expatiate upon the size and beauty of the animal. One called for wood; another for fire; one flew to borrow a gridiron; another to seek a fryingpan; one ran to get some straw; another to steal some stakes from a neighbouring hedge. In the midst of this bustle the servant untied the sack, and lifted up the bottom of it that she might shake out the pig. Suddenly out fell the monk;—the girl screamed and went into fits; all the party stared; all the party were amazed; while “mine host” demanded who had been guilty of the murder. “I have not killed any body,” said the thief. “I have only cabbaged a pig, and the devil, to play me a trick, has made a monk of it. But for the matter of that he belongs to Thibaut, and I don’t wish the villain to lose him.” So saying, the pilferer trudged back with his prey to the residence of Master Thibaut, and there hung the monk up by his neck, with the cord from which he had before taken the pig.

The noise which he made in doing this awoke Thibaut, who fearing that somebody might be trying to make off with his pig, got up to see if it was all safe. Just as he reached the spot, the cord, which was strained by its increased weight, gave way, and the defunct sacristan fell plump upon his old acquaintance, and thrust him to the ground. He, greatly alarmed at this unexpected event, roared lustily for assistance; and called upon his wife, and upon his servants; they

came, and by their lights they discovered him entangled in the gown of the sacristan.

Thibaut speedily recognized who the dead man was; but this discovery did not make him feel the less dread of the body's being detected on his premises; and he thought very anxiously how to get rid of his bargain, for morning was now beginning to dawn. It happened that he had at the time in his stables, a young colt, which had never been broken or saddled, and which was consequent'y very restive and high couraged; and this he determined should be the means of getting him out of the scrape. He had it accordingly brought out and saddled, and mounted the dead rider upon it, taking care to tie him on firmly. Then having placed a lance in the monk's hand, and having suspended a shield about his neck, he started the foal by smacking his whip loudly, and sent him galloping through the streets of the city.

No sooner had the foal started, than Master Thibaut and his servants followed, shouting with might and main "Stop him, stop the monk!" These cries, joined to those of such passengers as were in the streets, served still more to madden the poor animal, which ran on snorting and caracolling until it darted into the convent, through the gate which was then standing open. The prior who met it, had not time to get out of its way; he was struck by the lance and killed upon the spot. The monks sought safety in flight, crying as they ran, "Take care, take care, our sacristan has gone mad." Twenty times at least, did the monk and his courser gallop round the gardens and cloisters. They next rushed into the kitchen, and there demolished every thing that came in their way.

At last the horse ran to a spot where they were digging a well, and into the pit down fell both the horse and its rider. To this fall was the death of the sacristan attributed by his brethren, who knew nothing of his real adventure.

As for Master Hugh, he gained a pig and a hundred livres by the events of that night. Thibaut alone was a loser; but he took care to indemnify himself most fully for the loss of his foal at the expense of the monks; so that in fact, the reverend brotherhood paid for all.

NOTE.—LEGRAND's *Fabliaux*. Tome 4. p. 266, 272. BARBAZAN, Tome 1. p. 242. and MEON, *Fabliaux*. Tome 1. p. 318.

This story, which is a middle-age French version of the Oriental Tale of Hunchback, appears to have been one of the most popular of all popular tales. There are several versions and varieties of it among the writings of the Anglo-Norman Poets. Among these "La Longue Nuit," and "Le Sacristain," were the best known and most esteemed.

The story is likewise to be found, with some variations, in the "Gesta Romanorum," "The Seven Wise Masters;" and in an infinity of other languages and literatures, all of which will be found duly chronicled, and preserved in that invaluable repertory of learning, Douce's *Illustrations of Shakspeare*, vol. ii. 379.

8.—THE STORY OF ORTHON, THE FAMILIAR OF THE LORD DE CORASSE.

(A LEGEND FROM FROISSART.)

About twenty years ago, there lived a Baron in this country, named Raymond, lord of Corasse. You must understand, that Corasse is a town seven leagues distant from Orthes. This lord of Corasse had a suit at Avignon, before the Pope, for the tythes of his church, against a priest of Catalonia; this priest was very learned, who claimed these tythes, which were worth a hundred florins a year. He proved his right so clearly, that Pope Urban the Fifth in full consistory gave a definitive judgement, in favour of the priest, condemning the knight to costs of suit. The priest obtained a copy of this sentence, and hastened to Bearn, where shewing it, and his bulls from the Pope, he obtained possession of the tythes.

The lord de Corasse, being doubtful of this priest and of his designs, went to him and said, "Master Peter, or Master Martin, (according as he was called,) do you think I will lose my inheritance through the papers you have brought hither? I do not believe you will be bold enough to collect any thing belonging to me, for if you do your life shall pay for it. Go elsewhere and seek for benefices, for you shall not have any thing from my estate; and once for all I forbid you to take any tythes."

The clerk was fearful of the knight, as he knew him to be a cruel man, and dared not persevere, but resolved to return to Avignon, which he did. Before he set out, he came again to the Lord de Corasse and said to him, 'By force, and not by justice, you deprive me of the rights of my

church, for which in conscience you behave exceedingly ill. I am not so powerful in this country as you are, but know that as soon as I possibly can, I will send you a champion that you will be more afraid of than you have hitherto been of me.'

The Lord de Corasse, not alarmed at his menaces, replied, 'Go, in God's name: do what thou canst: I fear thee neither dead nor alive, and for thy speeches I will not lose my property.' The clerk then departed, and went I know not, whether to Catalonia or Avignon, but did not forget what he had told the Lord de Corasse on leaving him; for about three months after, when the knight least thought of it, and was sleeping in his bed, with his lady, in his castle of Corasse, there came invisible messengers who made such a noise, knocking about every thing they met with in the castle, as if they were determined to destroy all within it; and they gave such loud raps at the door of the chamber of the knight, that the lady was exceedingly frightened. The knight heard it all, but did not say a word, as he would not have it appear that he was alarmed, for he was a man of sufficient courage for any adventure.

These noises and tumults continued in different parts of the castle for a considerable time, and then ceased. On the morrow, all the servants of the household assembled, and went to their lord and said—'My lord, did you not hear what we all heard this night?' The Lord de Corasse dissembled, and replied, 'What is it you have heard?' They then related to him all the noises and rioting they had heard, and that the plates in the kitchen had been broken. He began to laugh, and said it was nothing: that they had dreamed it, or that it had been the wind. 'In the name of God,' added the lady, 'I well heard it.'

On the following night the noises and rioting were renewed, but much louder than before: and there were such blows struck against the doors and windows of the chamber of the knight, that it seemed they would break them down. The knight could no longer desist from leaping out of his bed and calling out, 'Who is it, that at this hour thus knocks at my chamber door?' He was instantly answered, 'It is I.' 'And who sends thee hither?' asked the knight. 'The clerk of Catalonia, whom thou hast much wronged: for thou hast deprived him of the rights of his benefice; I will therefore never leave thee quiet, until thou hast rendered him a just account, with which he shall be contented.' 'What art thou called,' said the knight, 'who art so good a messenger?' 'My name is Orthon.' 'Orthon,' said the knight, 'serving a clerk will not be of much advantage to thee, for if thou believest him, he will give thee great trouble. I beg thou wilt therefore leave him and serve me, and I shall think myself obliged to thee.'

Orthon was ready with his answer, for he had taken a liking to the knight and said, 'Do you wish it?' 'Yes,' replied the knight, 'but no harm must be done to any one within these walls.' 'Oh no,' answered Orthon. 'I have no power to do ill to any one, only to awaken thee and disturb thy rest, or that of other persons.' 'Do what I tell thee,' added the knight; 'we shall well agree; and leave this wicked priest, for he is a worthless fellow, and serve me.' 'Well,' replied Orthon, 'since thou wilt have it so, I consent.'

Orthon took such an affection for the Lord de Corasse that he came after to see him in the night time; and when he found him sleeping, he pulled his pillow from under his head, or made great noise at the door or windows, so that

when the knight was awakened, he said, "Orthon, let me sleep." "I will not," replied he, "until I have told thee some news." The knight's lady was so much frightened, the hairs of her head stood on end, and she hid herself under the bed clothes. "Well," said the knight, "and what news hast thou brought me?" Orthon replied, "I am come from England, Hungary, or some other such place, which I left yesterday, and such and such things have happened."—Thus did the Lord de Corasse know, by means of Orthon, all things that were passing in different parts of the world; and this connexion continued for five years; but he could not keep it to himself, and discovered it to the Count de Foix, in the manner I will tell you. The first year, the Lord de Corasse came to the Count de Foix, at Orthes, or elsewhere, and told him, my lord, such an event has happened in England, in Scotland, Germany, or some other country; and the Count de Foix, who found all this intelligence prove true, marvelled greatly how he could have acquired such early intimation, and entreated him so earnestly, that the Lord de Corasse told him the means by which he had acquired his intelligence, and the manner of its communication. When the Count de Foix heard this, he was much pleased, and said, "Lord de Corasse, nourish the love of your intelligence. I wish I had such a messenger, he costs you nothing, and you are truly informed of every thing that passes in the world." "My lord," replied the knight, "I will do so."

The Lord de Corasse was served by Orthon for a long time. I am ignorant if Orthon had more than one master; but two or three times every week he visited the knight, and told him all the news of the countries he had frequented, which he wrote immediately to the Count de Foix, who was

much delighted therewith, as there is not a lord in the world more eager after news from foreign parts than he is.

Once, when the Lord de Corasse was in conversation on this subject with the Count de Foix, the count said, "Lord de Corasse, have you never yet seen your messenger?" "No, by my faith, never; nor have I ever pressed him on this matter." "I wonder at that," replied the count, "for had he been so much attached to me, I should have begged of him to have shewn himself in his own proper form; and I entreat you will do so, that you may tell how he is made, and what he is like. You have said that he speaks Gascon as well as you or I do." "By my faith," said the Lord de Corasse, "he converses just as well and as properly; and since you request it, I will do all I can to see him."

It fell out, when the Lord de Corasse, as usual, was in bed with his lady, (who was now accustomed to hear Orthon without being frightened,) Orthon arrived and shook the pillow of the knight, who was asleep. On waking, he asked who was there? Orthon replied, "It is I." "And where dost thou come from?" "I come from Prague, in Bohemia." "How far is it hence?" "Sixty days journey," replied Orthon. "And hast thou returned thence in so short a time?" "Yes, as may God help me: I travel as fast as the wind, or faster." "What, hast thou got wings?" "Oh, no." "How then canst thou fly so fast?" "That is no business of yours." "No!" said the knight, "I should like exceedingly to see what form thou hast, and how thou art made." "That does not concern you to know," replied Orthon; "be satisfied that you hear me, and that I bring you intelligence you may depend on."—"By God!" said the Lord de Corasse, "I should love thee better if I had seen thee." "Well," replied Orthon,

“ since you have such a desire, the first thing you shall see to-morrow morning in quitting your bed, shall be myself.”

“ I am satisfied,” said the knight, “ you may now depart—I give thee thy liberty for this night.”

When morning came the knight arose, but his lady was so much frightened, she pretended to be sick, and said she would not leave her bed the whole day. The Lord de Corasse willed it otherwise. “ Sir,” said she, “ If I do get up, I shall see Orthon; and if it please God, I would neither see nor meet him.” “ Well,” replied the knight, “ I am determined to see him;” and, leaping out of his bed, he seated himself on the bedstead, thinking he should see Orthon in his own shape; but he saw nothing that could induce him to say that he had seen him.

When the ensuing night arrived, and the Lord de Corasse was in bed, Orthon came and began to talk in his usual manner. “ Go,” said the knight, “ thou art a liar, thou oughtest to have shewn thyself to me this morning, and hast not done so.” “ No!” replied Orthon, “ but I have.” “ I say no.” “ And did you see nothing at all when you leaped out of bed?” The Lord de Corasse was silent, and, having considered awhile, said “ Yes, while sitting on my bed-side and thinking of thee, I saw two straws which were turning and playing together on the floor.” “ That was myself,” replied Orthon, “ for I had taken that form.” The Lord de Corasse said, “ That will not satisfy me. I beg of thee to assume some other shape, so that I may see thee and know thee.” Orthon answered, “ You ask so much that you will ruin me and force me away from you, for your requests are too great.” “ You shall not quit me,” said the Lord de Corasse; “ If I had once seen thee, I should not again wish it.” “ Well,” replied Orthon, “ you

shall see me to-morrow, if you pay attention to the first thing you observe when you leave your chamber." "I am contented," said the knight; "now go thy ways, for I want to sleep." Orthon departed.

On the morrow, about the hour of eight, the knight had risen and was dressed; on leaving his apartment, he went to a window, which looked into the court of the castle. Casting his eyes about, the first thing he observed was an immense large sow; but she was so poor, she seemed only skin and bone, with long hanging ears, all spotted, and a sharp-pointed lean snout. The Lord de Corasse was disgusted at such a sight, and calling to his servants, said, "Let the dogs loose quickly, for I will have that sow killed and devoured." The servants hastened to open the kennel, and set the hounds on the sow, who uttered a loud cry and looked up at the Lord de Corasse, leaning on the balcony of his window, and was never seen afterwards; for she vanished, and no one ever knew what became of her.

The knight returned quite pensive to his chamber, for he then recollected what Orthon had told him, and said, "I believe I have seen my messenger Orthon, and repent having set my hounds on him, for perhaps I may never see him more; he frequently told me, that if ever I angered him, I should lose him." He kept his word, for never did he return to the Hotel de Corasse, and the knight died in the following year.

NOTE.—This narrative, which is given by FROISSART from the recital of a Squire of the Count de Foix, (Vol. 7. p. 294—302 of the translation by Johnes, 8vo. 1808) bears considerable resemblance to the story of the German House Spirit, "Hinzelman," as related in GRIMM'S *Deutsche Sagen*—Bd. 1. s. 103 et seq.

9.—SAINT ROMAIN AND THE DRAGON.

In the reign of King Dagobert, which was as distinguished for saints and miracles, as the reign of Louis the Fourteenth for illustrious men, the neighbourhood of Rouen was infested by a terrible dragon, whose ravages and enormous appetite spread terror and desolation through the whole country around.

Saint Romain having determined upon freeing Normandy from this scourge, went forth, accompanied by two criminals, a thief, and a murderer, who very readily gave their company, such as it was, upon the occasion. No sooner, however, did the party arrive in sight of the dragon, than the thief, animated by strong professional feelings, or some equally active principle of action, stole away, and left the Saint, and the murderer, who was nothing daunted at the sight of the ferocious monster, to carry on the war as best they might. The Saint, who, to judge from the valor he displayed, must have belonged to the church militant, fought like a hero, and succeeded, with the assistance of the murderer, in capturing the dragon; then fastening his stole about his neck, he led him into the city, where he was publicly burnt.

King Dagobert was so delighted with the Saint's conduct upon this occasion, that he immediately summoned him to his court, and in remembrance of this event, bestowed upon the cathedral of Rouen the privilege of rescuing from punishment a prisoner every year, on the Feast of the As-

cension—the anniversary of the victory achieved by the Saint and his companion.

Whatever be said as to the origin of this custom, the custom actually obtained until the revolution. All that was required to procure the pardon of the criminal and his accomplices, (for out of an abundance of mercy the same privilege was extended to them,) was that they should bear the *Fierté*, (so the shrine of St. Romain is designated all over Normandy, and at Rouen particularly,) to the ancient palace of the Dukes of Normandy, amidst cries of “Vive le Roi,” and return from thence in procession to the cathedral. On their return they were served with a collation, and then after a solemn warning, received their final pardon. The kings of France, who have confirmed this privilege in full force, since Philip Augustus re-united Normandy to the royal domain—proscribed certain criminals—such as incendiaries, prisoners, assassins, duellists, coiners, &c., from its benefits. But the archbishop and the chapter, always contrived to effect the pardon of the criminal selected by them, whatsoever his crime might have been.

NOTE.—See ROQUEFORT Glossaire de la Langue Romane. Supp. at the word—*Fierté*.

10.—THE CASTLE OF ROBARDIERE.

On the southern edge of the Forest of Dreux, in the department of Eure-et-Loire, are the ruins of a very ancient fortress, said to have been built by Count Robert, on the foundation of a Druidical temple; and Termincourt, where it is presumed there was once a college of Druids, is situated at the foot of the hill.

The vaults of this very strongly built castle are not yet fully explored; their depth is unknown; and although many persons have descended into them, they have not been able to find where they terminate; they are supposed to communicate with the subterraneous passages of the Castle of Dreux, which is about five miles from Robardiere.

Those vaults are supposed to be under the protection of a ghost or demon, who has been appointed the guardian of an immense treasure concealed in them. The good folks of the neighbourhood, who believe they have seen this spirit, have no fear of him, for they pretend that he is very good and obliging; and that he is only formidable to those who intend to steal his treasures.

Sometimes he is beheld under the form of a winged dragon, sometimes he appears as a luminous globe, but more frequently as a white man, or one clothed in linen. The woodmen are certain that they have witnessed this white man seated on the ruins of the castle, or at the foot of the largest oak in the forest. Such is the description of this phantom by those who have been fortunate enough to see it, a favour not granted to every one.

‘ Dear love,’ said he, ‘ I dread much lest evil arises from the betrayal of this my secret ; it might lessen your love for me—or even expose me to the danger of losing you altogether.’ The lady was astonished at this speech, which was certainly any thing but agreeable. She did not however lose heart, but coaxed and caressed the knight so tenderly, that he forthwith discovered the whole mystery to her.

‘ Know then,’ said he, ‘ that during my absence, I become a Wehr-wolf. I betake myself to the deepest thickets of yonder forest, and live on prey and roots.’

‘ But tell me dearest, do you throw off your clothes, or do you still wear them ?’

‘ Madam, I go entirely naked.’

‘ Pray then inform me what becomes of your clothes ?’

‘ That is impossible ! for not only in case of losing them, but even should I be once seen without them, I must remain a wolf all my days ; nor should I ever regain my proper form until they were restored. After this, you will not be surprised at my silence on that head.’

‘ My lord,’ said she, ‘ you know that my love for you is beyond expression, and therefore you ought to hide nothing from me. Full trust is the offspring of affection, and you make me believe that my husband bestows on me neither the one nor the other ;—what have I done to deserve this ?’ So saying, and redoubling her importunities, the lady obtained that information she longed for so much.

‘ In the forest where two roads meet, stands an ancient chapel. There, beneath a thicket, is a hollow stone ; in it I conceal my clothes, until the moment when I replace them to return home.’

The lady was so alarmed at this explanation of her hus-

band, that she, from that time bethought herself how to leave him, and was determined to share his bed no more.— Now in the neighbourhood was a knight, who had long paid her his devoirs, though as yet she had granted him nothing, not even a promise. Him she engaged by a billet to pay her a visit. ‘Be happy, Bel Ami,’ was her salutation—‘your misfortunes are at last to cease. I herewith offer you all that you have ever asked;—I give you my heart, my love, and in short am your mistress.’ The knight in ecstasies at this agreeable intelligence, thanked the lady, and they mutually swore fidelity. And now that their intimacy was established, the lady gave the knight information of all her husband’s proceedings, and at the same time urged him to go and seize the clothes in the spot where he left them. Thus was Bisclavaret betrayed by his wife, which rendered him truly miserable. His friends and relatives, uneasy at not seeing him, came frequently to his abode to learn particulars respecting him. Many too set out in search of him, but the fruitlessness of their endeavours soon caused them to cease. The lady shortly after married the knight who had so long been enamoured of her.

It was full a year after this that the king went out a hunting. He bent, perchance, his way towards the very wood in which was Bisclavaret, and thither too the dogs betook themselves the instant their lash was slipped. Poor Bisclavaret was chased all day, and had received many wounds from the hunters, who were on the point of taking him, when seeing the king approach, he ran to him for mercy, seized his stirrup, and humbly kissed his foot. The king was at first alarmed, but soon recovering, he called his attendants about him. “Come, Sirs, come and observe this wonder; see how the animal performs obeisance! he must

have a man's wit who can cry ye mercy in this fashion! Call the dogs off, and look that no one wounds him. Quick, quick, we will return, for I shall hunt no longer, and am well content with my discovery.' He then set off with Bisclavaret at his heels, who followed his steps close, and would not leave him. Delighted with his prize, which he looked upon as something wonderful, the king made a favourite of Bisclavaret, and enjoined his courtiers, as they valued his good graces, not only not to hunt or annoy his wolf, but to pay him the greatest regard. So Bisclavaret spent his days in the society of the chevaliers, and his nights in the king's chamber. Every body loved him, for he did harm to none, and followed the king wherever he went, while, so far from doing any thing to be complained of, his behaviour was altogether praiseworthy.

You shall now hear what afterwards happened at a full court held by the king; and at which, to render it the more grand, all the barons and their vassals were invited to be present. Among others, the husband of her who had been Bisclavaret's wife, attended with his lady, who little thought to meet with her former spouse. But the instant Bisclavaret perceived the knight enter the palace, he sprang forward, seized him, and inflicted on him a severe wound with his teeth. The traitor would doubtless have lost his life, had not the king called off Bisclavaret, and threatened him with the stick. Twice again he was about to rush upon his foe, while all were thunder-struck at the fury of an animal who had hitherto displayed an extreme gentleness of disposition. Throughout the whole palace there was but one opinion expressed; that doubtless Bisclavaret was not acting thus without a reason, and that he must have an injury to revenge. While the feast lasted, it was

always the same. At length the barons took leave and departed—the knight attacked, being one of the first who went.

It chanced some time after that the king went to hunt in the forest, where Bisclavaret had been found, and that he paid a visit to that part of the country where the faithless lady resided. She, when she heard of the king's approach, attired herself richly, and demands an audience for the purpose of offering a present. Upon her entering the room, Bisclavaret, before any one could stop him, rushed upon her, and wreaked his vengeance by tearing off her nose.

The courtiers were furious, and he was about to be cut to pieces, when a Sage thus addressed the king: "Deign, Sire, to hear me; this animal has been your constant companion; there is not one of us whom he does not know perfectly; and all of us have been frequently placed near him: yet never has he injured a single person, but this lady who has just been presented. She was formerly married to a knight, whose valour and virtues you esteemed highly, and of whom no tidings have been heard for a long time past. What has become of him no one knows. Imprison, therefore, the lady, Sire, and thus you will obtain from her the reason of this animal's hatred; for, as you know, the whole adventure is the most extraordinary that has ever occurred in Brittany." The king followed the advice thus given him, by causing the knight and the lady to be thrown into prison. Very soon the latter becoming alarmed, confessed her treason to her first spouse, and pointed out the spot where she had hidden the clothes. She had not known up to the time what had become of her husband, but now she guessed full well that Bisclavaret was he. The king ordered the clothes to be brought

down before them all. On being laid before Bisclavaret, however, he took no sort of notice of them. The sage hereupon again addressed the king. "Sire, permit me to suggest that your wolf is unwilling to meddle with these clothes in public, since he must first become a man again, and he is ashamed to have all eyes upon him during the change. Order him to be left with the clothes in a private chamber, and when alone and at his ease, we shall soon find him resume his manhood." The king then himself conducted Bisclavaret apart, shutting at the same time all the doors after him. They waited awhile, and then his Majesty, with two Barons, re-entered the chamber, where they found the knight asleep upon a bed. The king immediately embraced him a hundred times, restored him his lands, and made him most magnificent presents; As to the faithless lady, she was driven in disgrace from the country along with her husband; a befitting punishment for so black a treason. She had many children after this, whose race and mien could not easily be mistaken; for it is a certain truth that most women of that lineage come into the world without noses, and are thus known by the surname of the "*Enasées*."

NOTE.—ROQUEFORT'S *Poesies de MARIE DE FRANCE*, Tome 1, p. 178, 201.

Bisclavaret, which RITSON, in his *English Metrical Romances*, vol. 3, page 131, says "is a corruption or intentional alteration, of Bleiz-garo, a Loup-garow, Wehr-wolf, or man-wolf, is the ancient Breton name for a being similar to the Lycanthropos of the Greeks. The term is, however, no longer used by them; the Bretons of the present day substitute the word Den-bleiz (man-wolf) which bears exactly

the same signification. The old Norman term for the same being was Garwal. See for further etymological illustrations ROSTRENE under the word "Garow," and PELLETIER, under "Garw."

The fable of Lycanthropism is very old, having its origin in the Pagan superstitions of Greece and Rome. It was taken up and acted on in the dark æra of the middle ages after a rather serious fashion, many having suffered death—(not a few at their own confession of guilt)—for this imaginary crime. In the curious work of Henningus Grosius '*Mirabillum historiarum De Spectris, et variis Præstigiis Dæmonum,*' may be found several instances of this nature. In 1573, a certain Giles Garner, of Lyons, was burnt, who admitted the fact of his having frequently assumed the form of a wolf, and in this shape feasted himself and his wife on human flesh. Caspar Peucerus, Melancthon's son-in-law, declares that in Livonia, matters are managed as follows:—Towards the latter end of December an imp summons all the wizzards to meet at an appointed spot. They forthwith come by myriads with a leader at their head, and having crossed a running stream, become wolves, and proceed with their attacks on man and beast. After a lapse of twelve days, they return, and having crossed the water, assume their human shape again. The truants, we are informed, are hunted up by Satan, armed with an iron rod, which he does not spare to use. Many stories of the same sort occur, containing, however, no peculiar circumstances to render them worthy of note. The following words, however, which are somewhat remarkable, shall be given as they stand:—'*Multis quoque libris in Germania editis ostenditur, unum ex potentissimis Germaniæ Regibus qui nuper vita defunctus est (the work was written in 1596,) in lupum sæpe fuisse versum, ut Magorum omnium facile princeps habebatur.*'

12.—THE PRIEST AND THE MULBERRY-TREE


Did you hear of the curate who mounted his mare,
And merrily trotted along to the fair ?
Of creature more tractable none ever heard;
In the height of her speed she would stop at a word,
And again with a word, when the curate said **Hey !**
She put forth her mettle and galloped away.

As near to the gates of the city he rode,
While the sun of September all brilliantly glowed,
The good priest discovered, with eyes of desire,
A mulberry-tree in a hedge of wild brier,
On boughs long and lofty, in many a green shoot,
Hung large, black, and glossy, the beautiful fruit.

The curate was hungry, and thirsty to boot ;
He shrunk from the thorns, though he longed for the
fruit ;

With a word he arrested his courser's keen speed,
And he stood up erect on the back of his steed ;
On the saddle he stood, while the creature stood still,
And he gathered the fruit, till he took his good fill.

' Sure never,' he thought, ' was a creature so rare,
So docile, so true as my excellent mare.
So, here how I stand (and he gazed all around,)
As safe and as steady as if on the ground,



Yet how had it been if some traveller this way
Had, dreaming no mischief, but chanced to cry ' Hey ?'

He stood with his head in the mulberry-tree,
And he spoke out aloud in his fond reverie ;
At the sound of the word, the good mare made a push,
And down went the priest in the wild-briar bush.
He remembered too late on his thorny green bed,
Much that well may be thought cannot wisely be said.

NOTE.—The original of this short Fabliau is printed in BARBAZAN, Tome I. p. 95 : and an analysis of it is to be found in LAGRANGE, Tome I. p. 298.

We have taken the liberty of borrowing this neat version of it from Mr. PEACOCK's witty novel,—" Crotchets Castle ;" because it justifies, very completely, the opinion expressed in our introduction, as to the near approach, in point of style, of the Fabliau to the Ballad.

13—THE LAKE OF GRANDLIEU.

The Lake of Grandlieu, near Macheoul, has a curious tradition connected with it. Saint Martin de Vertou* preaching the gospel in the environs of Nantes, came to a town called *Herbadilla*, the inhabitants of which were extremely profligate, and treated him with contempt. In punishment of their crime, a vast chasm opened, and torrents of fire gushing out of it consumed the guilty city. Two only of its inhabitants, who had received the Saint hospitably, were saved; but one of them, a woman, returning to witness the devastation in spite of his prohibition, was turned into stone. The lake of *Grandlieu* now occupies the site of *Herbadilla*, but the name of the place is found in the neighbouring village of *Herbauges*. Every one will be struck with the resemblance of this story to those of Lot's wife, and Baucis and Philemon.

NOTE.—Gentleman's Magazine, Vol. CII. Part 1, p 312.—It is a fact that *Herbadilla* was engulfed by the Lake of Grand-Lieu. The cause alone is a matter of invention, varying according to local superstitions and different traditions. Valois fixes the submersion

* In 1700 there was an ancient tree growing in the Cloister of the Convent of Vertou, which was said to be the Staff of a Saint Martin planted in that spot. The Monks sold slips of it at a high price. According to the legend it must have been more than a thousand years old.

in the year 580 ; Baillet places it in 554. But, as Fortunat and Gregory of Tours make no mention of it, it is probable that the event did not take place until the eighth or ninth century. As for the miracle itself, it is related and commented upon by twenty authors ; in the *Recueil de Bollandus* ; by Morlaix, in his *Vies des Saints de Bretagne* ; by Bailie, in his *Vies des Saints*, &c.

A somewhat similar tradition exists on the coast of Italy.

The Lake of Grand Lieu is the largest Lake in France ; its shores are dull and sandy. In the course of the last century, it was proposed to drain it, and to convert its basin into a dock for the building of ships for the French navy.

It should be added that the remains of the city are still distinguishable at times, and that its bells are said to be heard occasionally. The latter belief has its origin, however, in the curious fact in acoustics, of the sound of the bells of Nantz, which is two leagues distant, seeming to proceed from the bottom of the lake.

14.—THE THREE THIEVES.

VERSES.

Listen Lordings ! while I tell,
What whilom to three thieves befell,
Who roisterers were forsooth, and gay men,
And pilfered priests as soon as laymen.

There lived formerly in the neighbourhood of Laon three thieves, who by their ingenious stratagems, audacity, and skill, contrived to lay the whole country under contribution. Two of them were brothers, and they were named Haimet and Barat. They were sons of a worthy sire, who had followed the same calling as themselves, and ended his career upon the gallows, a fate commonly reserved for individuals who exhibit the peculiar species of talent for which he was distinguished. The third was called Travers. It remains but to say, that they never added murder to robbery, but contented themselves with simple felonies, which they committed with an address which was little short of miraculous.

It happened one day that they were all three travelling through the forest of Laon, when the conversation turned upon their respective abilities. Haimet, the elder of the two brothers, discovered upon the summit of a lofty oak, a magpie's nest, and saw the old magpie go into it. ' Bro.

ther,' said he to Barat, 'if any one should challenge you to go and steal the eggs from under the old bird, without frightening her away, what would you say to them?' 'Say,' replied the younger one, 'Why, I should say he was a fool to call upon one to do what was impossible.' 'That is all very well,' replied Haimet; 'but I tell you, that the man who is not able to do that, is but a baby at thieving,' and so saying, he began to mount the tree.

When he reached the nest, he very gently made a hole in the bottom of it, caught the eggs as they fell through the aperture, and brought them down, making his companions remark, as he exhibited them, that there was not one of them broken. 'Bravo,' exclaimed Barat, 'I must needs confess that thou art a fellow of inimitable skill: and if you can now re-ascend, and re-place them under the mother as skilfully as you took them away, we will readily acknowledge you as our master in the gentle art and mystery of stealing.'

Haimet accepted the challenge and remounted; and thus fell into the snare which his brother had laid for him. For as soon as Barat perceived him at a certain height, he said to Travers, 'You have seen what my brother can do. I will now give you a specimen of my skill.' Accordingly, he instantly climbed up after his brother, followed him from bough to bough, and while the other, with eyes fixed on the nest, quite intent on his project, and attentive to the least movements of the bird, lest he should drive it away, coiled and glided through the branches like a serpent. Barat adroitly cut off his pockets, and descended, bearing in his hands the trophies of his victory. Haimet, however, having succeeded in re-placing the eggs, expected to receive those praises, which he felt that his success ought to call forth. 'It is all very well,' said Barat, jokingly, 'but I

would bet a trifle, you have only hidden the eggs in your pocket.' The eldest would have submitted his pockets for inspection, but finding they had been removed, he saw that he had been tricked by his brother. 'Well,' cried he, 'he must indeed be a skilful thief who can rob a thief.'

As for Travers he felt an equal admiration for the two heroes, nor did he know to which to give the palm. But humbled by the display, and being vexed at their superior dexterity, and conscious of his inability to contend with them for an instant, he said to them: "My friends, you are too much for me. You would escape twenty times together, while I should always be taken. I find I am too dull to prosper at your trade; so farewell; I shall renounce that, and return to my old one. I am able and willing to work, so I shall go home to my wife, and I hope I shall be able, by God's help, to earn an honest penny."

Accordingly he returned home to his native village; as he had said, his wife was glad to see him; he became once more an honest man, and laboured so successfully, that at the end of some months he was enabled to buy a pig. The animal was fattened, and when Christmas arrived he killed it, and as usual hung it up by the legs against the wall, while he went to work in the fields. It would, however, have been better for him if he had sold it. He would by that means have been spared those anxieties which are now to be related.

The two brothers, who had never seen him since he separated himself from them, came just at this time to pay him a visit. His wife was alone, busily employed at spinning. She told them that her husband was from home and would not return until the evening. So they went away, not however till they had scanned every corner of the

premises, and in this survey, as may be supposed, the fatted pig did not escape their notice. 'Ah, ah,' said they, as they left the house, 'this shabby fellow is going to regale himself with the pig, and has never invited us to partake of it. It will only serve him right to make off with it, and eat it without him.'

Accordingly the knaves arranged their plot, and concealed themselves in the neighbourhood, until night enabled them to put their stratagems into execution.

In the evening when Travers returned, his wife told him of the visitors whom she had seen. 'I was quite afraid to be alone with them,' said she, 'and they were such ill-looking fellows, that I did not dare to ask them their names, or what they wanted. But their eyes ferreted out every thing, and I don't think there is a nail in the whole place which escaped them.' 'Alas!' exclaimed Travers in a most doleful tone, 'they can be no other than my old cronies; my pig is lost; it is a done thing; and I now wish for many reasons that I had sold it.'

'But,' said his wife, 'at all events let us try to save it let us remove it from where it hangs now, and conceal it somewhere else for to-night, and to-morrow we can consider what is best to be done about it.' Travers followed his wife's advice; the hog was taken down, and laid upon the ground at a different part of the room, and then covered over with the trough which they used to knead the bread; and when they had done this, they retired to bed, feeling, however, by no means easy upon the subject.

The night at length arrived, and with it the two brothers to put their plans into execution: and while the elder one kept watch, Barat began to make a hole in the wall, at the very spot where the hog had hung. He soon however found

that there was nothing left there, but the cord by which it had been suspended, and exclaimed 'We are too late, the bird is flown.' Travers, who was kept in a state of continual alarm, and could get no sleep on account of his dread of being robbed, fancying he heard some noise, awoke his wife, and ran to the kneading-trough to see if the pig were still there. There it was safe enough: but as he felt no less anxiety about his barn and stable, he sallied forth, armed with a hatchet, just to see if all was right.

Barat who heard him go out, seized that opportunity of slipping in at the door; he then crept up to the bedside, and imitating the voice of Travers, said, 'Mary, the hog is not hanging up against the wall, what have you done with it?' 'Why, don't you recollect,' said she, 'that we hid it under the kneading trough?' 'Now I do,' said he, 'but I really had forgotten it—don't you get up, I'll see about it.' So saying, he went to the trough and placing the pig upon his shoulders marched off with it.

After having been his round and examined every part of the premises, Travers returned. 'I must confess,' said his wife, 'that I have got a husband whose head is not good for much: to think that you should so soon forget where you had put the pig.' No sooner did Travers hear these words, than he knew how the case stood. 'Ah,' said he, 'I said they would rob me, and they have done so sure enough; it is gone now, and we shall certainly never see it more.' Nevertheless, as the robbers could not be far off, he thought he would follow them, in hopes of overtaking them, and of recovering his property.

They had taken a narrow path across the fields, which led to a wood, in which they hoped to conceal their prey with perfect security. Haimet hastened on in front to see

that the coast was all clear, and his brother, who was somewhat encumbered by the load he carried, walked more slowly and followed at some little distance. Travers soon came up with the latter. He recognized him, and then assuming the tone and voice of the elder brother, said, 'You must be tired, give it to me; it is now my turn to carry it.' Barat, who thought it was his brother who spoke to him, handed the pig over to Travers, and hastened on towards the wood. He had not however proceeded a hundred yards, before to his great astonishment, he overtook Haimet—'Confound it,' he exclaimed, 'but I have been done. That knave Travers has played me a trick; but never mind, you shall see whether I am not a match for him yet.'

So saying, he undressed himself, placed his shirt over his other clothes, made up a sort of woman's cap for his head, and thus accoutred, ran as fast as he possibly could by a different road towards the cottage of Travers; for whose arrival he waited just outside the door. No sooner did he see him approach, than he made up to him, as if he had been his wife, and counterfeiting her voice, enquired whether he had recovered the pig. 'Oh yes,' replied the husband, 'I have got it safe enough.' 'Give it to me then, and let me carry it in, while you run round to the stable and see whether that is all safe, for I heard a great noise there just now, and I am sadly afraid they are trying to break in there.'

Travers placed the animal upon the shoulders of his supposed wife, and once more went the rounds of his farm-yard: and great was his surprise when he returned to find his wife in bed crying and half dead with fright. He then discovered that he had been duped again. He was determined, however, not to be balked, and as if his honour was

at stake in the adventure, he vowed, that he would not terminate the affair, any other way than triumphantly.

Though he never supposed that the thieves would take the same road a second time, he entertained the very reasonable opinion, that the forest being not only the most convenient, but also the most secure hiding place, they would again choose it for their retreat. And so in fact it was. Thither they speedily betook themselves, and in the joy of their hearts, and their anxiety to taste the fruits of their enterprize, they lighted a fire at the foot of a spreading oak, for the purpose of cooking a chop or two. The wood, however, was green, and burnt so badly, that they were forced to go rambling about in search of dry leaves and withered branches.

Travers, who, thanks to the fitful blazings of the fire, had, in the meantime, been attracted to the same spot, availed himself of their absence, to disrobe and ascend the tree.—Then suspending himself with one hand from a branch, as if he had been hanged there, he no sooner saw his ancient friends return and busy themselves in blowing the fire, than he called out with a voice of thunder,—‘Unhappy men, your end will be like mine.’

Horrified at this terrific announcement, they looked up, and then seeing, as well as hearing, what they supposed to be the ghost of their father, they speedily betook themselves to flight. Travers instantly repossessed himself of his clothes, and, of that which he held dearer still, his hog, and returned in triumph to relate to his wife this fresh victory. She, poor soul, threw her arms round him, and overwhelmed him with kisses and congratulations, on the boldness and success of the manœuvre.

‘We must not feel too well satisfied of our safety yet,’

said he, 'the rogues are not far off, and as long as there is a morsel of the bacon left, I shall be afraid of losing it; but make haste and get some boiling water and we'll e'en cook it. If they return then, we shall see how they'll manage to get it.' So while she lighted the fire, he cut up the pig, which was thrown piece-meal into the saucepan; and they then, that they might take the better care of it, sat themselves down, one in each chimney corner.

But Travers, who was sadly fatigued with the labours and anxieties of his night's work, was not long before he began to doze. 'You had better lay down,' said his wife. 'I will take and watch the saucepan. All the doors and windows are fastened, so there is nothing to fear; and at all events, if I hear any noise I can easily wake you.' Feeling satisfied by these assurances, he threw himself all dressed as he was, upon the bed, and in a few minutes was fast asleep. His wife continued for some time to keep watch over the kettle and its contents, but at length she began to grow sleepy, and finally snored in her chair.

In the meanwhile, the thieves having recovered from their first alarm, returned to the oak; where, finding neither the pig nor the gallows bird, who had so scared them, they were not long in divining the truth of the adventure. They felt they should be dishonoured for ever, should Travers get the better of them in this war of stratagems, and they returned to his abode, fully determined to make a last effort to save their reputation, and steal his bacon.

Previously to commencing operations, Barat peeped in at the hole in the wall which he had before made, just to see if the enemy were on the watch. There he saw on the one side, Travers stretched at full length along the bed, and on the other, Travers' faithful partner, with head bobbing

first to the right and then to the left, fast asleep by the side of the fire; a ladle dangling listlessly in her hand, and the bacon soothing her slumbers as it boiled and bubbled in the pot. 'They are going to save us the trouble of cooking it,' said Barst to his brother. 'Well, we have had so much bother about it, they may well spare us that. So, now, be quiet, and I'll warrant you, you shall soon taste it.' Then he went immediately and cut a long stick, one point of which he sharpened, then mounted the roof, and thrusting the stick down the chimney, stuck it into a piece of bacon, which he very carefully drew out.

It so happened, that at this moment Travers awoke.—He saw the manoeuvre, and then perceiving very clearly, that with enemies so skilful, peace was better than war, he called out to them, "Comrades, you are wrong to try and steal my bacon, and I was wrong not to have invited you to partake of it. Let us no longer strive for the mastery at tricking and out-witting each other, for there will be no end to the game. Come along, and let us all make merry together."

So he went and opened the door to them, and they all sat down to table, and were reconciled to one another as heartily as possible.

Thus see you, Reader, what great pains were taken,
By some to steal, by some to save their bacon.

NOTE.—LEGRAND'S *Fabliaux*, Tome 3, p. 269, 279. The original is printed in BARBAZAN, Tome IV. p. 233.

In the *Joco-seria Melandri*, Tome 1, p. 19, a Spaniard and a German challenge each other to a trial of skill, each being satisfied of his

superior knavery. The Spaniard, like the thief in the Fabliau, undertakes to steal the eggs from under the bird which is sitting upon them. That he may climb the better, he leaves his cloak, sword, &c. at the foot of the tree, with which, as soon as he is at the top, the German makes off.

LEGRAND adds a note to this Fabliau, to show how much the pig was esteemed, as an article of food, by the French, not only under the Kings of the Three Races, but even so long since, as in the time of the Romans.

15.—THE LAND OF COKAIGNE.

Well I wot 'tis often told
Wisdom dwells but with the old;
Yet do I, of greener age,
Boast, and bear the name of sage:
Briefly, sense was ne'er conferred
By the measure of the beard.
List, for now my tale begins,—
How to rid me of my sins,
Once I journey'd far from home
To the gate of holy Rome:
There the Pope for my offence,
Bade me straight in penance thence,
Wandering onward, to attain
The wond'rous land that height Cokaigne
Sooth to say, it was a place
Bless'd with heaven's especial grace;
For every road and every street
Smok'd with food for man to eat:
Pilgrims there might halt at will,
There might sit and feast their fill;
In goodly bowers that lin'd the way,
Free for all and nought to pay;

Through that blissful realm divine,
Roll'd a sparkling flood of wine :
Clear the sky, and soft the air,
For eternal spring was there ;
And all around the groves, among
Countless dance and ceaseless song.
Strife, and ire, and roar, were not,
For all was held by common lot,
And every lass that sported there,
Still was kind, and still was fair ;
Free to each, as each desired,
And quitted when the year expired ;
For once the circling season's past,
Surest vows no more might last.
But the chiefest choicest treasure
In that land of peerless pleasure,
Was a well to saine the sooth,
Clep'd the living well of youth.
There had numb and feeble age,
Cross'd him in his pilgrimage.
In those wond'rous waters pure,
Laved awhile you found a cure ;
Lustihed and youth appears,
Numbering now but twenty years.
Wo is me ! who rue the hour,
Once I own'd both will and power
To have gained this precious gift,
But, alas ! of little thrift ;

*Cockayne is of fairer right.
 What is there in Paradise
 But grass, and flower, and green rise?
 Though there be joy and great dute
 There n'is meat but fruit.
 But water man-is thirst to quenck, &c.*

It is observed by Mr. ELLIS, that a great many of our poets in the sixteenth century allude to this story of "Cokayne," but they change its name without much improving it to "Lubberland." The same gentleman expresses an opinion that the idea was, perhaps, imported by the Crusaders, as it bears some resemblance to the story told by SIR JOHN MAUNDEVILLE, of the Chief of the Assassins, or Old Man of the Mountain, as he is usually called.

Man cleph him Gatholonabes; and he was full of Cawteles and of subtle deceits: and he had a full fair castle, and a strong, in a mountain. And he had let muren all the mountain about with a strong wall and a fair. And within—the fairest garden that any man might behold; and therein were trees bearing all manner of fruits—and—all manner of virtuous herbs of good smell, and all other herbs also that beareth fair flowers. And he had also—many fair wells. And besides the wells he had let make fair halls and fair chambers, depainted all with gold and azure. And there weren in that place many a diverse things and many diverse stories; and of beasts, and of birds, that sunge full delectably, and moveden by craft, that it seemed that they weren quick. And he had also in his garden all manner of fowls and of beasts, that any man might think on, for to have play or disport to behold them. And—the fairest damsels that might be found under the age of fifteen year; and the fairest young striplings—of that same age. And he had also let make

three wells, fair and noble ; and all environed with stone of jasper, of chrystal, diapered with gold, and set with precious stones, and great orient pearls. And he made a conduit under earth, so that the three wells, at his list, one should run milk, another wine, and another honey.

Sir J. Maundeville, p. 336.—Ed. 1727.

It only remains to refer the reader, desirous of further information on this point, to GRIMM. *Kind, und Haus March* : B. 3, s. 249, 252 ; and SCHMIDT, *Beitrage zur Geschichte der Romant, Poesie* s. 84.

LAYS AND LEGENDS

Cockayne is of fairer right.

What is there in Paradise

But grass, and flower, and green rise?

Though there be joy and great dute

There n'is meat but fruit.

But water man-is thirst to quench, &c.

It is observed by Mr. Ellis, that a great many of our poets in the sixteenth century allude to this story of "Cokayne," but they change its name without much improving it to "Lubberland." The same gentleman expresses an opinion that the idea was, perhaps, imported by the Crusaders, as it bears some resemblance to the story told by SIR JOHN MAUNDEVILLE, of the Chief of the Assassins, or Old Man of the Mountain, as he is usually called.

Man cleph him Gatholonabes; and he was full of Cautels and of subtle deceits: and he had a full fair castle, and a strong, in a mountain. And he had let wuren all the mountain about with a strong wall and a fair. And within—the fairest garden that any man might behold; and therein were trees bearing all manner of fruits—and all manner of virtuous herbs of good smell, and all other herbs also that beareth fair flowers. And he had also many fair wells. And besides the wells he had let make fair halls and fair chambers, depainted all with gold and azure. And there weren in that place many a diverse things and many diverse stories; and of beasts, and of birds, that sunge full delectably, and moveden by craft, that it seemed that they weren quick. And he had also in his garden all manner of fowls and of beasts, that any man might think on, for to have play or disport to behold them. And—the fairest damsels that might be found under the age of fifteen year; and the fairest young striplings—of that same age. And he had also let mak

three wells, fair and noble ; and all environed with stone of jasper, of chrystal, diapered with gold, and set with precious stones, and great orient pearls. And he made a conduit under earth, so that the three wells, at his list, one should run milk, another wine, and another honey.

Sir J. Maundeville, p. 336.—Ed. 1727.

It only remains to refer the reader, desirous of further information on this point, to GRIMM. *Kind, uud Haus March* : B. 3, s. 249, 252 ; and SCHMIDT, *Beitrage zur Geschichte der Romant, Poesie* s. 84.

16.—STORY OF MELUSINE.

Elinas, king of Albania, to divert his grief for the death of his wife, amused himself with hunting. One day, at the chase, he went to a fountain to quench his thirst; as he approached it he heard the voice of a woman sing, and on coming to it he found there the beautiful fay Pressine.

After some time the fay bestowed her hand upon him, on the condition that he should never visit her in her lyings-in.

Pressine had three daughters at a birth: Melusine, Melior, and Palatine. Nathas, the king's son by a former wife, hastened to convey the joyful tidings to his father, who, without reflection, flew to the chamber of the queen, and entered as she was bathing her daughters. Pressine, on seeing him, cried out that he had broken his word, and she must depart; and taking up her three daughters, she disappeared.

She retired to the Lost Island; so called, because it was only by chance, any, even those who had repeatedly visited it, could find it. Here she reared her children, taking them every morning to a high mountain, whence Albania might be seen, and telling them that but for their father's breach of promise they might have lived happily in the distant land they beheld.

When they were fifteen years of age, Melusine asked her mother of what their father had been guilty. On being informed of it, she conceived the design of being revenged on him. Engaging her sisters to join in her plans, they set out

for Albania: arrived there, they took the king and all his wealth, and, by a charm, inclosed him in a high mountain, called Brandelois.

On telling their mother what they had done, she to punish them for the unnatural action, condemned Melusine to become every Saturday a serpent, from the waist downwards, till she should meet a man who would marry her under the condition of never seeing her on a Saturday, and should keep his promise. She inflicted other judgments on her two sisters, less severe in proportion to their guilt.

Melusine now went rambling through the world in search of the man who was to deliver her. She passed though the Black Forest, and that of Ardennes, and at last she arrived in the forest of Colombiers, in Poitou, where all the fays of the neighbourhood came before her, telling her they waited for her to reign in that place.

Raymond having accidentally killed the count, his uncle, by the glancing aside of his boar-spear, was wandering by night in the forest of Colombiers. He arrived at a fountain that rose at the foot of a high rock. This fountain was called by the people the Fountain of Thirst, or the Fountain of the Fays, on account of the many marvellous things that had happened at it.

At the time, when Raymond arrived at the fountain, three ladies were diverting themselves by the light of the moon, the principal of whom was Melusine. Her beauty and her amiable manners quickly won his love: she soothed him, concealed the deed he had done, and married him, he promising on his oath never to desire to see her on a Saturday. She assured him that a breach of his oath would for ever deprive him of her whom he so much loved, and be followed by the unhappiness of both for life. Out of her

and to gratify them it was feigned that when she quitted Lusignan, she retired to one of the mountains of Sassenage, in Dauphiny.

Some other and very curious particulars on the subject of the fair Melusine.

"Ange par la figure et serpent par le reste," may be found in BULLET Mythologie Francaise; but the length to which the present note has already been extended must and will, no doubt, serve as an apology for their omission.

INDEX.

	Page.
Introduction - - - - -	p. iii.
Saint Peter and the Minstrel - - - -	9
The Dog of Montargis - - - - -	17
Legends of Richard the Good, Duke of Normandy -	21
The Ballad of the Loup Garou - - - -	26
Balade du Loup Garoux - - - - -	28
Chess with the Devil - - - - -	30
The Legend of Carnac - - - - -	38
The Sacristan of Cluni - - - - -	39
The Story of Orthon, the Familiar of the Lord de Corasse	
(A Legend from Froissart) - - - -	46
Saint Romain and the Dragon - - - -	53
The Castle of Robardiere - - - - -	55
The Lay of Bisclavaret; or, the Wehr-Wolf - -	57
The Priest and the Mulberry Tree - - - -	64
The Lake of Grandlieu - - - - -	66
The Three Thieves - - - - -	69
The Land of Cokaigue - - - - -	78
Story of Melusine - - - - -	84



12-11-11

12-11-11

On the 1st of May,
LAYS AND LEGENDS
OF
IRELAND,
WITH ILLUSTRATIVE ETCHINGS.

The truth of this proposition will be demonstrated at once, by an examination of Mr. Crofton Croker's 'Fairy Legends of the South of Ireland,' a work which has contributed so largely to the awakening of that fondness for 'tales of the olden days,' which now prevails among a tasteful, if not numerous, portion of the reading world.

The reader, who will take the trouble of examining the notes by which those legends are illustrated, will find that the mere subject matter of them is common to most countries. The Irish boast of a far richer terminology, of a far more copious nomenclature for their fairy system, than any other nation can pretend to. But the *Shesha*, and his pranks, are as familiar to the peasant of Spain* and Denmark.† The *Cluricaune* is the Danish *Nie*—the Scotch *Brownie*—the Yorkshire *Boggart*. The *Banshee*, with her 'lonely wailing,' is the French *Melusine*, whose adventures we have already recorded among the 'LAYS AND LEGENDS OF FRANCE.' What is the *Phooka* but our own *Will-o'-the-wisp*,—'that merry wanderer of the night,' who was long wont in our pleasant isle to

'Mislead night's wanderers laughing at their harm?'

The Legends of *Thierna na Oge*, or the Country of Youth, have their counterparts too; as, in short, has every other description of Irish Legend, be it of the *Merrow*, the *Dullahan*, or the *Fir Darig*, or belonging to whatsoever head their ingenious historian may choose to class them under.

* See note to 'Legend of Knockgrafton.'

† See 'Fairy Legends' passim for references to *Thiele's Danish Folktales*.

The outlines of the traditions are, in fact, common to all countries ; maintaining, in despite of the varied colouring with which they have been tinged by the peculiarities resulting from climate, religion, and moral and political causes, so strong a family resemblance, as either to point to a common origin, or to stamp at once the poverty of human invention.

In the latter theory we are certainly no believers ; for we think the human mind has shewn so much richness in the invention of the fantastic trappings with which it has varied the sameness of these ever-recurring first types, as to prove by that fact alone that it is not to the limited imaginative powers of the human mind, that this universality of belief must be ascribed.

It may be asked, if these tales take their rise from some common source, what is that source ? To solve this important question, many theories have been started with varying grades of probability, and supported by varying degrees of learning.

Those which seem to us to be most deserving of attention, point to the East as the cradle of middle-age superstition and romance ; and whenever the question shall be solved, its solution will assuredly be found in some measure connected with those realms in which religion and science first dawned upon the world.

But to return to Ireland, and those legends, which were so fortunately garnered, before the chilling blast of Utilitarianism banished these invaluable imaginative relics from the face of the country. Can any one peruse these wild and visionary tales, and not recognise them, as genuine types of the national character. Are they not as exquisitely national, as they are exquisitely racy ? If the

reader doubt it, let him read the Grimms' wondrous translation of them, and he will see that not even the German tongue, or the German type, can deprive the brogue of its peculiarities, or take from the stories themselves their jovial and reckless spirit. The comic tales are as richly humorous as Irishman ever was, and that is saying much; while those of stern and gloomier materials are as mournful and pathetic as those wild and plaintive national melodies that probe the heart to a depth, which no mere master of sweet sounds could now hope to reach.

But much as we admit that Mr. Crofton Croker has achieved in his collection of the fairy tales of Ireland, and numerous and clever as have been the imitations of his stories, and style of story-telling,* it appears extraordinary to us, that by far the most extensive fields of Irish legendary tales should remain not only ungleaned; but that no attempt has been made to reap the rich crops which they present.

Such, for instance, as the miraculous monkish tales and legends still current in 'the Island of Saints.' The romantic narratives, recited by professional story-tellers, and those histories of enchantment, and series of wild adventures, which have been committed to writing, in the Irish language; add to which, many of the songs of the Irish bards and rhymers, orally preserved in the country, and that will perish if not speedily collected.

It is unnecessary for us here to dwell upon the nature of

* See series of 'Legendary tales of the Irish peasantry,' in the 'Dublin and London Magazine;' and in the 'Dublin Penny Journal,' a series of 'Popular legends of the south,' by E. W. L.

the monkish legends, with which Ireland teems; but there is one in particular which seems to have had an extraordinary influence upon the literature of Europe during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. We allude of course to the superstitious tales concerning the purgatory of Saint Patrick, and to the discussion of which, we propose devoting an entire number. It is supposed, that Dante took the idea of the ‘Inferno,’ from the description of the wells of Saint Patrick, in a spiritual romance, called ‘Guerin Meschino;’ indeed the close resemblance between the two could not have been fortuitous.

Owen Myles and Tundale’s* visions of St. Patrick’s Purgatory, although frequently referred to and quoted from, have never yet been printed, nor carefully analysed.† French and Spanish MSS. on the same subject also abundantly exist in our public libraries, as well as in the public libraries of the Continent. A MS. preserved in Paris gives the following account of this famous place:—

“ En Irlande si est un leus [lieu]

Ke [Que] jur [jour] et nuit art [brule] cume [comme] feus,

K’um [Qu’on] apele le Purgatore

Sainz Patrice, et est teus [telle] encore

Ke s’il vunt [vont] aucunes genz,

* Copies of these Romances are preserved in the Cotton. Lib. Caligula A ii. Owen Myles consists of about 700 lines. Tundale’s Vision, of about 2300 lines. Of Tundale’s Vision, an imperfect copy (wanting one page) is also in the King’s Library, in the British Museum, &c.

† See Introduction to Percy’s Relics, Warton, &c.

Ke ne solent bien repentanz
 Tantost est raviz è perduz
 Qu'um [Qu'on] ne set [sait] k'il estdevenuz.
 S'il est cunfez [confessé] et repentanz,
 Si va et passe mainz turmenz [tourmens]
 Et s'espurge de ses pechiez,
 Kant plus en a, plus li est griez. [tourmenté]
 Ki de cel lui [lieu] revenuz est,
 Nule riens jamès [jamais] ne li [lui] plect [plaît]
 En cest siècle, ne jamès jur, [jour]
 Ne rira, mis adès [toujours] en plur ; [pleure]
 Et gemissent les maus qui sunt [sont]
 Et les pechiez ke les genz funt." [font.]

Leaving, then, Saint Patrick and his purgatory, Saints Declan, Brandon, Keven, Senan, Coleman, and the numberless other Irish Saints, with the inexhaustible store of miracles performed by them, and which have been duly chronicled in their respective lives, we will venture to say a few words upon the romantic narratives recited by professional story-tellers, who have been compared to the Conteours of the French.

Stanihurst, in his description of Ireland, printed in Holinshed's Chronicles, states, that "one office in the house of every nobleman, is a tale teller, who bringeth his lord asleepe with tales vain and frivolous, whereunto the number give sooth and credit."

'A very gallant gentleman of the North of Ireland,' (says Sir William Temple)* 'has told me of his own experience,

that in his wolf-huntings there, when he used to be abroad in the mountains three or four days together, and lay very ill a-nights, so as he could not well sleep, they would bring him one of the tale tellers, that when he lay down, would begin a story of a king, or a giant, a dwarf, and a damsel, and such rambling stuff; and continue it all night long, in such an even tone, that you heard it going on whenever you awaked.'

In the History of the Irish Bards, Mr. Walker has preserved both the portrait (from a sketch by the present Sir William Ousely,) and a slight memoir of Cormac Common, who he says, perhaps, 'is the last of that order of Minstrels, called tale-tellers, or *Fin-sgealaighthe* of whom Sir William Temple speaks so fully in his Essay on Poetry.'—Cormac Common was a native of the county of Mayo, and was born in 1703. Mr. Walker, however, adds in a note, that 'since writing the above, he has been informed that a few *Fin-sgealaighthe*, or *Dreis-bheartaighe*, still remain in Connaught.' From one of the remaining 'men of talk, or tale-tellers,' it is our good fortune to preserve by publication in the present number, a romantic narrative, which we doubt not will be regarded hereafter, if not at present, with feelings of considerable interest, as nothing of the kind we believe is to be found elsewhere in print; and the race of Irish Story-tellers, like that of the Irish Bards, has disappeared.

We now come to the histories of enchantments and series of wild adventures, mentioned as existing in the Irish language—a language of which we lament our want of knowledge. This regret is heightened by the loss which Irish literature has sustained in the death of Mr. Edward O'Reilly, (the author of a valuable Irish Dictionary,) and

the dispersion of his manuscripts. Mr. O'Reilly had long contemplated the translation and publication of a collection of Irish Tales of Enchantment—and we have seen several curious letters from him on this subject, written in the years 1826 and 1827. Indeed we have reasons for believing that at the time of his death, Mr. O'Reilly had several of these tales prepared for the press. In speaking of them, he says, 'The stories are acknowledged to be fabulous, although the actors are sometimes real personages;'—and he particularized as complete, the '*Faghail Craoibhe Cormaic*,' or the 'Finding of Cormac's Branch,'—'The Tale of Farvlay, daughter of James, son of Turcall, King of Scotland, and Carroll, son of Donogh mor O'Daly,'—The Story of Lomnotan of Slieve Riffe,'—The Adventures of Torolb, son of Starn,'—and 'The Adventures of Misadvice,' wherein the Gruagach, a domestic spirit which precisely accords with the Scotch Brownie, performs a conspicuous part.

There is no work, we are convinced, which would be more gratefully hailed, by the scholars of Europe, than an Irish Mythology; and ample materials for the compilation, we believe, exist in the songs of the bards to which we have alluded. With these, of course, we are imperfectly acquainted, and only through the medium of translation; but we have seen enough to convince us, of the value of these bardic remains, and if we thought that our humble advocacy could have any weight, or would save but one precious fragment of song from oblivion, loudly should our voice be raised in the cause of Erin's minstrelsy.

As it is, we are happy to acknowledge that the collections, and individuals connected with Ireland, to whom we have access, as will be obvious, from the contents of the present

number of our work, prevent any fear on our part of a speedy want of materiel for the continuation, and the names of some of these individuals will prove at a glance, how completely the fierce spirit of Irish political agitation is soothed and stilled, while roaming along the flowery paths of olden romance, and dwelling on the legendary tale.

We have only to observe in conclusion, that our purpose has been industriously to collect, and honestly to render the **LAYS and LEGENDS of IRELAND**. We have candidly acknowledged the sources from whence they are derived, and in general have aimed at giving the earliest printed version of every legend, rather than one embellished by the modern fancy. This, we are aware, may make our volume less agreeable to the thoughtless reader, but we trust will materially increase its value, as a work of reference.

We cannot close this introduction without expressing our warmest thanks to Mr. Crofton Croker, in particular, for the kind and ready assistance which he has afforded to us, in the preparation of the following pages.

There lived in the largest island, (for there are several islands on the lake,) many hundred years ago, a petty prince named O'Donoghue, who was lord of the whole lake, the surrounding shore, and a large district of neighbouring country. He manifested, during his stay upon earth, great munificence, great humanity, and great wisdom; for, by his profound knowledge in all the secret powers of nature, he wrought wonders as miraculous as any tradition has recorded, of saints by the aid of angels, or of sorcerers by the assistance of dæmons; and among many other most astonishing performances, he rendered his person immortal.

After having continued a long time upon the surface of the globe, without growing old, he one day, at Ross Castle, (the place where he most usually resided) took leave of his friends, and rising from the floor, like some ærial existence, passed through the window, shot away horizontally to a considerable distance from the castle, and then descended. The water unfolding at his approach, gave him entrance down to the sub-aqueous regions—and then, to the inexpressible astonishment of all beholders, closed over his head, as they believed, for ever; but in this they were mistaken.

He returned again some years after, revisiting—not like Hamlet's ghost, 'the glimpses of the moon, making night hideous,' but the radiance of the sun, making day joyful, to those at least who saw him; since which time, he has continued to make very frequent expeditions to these upper regions, sometimes three or four in a year; but sometimes three or four years pass without his once appearing, which the bordering inhabitants have always looked on as a mark of very bad times.

It was feared this would be the third year he would suffer to elapse without his once cheering their eyes with his pre-



... the gentleman mounted on a black horse ascend through the water...

señce ; but the latter end of last August he again appeared, to the inexpressible joy of all, and was seen by numbers in the middle of the day.

I had the curiosity before I left Killarney, to visit one of the witnesses to this very marvellous fact.

The account she gives is, that, returning with a kinswoman, to her house at the head of the Lake, they both beheld a fine gentleman mounted upon a black horse, ascend through the water with a numerous retinue on foot, who all moved together along the surface toward a small island, near which they again descended under water.

This account is confirmed, in time, place, and circumstances, by many more spectators from the side of the Lake, who are all ready to swear, and, not improbably, to suffer death in support of their testimony.

His approach is sometimes preceded by music, inconceivably harmonious ; sometimes by thunder inexpressibly loud, but oftenest without any kind of warning whatsoever.

He always rises through the surface of the Lake, and generally amuses himself upon it, but not constantly ; for there is a farmer now alive, who declares, as I am told, that riding one evening near the lower end of the Lake, he was overtaken by a gentleman, who seemed under thirty years of age, very handsome in his person, very sumptuous in his apparel, and very affable in his conversation. After having travelled for some time together, the nobleman (for such he judged him to be by his appearance) observed, that, as night was approaching, the town far off, and lodging not easy to be found, he should be welcome to take a bed that night at his house, which he said was not very distant.

The invitation was readily accepted ; they approached the Lake together, and both their horses moved upon the sur-



sence ; but the latter end of last August he again appeared, to the inexpressible joy of all, and was seen by numbers in the middle of the day.

I had the curiosity before I left Killarney, to visit one of the witnesses to this very marvellous fact.

The account she gives is, that, returning with a kinswoman, to her house at the head of the Lake, they both beheld a fine gentleman mounted upon a black horse, ascend through the water with a numerous retinue on foot, who all moved together along the surface toward a small island, near which they again descended under water.

This account is confirmed, in time, place, and circumstances, by many more spectators from the side of the Lake, who are all ready to swear, and, not improbably, to suffer death in support of their testimony.

His approach is sometimes preceded by music, inconceivably harmonious ; sometimes by thunder inexpressibly loud, but oftenest without any kind of warning whatsoever.

He always rises through the surface of the Lake, and generally amuses himself upon it, but not constantly ; for there is a farmer now alive, who declares, as I am told, that riding one evening near the lower end of the Lake, he was overtaken by a gentleman, who seemed under thirty years of age, very handsome in his person, very sumptuous in his apparel, and very affable in his conversation. After having travelled for some time together, the nobleman (for such he judged him to be by his appearance) observed, that, as night was approaching, the town far off, and lodging not easy to be found, he should be welcome to take a bed that night at his house, which he said was not very distant.

The invitation was readily accepted ; they approached the Lake together, and both their horses moved upon the sur-



1. The first step in the process of identifying a problem is to recognize that a problem exists. This is often done by comparing current performance with a desired state or goal. If there is a significant difference, a problem is identified.

sence ; but the latter end of last August he again appeared, to the inexpressible joy of all, and was seen by numbers in the middle of the day.

I had the curiosity before I left Killarney, to visit one of the witnesses to this very marvellous fact.

The account she gives is, that, returning with a kinswoman, to her house at the head of the Lake, they both beheld a fine gentleman mounted upon a black horse, ascend through the water with a numerous retinue on foot, who all moved together along the surface toward a small island, near which they again descended under water.

This account is confirmed, in time, place, and circumstances, by many more spectators from the side of the Lake, who are all ready to swear, and, not improbably, to suffer death in support of their testimony.

His approach is sometimes preceded by music, inconceivably harmonious ; sometimes by thunder inexpressibly loud, but oftenest without any kind of warning whatsoever.

He always rises through the surface of the Lake, and generally amuses himself upon it, but not constantly ; for there is a farmer now alive, who declares, as I am told, that riding one evening near the lower end of the Lake, he was overtaken by a gentleman, who seemed under thirty years of age, very handsome in his person, very sumptuous in his apparel, and very affable in his conversation. After having travelled for some time together, the nobleman (for such he judged him to be by his appearance) observed, that, as night was approaching, the town far off, and lodging not easy to be found, he should be welcome to take a bed that night at his house, which he said was not very distant.

The invitation was readily accepted ; they approached the Lake together, and both their horses moved upon the sur-

face without sinking, to the infinite amazement of the farmer who thence perceived the stranger to be no less than the, great O'Donoghue. They rode a considerable distance from shore, and then descending into a delightful country under water, lay that night in a house much larger in size, and much more richly furnished, than even Lord Kenmare's at Killarney.'

Printed in 2nd volume of 'Letters written from Liverpool, Chester, Corke, the Lake of Killarney, Dublin, Tunbridge Wells, Bath, by Samuel Derrick, Esq. Master of the Ceremonies at Bath.'—London, 1767.

NOTE.—The foregoing is the earliest printed account of 'Killarney's Enchanted Chief,' which we have met with. Our respected friend, the late Mr. DOUCE, who, usually spoke of the Legend of O'DONOGHUE, as 'one of the most beautiful of fictions,' and as one, to use his own words, which Barry the painter often related to him 'in his eloquent style,' once told us that he had found it in an old French Romance—*Hyppolite Comte de Douglas*, in which it was introduced without any apparent reason or connexion with the subject. Both painters and poets seem to have had the same feeling towards it as our lamented friend. The pencils of the venerable STOTHARD, of STANFIELD, and of MARTIN, have been employed in its illustration, and O'DONOGHUE is celebrated in the verses of Miss LANDON and MOORE, and the drama of PLANCHE.—See CROFTON CROKER'S *Fairy Legends*, vols. 1 and 2, and his *Legends of the Lakes*, which have been recently reprinted in one vol., under the title of *Killarney Legends*.

2.—THE STORY OF DERMOD RUAH.

DARBY THE RED CAT.

(Now first published from the Manuscript of
MR. THOMAS STEELE.)

‘ Well, bad luck to all cats, say I, every day they see a paving stone; and twice of a Sunday. For they are as treacherous as anything at all; and ’tis easy enough by looking in their eyes, to know, that they are not of the *right sort*, for their eyes have a light in them, that is not good.’

‘ Aye, Murty, I see you are thinking of the story that was told last night at the wake, of the nine black cats in the old grand court, sitting round a coffin; and the one in the coffin that was a spirit; and the nine candles that were nine spirits lighting in its eyes.’

‘ No, by my word, I’m not thinking of any such thing. I’m thinking of what is a great deal nearer home to me, for I’m thinking of what was told by my own grandfather, that he heard from the old people of his own town-land, about a cat that lived in that place, in the house of a snug man, that had a wife and family.’

‘ Well, Murtough, and what was it, that the old people said? For the old people is sure enough the people that knows a deal better than us.’

‘ Why then, he told me, and by my word it was just as I’ll tell you, the very same thing—

‘ There was a man living on the town-land, and there was

a cat in his house, and one day he beat the cat for running away with a *Drishahawn*,* out of the cupboard, and the cat jumped at him, and scratched his hands, and tore his face with his claws; and the more the man leathered † him for it the more bitter he was of the man, and the more he tore at him, with his claws and his teeth, which were as sharp as a north-wind.

‘And it was a long time before they made it up again, and were friendly and loving together; for the cat was from that minute out like a wild cat, among the bushes and rabbit-holes, and not like a tame cat, living in a house at all.

‘And soon after that, the man was intending to go to Ennis, to sell his barley at the distillery, to pay his rent; and he said to his wife, the night before—

‘I’ll go to Ennis to-morrow, to sell the barley; for I hear, there’s a good price for barley now at the distillery, and I shall not be at home again till late at night.’

‘So his wife, with that, told him that when he went to Ennis, he must buy her a new spotted yellow gown; and a lilac silk handkerchief, to wear of a Sunday; a black Caroline hat, with a band and buckle and a black-feather and some red ribbands; and to get himself a new coat, that he might appear decent, and look smart, and like himself, and like what he was the time he courted her; when he would be riding before her to chapel on a Sunday, or in holiday times, bringing her to see her relations in Limerick. And that he might as well get her a new pillion, since there was a good price for grain.

* A sheep’s pudding.—ED. † Beat—i. e.—tanned his hide.—ED.

‘So the man promised, by [of] course, to do this; for if he did not, ’tis well he knew he’d sup sorrow.

‘Then presently one of his little gossoons* of young childer, says to him, ‘And daddy, and won’t you get me a pair of new shoes in Ennis?’ ‘Yes,’ said the poor man, ‘Yes, child, I will get you a pair of new shoes, for you are in want of them I know, and I’ll get another nice pair of new shoes for your little *Chister* that’s with her aunt.’

‘And while they were talking in this way to one another, what should be seen lying before the fire fast asleep, but the cat.

‘And as soon as ever the man told his little boy that he’d bring shoes for himself and his little *Chister*, (because the print of the creature’s ten toes was in the ground, out of her brogues for the last fortnight,) that very minute the cat rose up his head from off of the floor where he was then lying before the fire, and turned his face to the man and said, ‘Why, then, a Mihawl; and would’nt you get me a pair of new shoes in Ennis too?’

‘And ’faith the man upon that was surprised enough to hear the cat say that same; but he was ’cute [acute] and cunning enough, so he said immediately,—

‘Yes, Dermot, ’faith then to be sure, I’ll get you a pair of new shoes in Ennis; and why not? For you must find it very cold always going about the country hunting the vagabond rats and rabbits barefooted in that way; not like the hunting horses that have their good iron shoes. But then, Dermot, you know *avourneen* [my darling] that cats don’t often wear shoes; and I don’t think, yea by my soul I’m quite sure, I’ll not be able to get you a pair ready

* Garçon.—Ed.

made in all Ennis; and so I think you must have yourself measured by the shoemaker for a pair; for if I was to search the whole town, I am sure as I am of the blessed gospel, that I couldn't match you to your mind. But now that I think of it, Dermod, the very best thing you can do is to come to Ennis in the morning early, and have your measure taken, and then the pair of shoes can be made to fit your feet.'

'Mihil,' said the cat, looking as grave as a judge, 'I think you're right; I think that very same is the best way, for certain, and we'll travel together to Ennis in the fresh of the morning.'

'Oh, but the man did not like these doings and goings on at all. However he bethought within himself what he should do, and that very night at midnight, he stole—stole—stole out of the house, and went to a sporting gentleman, who kept a great pack of hounds in the neighbourhood, and told him fairly and squarely, the whole matter, body and bones; and what the cat said to him while he was lying by the fire, after he was asleep a *morragh*; and what he said to the cat that same time. And the gentleman promised the man he would do whatever he wished in the business.

'So next morning, with the first light, the man was out of his bed, and tackled his *truckles* [carts] and put his bags of barley on them, and then told the cat it was high time for them to be going their road, and to get into the bag that was made of his darling mistress's new flannel petticoat, and so he would ride snug and cosey to the town of Ennis to get himself measured for his new shoes.

'So when the cat was once in the bag, (I'll engage it was the man tied it tight enough with a cord) off they started, and very soon they came to a place where the sporting gentleman was waiting with his pack of hounds, and horns

and huntsmen, and dog-boys, and all the grand gentlemen of the country round.

‘ So the minute the cat was brought into the very heart of the hounds, that minute the man opened the bag and *whished* the cat out of it into the very middle of them ; and they gave him the finest tally-ho that ever was heard in all the world ; and while the hounds were killing him, he screeched out to the man, ‘ Aw—w—w ; ’tis well for you, Mihil, that you done this, this morning ; for if you didn’t do it, ’twas I that intended to-night to cut the windpipes of yourself and your wife, and all your young *childer*, for the *bating* [beating] you gave me for running away with the *Drishahawns*.’

‘ So bad luck to all cats, I say again, and Amen ! to the same ; for a cat is a hundred times worse than a water wagtail ; though they say a water wagtail has three drops of the devil’s blood in his head.’

NOTE.—The conversational powers of *Dermot Ruah* will not surprize such of our readers as have perused the series of Irish tales entitled ‘ *Holland Tide*.’ For, in the last tale in the volume ‘ *Owney and Owney na Peake*,’ the former overhears the King of Cats at an assemblage of his feline subjects, held in a churchyard upon the bleak hill of *Knockpatrick*, in the S. E. of the county of *Limerick*, detail to them the means whereby the King of the Country might be cured of his blindness. Whereupon *Owney* availed himself of the information thus acquired, and obtained the promised reward, the King’s daughter, in marriage.

3.—THE PILFERED CORN.

*(Now first published from the Communication of
MR. CROFTON CROKER)*

Not far from the town of Doneraile, there lived the steward of a gentleman, and he made a practice every evening of bringing home, from his employer's barn, a pocket full of corn, which he contrived to pilfer in the course of the day. By this means, when sowing time came, the steward had collected grain sufficient to sow an acre of ground for himself; which he did, and the corn grew, and promised well—better than any crop about his farm. Harvest time came, and his corn was full in ear and quite ripe. So he engaged the reapers, and he thought in his own mind, how little money the wheat had cost him, and how much he should gain by it, for corn happened to be then very scarce, and bore a very high price. The evening before his acre of corn was to be reaped, he walked out to view it, waving backwards and forwards to the gentle summer wind, as it rustled along the bending ears, in the sweet moonlight. But the moon became obscured, and looking up he saw a flock of crows hovering all over his corn field, and so numerous were they, that the air was darkened. Loudly did he shout, and lustily did he call; but the crows were not to be scared away. He saw crow after crow descend, and each drawing up a stalk in his beak, fly away with it. This



"Loudly did he shout but the crows were not to be scared away." p 27



vexed him much, but, thought he, even let the crows do their worst to-night, a good crop must remain for me; as by to-morrow's sun-set it will be all cut down. In this, however, he was mistaken; as much as in believing, that his crop was carried off by the crows, instead of the fairies. Next morning when the reapers assembled at day-break, not a single stalk of wheat remained in the field; every one was taken across the river during the night, and placed in the barn belonging to the gentleman from whom the grain had been stolen; the straw was made up at the further end, and on one side the wheat lay winnowed in a great heap, and fit for sending to market. The fairies, or the good people, worked all night; some in the shape of crows employed themselves in transporting the stalks across the river, others danced upon the ears to thrash them; more winnowed the grain, and the rest bound up the straw. It is said too, that as they danced at their work, they were heard singing:—

Is it right that a man should rob his master?

Let our merry feet then, go fast—and faster.

The pilferer never dared to steal again from his employer, seeing that no good came of what he had stolen; and to use the common saying of the country—‘May the curse of the crows light on all thieves, like him.’

NOTE.—Taken down by a lady in Cork, 1824, who was enjoined by the narrator to keep the steward's name a secret!

4.—KNOP.*

(BY MR. MILLIKIN.)

‘ An old Irish fable states, that in a Danish entrenchment on the road between Cork and Middleton, Knop, a Fairy Chief, kept his Court; where often at night, travellers, who were not well acquainted with the road, were led astray by lights which were seen, and music which was heard within the fort.’

Introductory Note by the Author.

Knop, within thy caverned hall,
Where thou keepest thy Fairy Court,
There attendant on thy call—
Airy† chiefs and knights resort.

* KNOP [Cnap] is the Irish for a hillock, a hump, a button, any small rotundity. [See Note on the word in LAYS AND LEGENDS OF GERMANY. I. p. 5.] We doubt not that KNOP is the proper name of the hump-conferring fairy chief, so notorious in English, Spanish, German, Italian, and Irish Tradition. See PARNELL'S Poem "In Britain's Isle and Arthur's days." *Quarterly Review*, No. LXIII. p. 206, REDI'S *Letters* Tale of Knockgraston in Fairy Legends of S. Ireland, &c.

† The word *airy* in Anglo Scotch and Anglo-Irish superstitious ballads is, perhaps, best rendered by *shadowy*. Phantoms—which, to use the Shakespearean phrase, resolve themselves into 'thin air.'—An airy place is, however, equivalent to a haunted place; therefore SIR WALTER SCOTT explains—"And eiry was the way" in the ballad of *Tamlane*, "as producing superstitious dread,"—in fact, *shadowy* is not fairy, airy, by the mortification of the first letter?

There the festive roar of mirth
Oft attracts unwary feet ;
Feasts of momentary birth,
Nightly routs, and concerts sweet.

Oft athwart the midnight gloom,
Lights alarm the fearful eye ;
There the herdsman dreads his doom
Within the bog or brake to lie.

With hair erect and hasty stride,
The cow-boy there pursues his way ;
When heifers oft at evening tide,
By thee, O Knop, are led astray.

The house-wife, conscious of thy power,
Marks the taper burning blue ;
While children dread the gloomy hour
That thou thy airy flights pursue.

What chance befel the sturdy wight,
Who in thy cave misguided fell ;
All in a dark and dreary night,
Bewildered in a mazy dell.

Deluded by a faithless sound,
He luckless left the beaten way ;
And wand'ring soon thy cavern found,
Directed by a glim'ring ray.

' Now save ye all,' he boldly cried ;
' A lodging here I humbly crave ;
If men ye be who here abide,
O now a weary traveller save.'

5.—CURIOSITY PUNISHED.

A gentleman, riding along the road, passed by a *knock*, (a field of furze,) in which a man was stubbing; and for every stroke he gave with his hoe, he cried out, in a reproachful tone, 'Oh! Adam!' The gentleman stopped his horse, and calling the labourer to him, enquired the reason of his saying 'Oh! Adam!'

'Why, please your honour,' said the man, 'only for Adam, I would have no occasion to labour at all; had he and Eve been less curious, none of us need earn our bread in the sweat of our brow.'

'Very good,' said the gentleman, 'call at my house to-morrow.'

The man waited on him the next day, and the gentleman took him into a splendid apartment, adjoining a most beautiful garden, and asked him, would he wish to live there? The son of Adam replied in the affirmative. 'Very well,' said the gentleman, 'you shall want for nothing. Breakfast, dinner, and supper of the choicest viands, shall be laid before you every day, and you may amuse yourself in the garden, whenever you please. But mind you are to enjoy all this only on one condition, that you look not under the pewter plate that lies on the table.'

The man was overjoyed at his good fortune, and thought there was little fear of his forfeiting it by looking under the pewter plate. In a week or two, however, he grew curious

to know what could be under the plate which he was prohibited from seeing. Perhaps a jewel of inestimable value, and perhaps nothing at all. One day, when no person was present, he thought he would take a peep—there could be no harm in it—no one would know it :—and accordingly he raised the forbidden plate—when lo ! a little mouse jumped from under it ; he quickly laid it down again ; but his doom was sealed. ‘ Begone to your hoeing,’ said the gentleman, next day, ‘ and cry Oh ! Adam ! no more ; since like him, you have lost a paradise by disobedience.’

Robins's London and Dublin Magazine, January, 1827.

NOTE.—Upon this Legend it is observed that it ‘is current in Ireland, though not peculiarly Irish.’ We believe the same may be said of the majority of Legends. However, we have ascertained that precisely a similar punishment of unjustifiable curiosity is related of the enchanted chieftains who are supposed to dwell beneath the waters of Neagh, and Gur (Co. of Limerick) and Killarney, viz. O’NEIL, DESMOND, and O’DONOGHUE, and of the EARL OF KILDARE, whose locale is the far famed Sporting Curragh. These Chieftains and their silver shod steeds, we shall have occasion to mention more particularly elsewhere.

6.—TALES OF THE PALATINES.

(Now first published from the Manuscript of

MR. THOMAS STEELE.)

INTRODUCTION.

‘Near Rathkeale,’ (in the county of Limerick) says M. de Latocnaye in his rambles through Ireland, [1794.] ‘I went to visit three or four villages inhabited by the descendants of a German colony from the Palatinate, whom the proprietor established about eighty years ago. They have intermarried with each other, and thus preserved their original customs. When I passed through this country, only one of the original adventurers was alive. They certainly obtained good conditions ; each family got ground for a house and garden, besides some acres of land at a very low price. The rich and fertile country they inhabit was a desert before their arrival ; their industry is still remarkable—their ground is certainly better cultivated than that of the natives, and their houses, built after the manner of their country, are so neat and so clean, that they appear like palaces, compared with the cabins of the poor Irish. The women wear still the large straw hat and short petticoats of the Palatinate. The natives hated them cordially in the beginning, and are jealous of their prosperity at present ; this animosity does not induce them to imitate them, and to endeavour to equal, or even to surpass these strangers in industry. The inevitable consequence will be, that these Palatines will become
‘men like their neighbours.’

The Palatine settlement of Ballingrane, near Rathkeale, was formed by Lord Southwell in the early part of the last century, about the year that he was raised to the peerage, (1717.) Other German settlers were introduced into the county of Limerick about fifty years subsequent, by the Rt. Hon. Silver Oliver, and established at the villages of Ballyorgan, and Glenasheen.

‘The Palatines,’ according to Ferrar’s History of Limerick, (1787,) ‘preserve their language, but it is declining; they sleep between two beds; they appoint a burgomaster, to whom they appeal in all disputes. They are industrious men, and have leases from the proprietors of the land at a reasonable rent; they are consequently better fed and clothed than the generality of Irish peasants. Besides, their mode of husbandry and crops are better than those of their neighbours. They have, by degrees, left off their sour crout, and feed on potatoes, milk, butter, oaten and wheaten bread, some meat and fowls, of which they rear many.

They keep their cows housed in winter, feeding them with hay and oaten straw; their houses are remarkably clean, to which they have stable, and cow-houses, a lodge for their plough, and neat kitchen gardens.

The women are very industrious, and perform many things which the Irish women could never be prevailed on to do; besides their domestic employments, and the care of their children, they reap the corn, plough the ground, and assist the men in everything. In short, the Palatines have benefitted the country by increasing tillage, and are a laborious independent people, who are mostly employed on their own small farms.’—ED.

church with several of his neighbours, who were receiving the Sacrament. This was likewise administered to him, but he, instead of swallowing the consecrated bread, put it into his gun, which was a charmed one, so that any bullet fired out of that gun in the devil's name, would kill a man at a hundred miles distance, let it be fired in whatever direction it might.

And after he had put the consecrated bread into his gun, he pointed it against the wall of the church, and fired in the Devil's name. And there was immediately a mark of blood upon that wall, which remained there as long as the wall stood. For although the plaster was often and often taken off the wall, all would not do; the mark was not removed, but was there and appeared afterwards until the wall was thrown down.

This same man, soon after his arrival in Ireland, found seven brothers of the name of Whelan, who were the greatest gentlemen and wickedest people in the country, fowling upon his ground. And when he went to them to remove them, and was 'flaking them with a wattle,'* they threatened to fire at him. But he opened his breast and dared them to fire, as well he might, for he had made them stand motionless, and so charmed them that they were unable to fire at him or hurt him in the least.

NOTE.—The resemblance of this legend to the story of *Der Freischütz*, which WEBER has immortalized by his music, is so striking as scarcely to call for an allusion.

* Beating them with a cudgel.—ED.

THE LOVE PLEDGE. [D]

In Germany, when they promise marriage, they are very particular about keeping their word. There was once upon a time a young lady of great family, and she was one day in the kitchen, and she had a fowl in her hands. And there was at that same time a young man likewise in the kitchen, who was not by any means her equal; but she cut off a part of the fowl and gave it to him. And this was considered a promise of marriage in Dantzic, where it happened.

And the young lady considering she had pledged her troth to the young man, kept her word and they were married accordingly. And after they were married they rode out in a carriage, through the streets of Dantzic; and the people were so pleased, that they threw a great quantity of apples into the carriage, so that the carriage was well nigh filled. And when they got home, they found that there was a piece of money in every apple, by which means it fell out that the young man's fortune was as large as that of his wife.

THE CAT-WIFE. [E]

There was once one of the Boors of the Upper Rhine, whose wife, for it was his lot to be married, one night went out and left him at home by himself. But she had not been gone long before a cat came into the house, and after lying with its back to the fire for some time, and getting very comfortably warm, out the cat went again:

And soon after this there came into the house fifty cats,

and after they had lain with their backs to the fire for some time, and got very comfortably warm, out they went again.

The man thought (and indeed it was no wonder he should think so) that all this was mighty odd; so as soon as the last party had taken themselves off, he got up and fastened the door.

Some time afterwards he heard somebody at the door, and upon going to it, he saw instead of a human hand, that it was a cat's paw, trying to raise the latch. So he went and got a hatchet and chopped it off.

Soon after this his wife came home and went to bed. And in the morning she said she was not well, and not able to get up. But all this time she kept one of her arms under the bed-clothes. Her husband thought this very strange, and asked her the reason, but she refused to give any answer, and at last he found out that she wanted a hand.

Whereupon he went to the governor of the town and told him what had happened, and the woman was burned for a witch, and every old woman in the place was burned too, to the number of fifty.

NOTE.—A curious illustration of this cat story may be found in HORST'S *Dæmonologie oder Geschichte des Glaubens an Zauberie*, &c. Band 2. s. 80—82. and in the *Malleus Maleficarum*, (Lugduni 1596.) Tome 1. pp. 208—9.; where it is said that a woodman in the neighbourhood of Strasburg, was attacked while following his occupation, by a large fierce-looking cat. Upon his trying to drive it away, the cat was joined by a second, still more frightful, whom the woodman likewise struck; a third, still larger and more frightful, then made its appearance, and a dreadful contest ensued between the

man and his feline enemies, which, however, at last ended in favour of the woodman.

The man had only just returned home from this fearful encounter, when he was arrested and carried before the chief magistrate of the city, who was so inveterate against him, that he not only refused him a hearing, but directed that he should be thrown at once into the dungeon set apart for criminals whose lives were forfeited; there he remained for three days, before his judge could be prevailed on to give him a hearing, or inform him of the nature of the crime of which he was accused. At length he was brought into court, charged with having at a certain hour, and at a certain place, violently beaten three of the chief ladies of the city. The man declared his innocence, that he never saw the ladies, and that he could prove by the best evidence that he was then engaged in his occupation of wood-cutting. But as the judge would give no credence to this story, the man said, 'I recollect that at the hour mentioned, I beat very severely, *three cats* which had attacked me, but that was not *three noble ladies*.' All the bystanders were astonished at his declaration, and the man's chains were taken off, and he himself set free, with a strict charge to keep the matter a secret.

We are inclined to believe that all the supernatural cat stories given in this number, were imported into Ireland by the Palatines. No. 2 of *Dermod Ruah*, was told to MR. STEELE, in Clare, an adjoining county to Limerick, and the scene is laid in the neighbourhood of Ennis, which is almost directly at the opposite side of the Shannon to Rathkeale. As to the story related by MR. GRIFFIN, in his *Tales of the Munster Festivals*, and mentioned in the note (p. 21.) upon *Dermod Ruah*, the locality stamps it as a Palatine importation,—the old

church and hill of Ardpattrick rising directly above the village of Glenasheen.

We shall take an opportunity in an early number of our work, of introducing a great variety of information which we have collected, illustrative of these cat stories—and the origin of these animals playing so prominent a part in the strange drama of romantic fiction,—we shall probably insert them in the shape of notes, to that well known and most favourite tale belonging to this class, *Puss in Boots*.

THE STORY OF OLD ESPEEL [F.]

There was once a great villain of a rogue who was half a fool with it—and his name was called Old Espeel. Now, one day, Espeel's mother went out to cut grass, leaving a child asleep in the cradle, and she desired Espeel to take care that the child did not go away; so he said, 'No, mother, I'll engage the child shall not go away.' So as soon as his mother was gone out, he went and got a great flat stone, as large as he could carry, and laid it on the child and so killed it, as the child lay asleep in the cradle.

Then he next went to the cupboard, where he knew his mother kept a great pot of honey, and there stripping himself of his clothes, he rubbed himself all over with the honey—and then he got a large bag of feathers which his mother had saved to make a bed of, and he emptied the feathers on to the floor and rolled himself in them until he was as completely covered as a goose.

And when his mother came home and rapped at the door, Old Espeel opened it very gently and ran away from the door

without her seeing him, and hid himself in a corner of the house. In the meanwhile his mother came in and went to the cradle, and there the poor woman found the child stone dead.

And then Espeel (this was when he was young) came out from the corner crawling on all fours, and began calling out to his mother, 'Cuckoo! Cuckoo!' and he looked so odd crying 'Cuckoo, Cuckoo,' on all fours, and covered with the feathers, that his mother could not help laughing, although she threatened to beat him for his mischievous pranks. But he said to her, 'Mother, take care what you do, for if you beat me, I'll tickle your ribs with a pitchfork.'

NOTE.—Our readers will no doubt recognize in the mischievous author of the trick just related, their quondam acquaintance HOWLEGAS, some account of whose history is to be found in the *LAYS AND LEGENDS OF GERMANY*, Part I. p. 79 et seq.

If the resemblance which his Irish title of Old Espeel, bears to his German one of EULENSPIEGEL, does not recall him to their remembrance, the nature of this mad prank of 'the great villain of a rogue who was half a fool with it,' (as he is most truly characterized) will sufficiently identify him. It is moreover a curious fact, that the above adventure is no where recorded in the history of MASTER TYLL, and that after having escaped the notice of all his biographers, it should be found among the traditions of Old Ireland, and not among those of the 'Lande of Bassen,' where the merry knave was born.

An old book of travels, quoted by NAAME, in his glossary has the following passage. 'From Lubeck we took our journey to Lüneburg, being tenne miles distant, and the first night we lodged in a

village called Millen, [Mollen] where a famous jester OULEN-SPIN-CELL, (whom we call OWLY-GLASS,) hath a monument erected. Hee died in the yeere 1250, and the stone covering him is compassed with a grate, least it should be broken and carried away peece-meal by passengers, which they say hath already been done by the Germanes. The towns-men yearly keep a feast for his memory, and yet shew the apparall he was wont to weare.'

Such are the tales now to be found among the Palatines, and which form but a small portion of the stock imported by them with their households from the banks of the Rhine.

'Formerly,' said one of Mr. STEELE's authorities, 'formerly they'd be telling at night most curious things that one would be surprised at them, but now its all dropped, and all gone. Them that are religious don't like to tell even in their families, nor even bear in mind those stories, but it was not so formerly, for formerly you could fill a book as big as a bible with them.'

We subjoin a few additional extracts from Mr. STEELE's papers, relative to the Palatine community. Our first relates to *Charley the Dutchman*, a very celebrated personage among them.

'*Charley di Rome*, or *Charley the Dutchman*, was a native of Holland, born on the banks of the Rhine, and was originally in the 91st regiment. He deserted, and settled as an orchardman at Ballingrane. *Charley* was fond of drink, and would tell stories; some of them, you would think a year long. *Charley* was believed by the Palatines to have more spells than any of themselves, having come from the banks of the Rhine, where they believe there is more witchcraft and sorcery than any where else in the world.'

'*Charley* did not make any efforts to undeceive them; on the con-

trary, he gave them to understand, that he was a kind of hereditary sorcerer, his father having been one of no mean power before him. When asked to communicate any of his knowledge, he immediately assumed an air of melancholy mystery, and begged them not to press him to tell them, for that he was sorry enough that he possessed all the knowledge which he had.

‘In proof of the danger attending such knowledge, he used to tell of what once happened to himself. His father had a book that contained all kind of spells, and one day young *Charley* went up stairs, into the room where his father kept the book, and commenced reading it; when suddenly the room was filled with great black crows, who with the flapping of their wings threw all the fire out of the grate, and would have set the house on fire, had he not left off reading, and had his father not run up stairs.

‘*Charley* was not only a deserter, but a doctor also; and was apprehended in Rathkeal, at a time when he had gone to that town to get some drugs for a child that was sick at Killabeen. *Charley* however contrived to make his escape when the soldiers were sleeping soundly under the influence of some beer which he had well drugged with whiskey. He afterwards surrendered himself, became a religious character, and went to the West Indies.

‘A young man who had been a disciple of *Charley*, and had learned from him many spells and charms, once offered to make a skull speak, but did not, because they would not give him the particular skull that he wanted.

‘There were formerly many in the settlement who spoke the German language, and there are some who speak it now, [1824,] but they are very few. There are also among the settlement a great num-

ber of Dutch and German books, but not so many as formerly, for when the German Legion was in Ireland, the Palatines gave a great number of books to them as tokens of remembrance. Another cause has been their ordering their German bibles to be buried with them, to preserve them from profanation; a practice however not of very frequent occurrence.

‘ An old Palatine talking of the original settlers said, ‘ When they came to this country and used to be obliged to eat oaten bread and drink butter-milk, they wore long beards, and I’ve heard that they used to cry *when they’d find their beards sticking in the butter-milk.*’

7.—THE ROAD THE PLATES WENT.

‘ At some distance from Castle Taylor,* in the county of Galway, is a round fort called the palace of Dundorlass, where it is said Goora, king of Connaught, resided; there is not, however, the least vestige of any dwelling place; this palace was near a celebrated city called Ardrahan. It is now but a village; tradition however mentions it to have been formerly very extensive. If the road, leading to the town can enable us to form any idea of its extent, the

* Between Portumna and Galway.

remains of that which led to this, would induce us to believe that it was twice larger than the present road; except there was an avenue of trees planted on each side, it is not easy to determine to what use it was converted. This road is called in Irish, *Boherlan da naa mias*—the road the plates went; and the story from which the name originated, is odd enough.

Saint Macduagh, the king's brother, had retired to the mountains, to pray with a friar; when they had remained two days there, the friar was not so much occupied by devotion, but he felt the grumblings of his stomach, from time to time; this made him murmur, and he said to the Saint, 'I beg your Saintship's pardon, but I believe you brought me here to die of hunger; your brother Goora gives a feast to his court to-day; I had rather be there than here.'

'Oh! man of little faith,' replied the Saint, 'do you think I brought you here to die of hunger?' And he immediately began to pray more fervently than ever.

On a sudden the friar was agreeably surprised to see an excellent dinner before him. And when king Goora and his nobles returned from hunting, very hungry, they were very much surprised, at seeing their plates and table fly away! On this occasion, they did what every person might do, who saw his dinner fly away; the cook with his spit, the servants and grooms, the dogs and cats, accompanied the king and his court, either on foot or horseback, and ran as fast as they could after the plates.

The dinner, however, arrived an entire quarter of an hour before them, and the friar who had just begun to satisfy his appetite, was terrified at seeing such a crowd ready to snatch the bit from his mouth. He complained to the Saint again, telling him it were better to give him nothing

to eat, than to get him knocked on the head by the hungry attendants of the court of Goora.

‘Oh, man of little faith,’ said the Saint, ‘let them come.’ They soon arrived, and when they got within thirty paces of the friar, the Saint put them in the most disagreeable situation any decent people can be in : he made their feet stick to the rock, and obliged them to look on at the friar’s repast.

They still shew in the rock the mark of the horses hoofs, of the men, dogs, &c., and even of the lances, which were also stuck in the rock, for fear they should take it in their heads to throw them at the friar. As these marks are visible, there can be no doubt of the truth of the story, and since this time, the road has been and is still called ‘*the road the plates went.*’

‘Oh, mighty Saint Macduagh!’ adds the narrator, a French gentleman, whom the revolution had compelled to emigrate, and who wandered through the united kingdoms, recording his adventures with his national gaiety—a gaiety by which touches of true pathos can be alone conveyed; ‘Oh, mighty Saint Macduagh, how much I should be obliged to your Saintship, if you deigned to repeat this miracle from time to time in favour of a poor pilgrim like me!’

Printed in M. de Latocnaye’s Promenade d’un François dans l’Irlande. 1789.

NOTE.—Smith, in his history of Kerry, says, that there ‘is a rock, called in Irish by a term which signifies ‘*the fairies rock,*’ situated about five miles from the head of the river Kenmare, near a small brook, amidst the mountains. On the rock are the impressions of

several human feet, some naked, and others with brogues on, and these are of all sizes from infancy to manhood.'—p. 83.

We are enabled to state, upon the authority of a gentleman, a native of the country, that among other marvellous tales related by the peasantry, of these impressions, one asserts them to be the foot-marks of some Irish lord and his attendants, by whom a poor hungry traveller had been turned away just as their dinner was about to be served up. The fairies indignant at this breach of national hospitality, carried off and set out the dinner before the poor traveller, and being pursued, fixed by a spell their pursuers to the rock, where the impressions of their feet have remained ever since.

8.—THE WISE WOMEN OF MUNGRET.

About two miles west of the city of Limerick, is an inconsiderable ruin, called Mungret. This ruin is all that remains of a monastic establishment, said to have contained within its walls six churches, and, exclusive of scholars, fifteen hundred monks.

Of these monks five hundred were learned preachers—five hundred more were so classed and divided as to support a full choir day and night—and the remaining five hundred, being the elders of the brotherhood, devoted themselves to religious and charitable works.

An anecdote is related of this priory, which is worth preserving, because it gave rise to a proverbial expression, retained in the country to the present day, 'As wise as the women of Mungret.'

against the opposite coast, that he split the rock and impaled the evil spirit in the fissure, where he remains to this hour, struggling to extricate himself. In the course of centuries, he has nearly disengaged his body and arms, but one leg still remains firmly wedged in the rock. This imaginary fissure is frequently viewed from boats; but few have courage to venture into the chasm of the rock within. It was, however, a noted haunt of smugglers.

Printed in Warburton, Whitelaw, and Walsh's History of Dublin, 1818.—Vol. II. p. 1266.

NOTE.—With various localities in Ireland, is the name Puck associated. A celebrated waterfall of the Liffey, in the county of Wicklow, is called Poul a Phooke, or Phooke's Cavern. The Castle of Carrigaphooka, not far from Macroom, and Castle Pooke, situated between Doneraile and the ruins of Kilcoleman, where Edmund Spencer wrote his Fairy Queen, are in the county of Cork; Castle Puck, near Dublin, is memorable from its having been the resting place of James II. the night of the battle of the Boyne, &c. There can be no doubt that Puck or Pouke, means the Devil; and in Ireland that name is also variously localized. Thus, there is the Devil's Castle, and the Devil's Punch Bowl, in the county of Kerry; the latter, (a Lake on the top of Mangerton Mountain), well known from its vicinity to Killarney. In the county of Tipperary, the Devil's Bit is a remarkable gap in a mountain, from which the Evil One is traditionally said to have bit the huge piece of stone whereon what is now called the Rock of Cashel was built. Of all these places we shall probably have to relate Legends in the course of this work, as well as of the English localities, Puck Pool, and Puckaster,

Cove, in the Isle of Wight, Puckeridge, Pucklechurch,—the Devil's Bridge, Cwm Pwcca in Wales, &c.

The form under which the Irish Puck, or Pooka, most commonly appears, for it seems to have the power of assuming forms at will, is that of a goat—a form in which the usual attributes of horns and cloven feet are preserved, as well as the similarity of name, *Boc* usually pronounced Puck, being the Irish for a goat.

10.—LEGEND OF LOUGH NEAGH.

' On Lough Neagh's bank as the fisherman strays,
When the clear cold eve's declining;
He sees the round towers of other days,
In the wave beneath him shining '

So sings Moore.—The following is the legend, as given by Stanishurst, after Giraldus Cambrensis:—

"There is in Ulster, a standing pool, thirtie thousand paces long, and fiftene thousand paces brode, out of which springeth the noble northern river, called the Banne. The fishers complaine more often for bursting of their nets with the over great take of fish, than of none want. In our time upon the conquest, {in the reign of Henry II.} a fish swam from this pool to the shore, in shape resembling a salmon, but in quantitie so huge that it could not be drawne or car-

ried wholie together, but the fishmongers were forced to hacke it in gobbets, and so to carrie it in peecemeale through the countre, making thereof a generel dole. And if the report be true, the beginning of this poole was strange.— There was in old time where the poole now standeth, vicious and beastlie inhabitants. At which time was there an old said saw in everie man his mouth, that as soone as a well there springeth (which from the superstitious reverence they bare it, was continuallie covered and signed,) were left open and unsigned, so soone would so much water gush out of that well, as would forthwith overwhelm the whole territorie. It happened, at length, that an old trot came thither to fetch water, and hearing hir child whine, she ran with might and maine to dandle hir babie, forgetting the observance of the superstitious order tofore used. But as she was returning backe to have covered the spring, the land was so farre overflowne, as that it past hir helpe: and shortlie after she, hir suckling, and all those that were within the whole territorie were drowned. And this seemeth to carie more likelihood with it, bicause the fishers in a cleare sunnie daie, see the steeples and other piles plainlie and distinctlie in the water. And here would be noted, that the river of the Banne flowed from this head spring before this floud, but farre in lesse quantitie than it dooth in our time.”

Printed in Holinshed's Chronicles, 1586.

NOTE.—The salmon, whom the fishmongers hacked in gobbets, was no doubt some enchanted personage. The metamorphose into a salmon is an extremely common one in Irish Legends. Thus ‘Fintan, who accompanied Cesara or Cesarea, the niece of Noah, into Ireland, be-

fore the Flood, is said to have been preserved by his transformation into a salmon, and to have swoome all the time of the Deluge about Ulster, and after the fall of the water, recovering his former shape, to have lived longer than Adam, and to have delivered strange things to posterity, so that of him the common speech ariseth—
 ‘If I had lived Fintan’s years, I could say much.’—HANMER’S *Chronicle of Ireland*, 1571.

11.—THE WIFE OF TWO HUSBANDS.

There is a little hill which is called Knock-na-feadalea.* There was an honest pious man living there formerly, near the river, by the side of the hill, and the vestige of his house may yet be seen. His name was Thady Hughes; he had no wife nor family, but his mother, an old woman keeping his house.

Thady went out on hallow-eve-night † to pray, as he was accustomed, on the bank of the river, or at the foot of the fort. Looking up to observe the stars, ‡ he saw a dark

* Knock na feadalea literally means the Whistling hill; and the place got this name from reports that the music of the Fairies had been often heard to proceed from it.—Neilson.

† This night, the last of October, is observed, with many superstitious ceremonies, both in Ireland and Scotland. It is supposed to be one on which the aerial spirits are peculiarly active.—Neilson.

‡ This day being observed as a fast, and nothing eaten from breakfast till night, it is customary to look to the stars, in order to see that they appear, and night is actually come, before sitting down to eat.—Neilson.

cloud from the South, moving toward him with a whirlwind; and he heard the sound of horses, as a great troop of cavalry coming straight along the valley.* Thady observed that they all came over the ford, and quickly round about the mount.

He remembered that he had often heard it said, if you cast the dust that is under your foot against it, at that instant, if they have any human being with them, that they are obliged to release him. He lifts a handful of the gravel that was under his foot, and throws it stoutly in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, against the whirlwind; and, behold forthwith, down falls a woman, weak, faint, and feeble, on the earth, with a heavy groan.

Thady started, but taking courage, having heard the cry in a human voice, he went to her; spoke to her, lifted her up and brought her into his mother. They gave milk to her to drink, and other food; but she ate little.

They did not ask her many questions that night; as they knew that she came from the fairy castles,† and she did not wish to speak, being sick and sorrowful. Next day they asked an account of her adventures, and she related them, first enjoining secrecy.

Her name was Mary Rourke, born and bred in the county of Galway. She was one year married, and had a child, to a young man called John Joyce, near Knock Magha. She had a difficult labour, the child died after it

* This is the manner in which the approach of the fairies is usually described.—*Neilson*.

† The fairy castles were supposed to be moveable at pleasure, invisible to human eyes, and generally built in ancient forts or raths.—*Neilson*

was born; and Finvår and his host carried herself away to the fairy castle of Knock Magha. They left some other bulk in her place, in the form of a dead woman, which was waked, and buried without observation, in place of the woman herself.* Mary was in Knock Magha three quarters of a year, nursing a child,† entertained with mirth and sweet songs; and notwithstanding she was certainly in affliction. At length the host of the castle told her that her husband was now married to another woman; and that she should indulge no longer in sorrow and melancholy; that Finvår, and all his family, were about to pay a visit to the province of Ulster.

They set out at cock crowing, from smooth Knock Magha, both Finvår and his valiant host, and many a fairy castle, rath, and mount, they shortly visited, from dawn of day till fall of night, on beautiful winged coursers:

Around Knock Grein, and Knock na Rae,
 Bin Bulvin, and Kels Corain,
 To Bin Eachlan, and Loch Dacan,
 From thence north-east to Sleive Guillin;
 They traversed the lofty hills of Mourne,
 Round high Sleive Denard and Balachanery,
 Down to Dundrin, Dundrum, and Dunardalay,
 Right forward to Knock na Paadalea. ‡

* It was a general superstition that a new born child, before baptism—or even the mother herself, might be thus carried away —
Neilson

† It was vulgarly thought that the fairies take such women as Mary was, to nurse those children whom they have carried away —
Neilson

‡ These were all celebrated haunts of the fabled sprites — *Neilson*

After they lost Mary, they never halted ; for they were to sup that Hallow eve in the fairy castle of Scraba, with the fairy chief, Macaneantan.*

Thady and his mother were astonished at the woman's story; they pitied her and invited her with a hearty welcome to remain with themselves. She spent the winter with them as a hired servant, and pleased them much by her industry and service. The mother of Thady was a sickly old woman, whom Mary attended carefully during her illness. In the spring the old woman died, but on her death bed, she advised her son to marry Mary Rourke ; accordingly they were married after Easter.

In a year afterwards, a stocking merchant, who lived near them, happened to go to Connamara, to purchase goods, and Mary sent a token by him privately to her first husband: viz., the wedding ring which he had given her, with Joyce's name engraved in it. It was not long afterwards, until John Joyce's second wife died, and he did not delay to pay a visit to Mary Rourke.

When he came into Thady Hughes's house, he found her sitting, with a fine boy, three quarters old, at her breast. Soon and gladly did they know and recognize each other, and Mary acknowledged immediately that this was her first husband ; and having heard that his other wife was dead, she consented to go with Joyce. Poor Thady, however, was in great trouble about the business, and said that it was best

* This chief was one of the many whom the fertile invention of poets has assigned to the fairies; and whom the simple credulity of the ignorant has received. *Finvar* was another of these kings, whose enchanted castle was at *Knock Magha*, as that of *Macaneantan* was at *Scraba*.—Neilson.

to take the priest's voice; accordingly all three went to Father Bryan Byrne, and told him the whole story. Father Bryan was a sensible man, who would not give a rash judgment, therefore he told Joyce that he should not get Thady's wife unless he proved his right to her, under the hand of the priest in the West, in the parish where they had lived together. Joyce was thus obliged to return to the county of Galway, for this letter, and Father Bryan wrote by him to his parish priest. The answer which the priest returned, was, that he was himself at the funeral of Mary Rourke, the first wife of this man; that he married him again to another woman, who was since dead; and whatsoever woman she was who said that she was Joyce's wife, ought not to be believed.

When Father Bryan received this letter, he advised Mary to remain as she was.

Notwithstanding this, Joyce went to the priest, who married him to Mary, in the place where she was born and bred. This was thirty miles from the place where they lived.

He told this priest that Mary Rourke had left him about two years before; that he had sought for her until he had found her married to another man, in the county of Down; and that the priest of that parish would not allow him to get her unless he got a testimony under his hand that she was his wife. He said not a word of Mary's death, nor did that priest know anything of it; for Mary's friends were dead before she was married, and she was not much mentioned in that place.

This priest sent a letter by him to the bishop of Down, 'that he had married a girl, called Mary Rourke, of honest kindred, in his own parish, to a decent young man, called

John Joyce, who lived near Knock Magha, that he was informed she had left him, and was now living as wife to another man, beside Down Patrick; and that she ought to be sent home with him.'

A witness was sent with him, by the priest, who saw them married, to prove the identity of the woman; and he swore that she was the same woman who now lived with Thady Hughes.

The bishop ordered them all to appear before him at the Chapter that the case might be investigated. All the clergy blamed Father Bryan, because he married Thady to the wife of another man; and would not allow her to go with him, after having received evidence that she was his wife; and it was their opinion, that both he and Thady should be excommunicated, unless Mary were sent away.

'Gentlemen,' said Father Bryan, 'do not condemn me, till you hear the end of the business. Let Joyce be sworn.' Joyce swore that he was married twice; that he got his first wife at Balygort; that she lived with him one year, beside Knock Magha; that she then left him, he knew not with whom; he was at home himself, did not see her depart; she was not healthy after childbirth; he got his second wife in that place; thought that his first wife wasted; his second wife died.

'Now, gentlemen,' said Father Bryan, 'here is a letter which I received, under the hand of Joyce's parish priest, who asserts that his first wife died; that he himself saw her dead—was at the funeral; that he married Joyce afterwards to another girl in the place, and that she was also since dead. You see now that I have endeavoured to discover the truth.' A contest arose between the clergy on this; some said, 'that she was Joyce's wife, undoubtedly,

since the assertion of it was obtained through the priest of Gort, and the oath of the man who was present at the marriage.'

Others said, 'that was not yet certain; for the man who swore that he saw her married was squint-eyed, and dim-sighted, and that he might be mistaken.'

'Well,' said some, 'let her go to Connaught, to the Priest of Gort, that he may know if she is the same woman he married.'

'Not so,' said the others, 'but let her go to the other priest at Knock Magha, that he may know if she is the same woman who died under his care.'

The laugh of the assembly was excited against the latter, so that the business produced considerable mirth among them. At length, when Thady Hughes saw that they were not about to decide or determine the affair, he asked leave to speak to the bishop.

'My Lord Bishop, said he, 'do you believe that this woman was carried away by the Fairies?'

'Indeed, I believe no such thing,' said the Bishop.

'Oh! God bless you for saying so, for I shall keep Mary Rourke still.'

'How can that be,' said the Bishop, 'if it be proved that she was married to Joyce before you?'

'No matter for that,' said Thady, 'surely she is under no obligation to be his wife after her death.'

The clergy all burst into laughter after Thady's speech, and said unanimously, 'that he spoke well, and that he had the best part of the cause.'

With difficulty, the Bishop restrained their mirth and laughter; he then advised Thady and Mary to go, with th

other two men, to Connaught, before the two priests, that the truth might be ascertained.

‘My Lord,’ said Thady, ‘I do not wish to go with Joyce; but if it please you, let him go home, and I will go with Mary, after a week to the priest of Knock Magha, and if Joyce then proves that she is his wife, I hope that gentleman will not deny his own letter that she is dead.’

‘Silence, you foolish man,’ said the Bishop; ‘go from me, I will hear you no longer.’

Next day, Mary took her travelling apparel on her back, in order to go to Connaught; and their neighbours made this arrangement between them, that both the doors of the house should be set open, that Joyce should stand without, seven steps from the street-door, and Thady in the garden, seven steps from the back-door, that she should take her choice, and abide by it thenceforward.

The child was sleeping in the cradle: and as Mary was about to depart, she went to the child to take leave of it, and shed a tear. She went then until she was without the door, when she heard the child cry after her; presently she returned, and remained, without murmuring or uneasiness, with Thady Hughes till her death.

It is plain that Father Bryan did not believe the oath of the man that he saw the same woman married; for in cross-examining the young man, he confessed ‘that he never saw her before the night on which she was married; but he was certain it was she, as she acknowledged to him, the preceding evening, that she was the same woman.’

Father Bryan asked, ‘if he had ever heard that Joyce had courted any other woman about that place?’

He replied that he had heard that Joyce courted a girl at

Kiltartan—had never seen her, but was himself certain he was not married to her; that she had left that place, and it was said that she was probably pregnant, for she never returned again.

Father Bryan asserted, 'that this was the girl from Kiltartan, who came to Thady Hughes; and that she had invented that story to hide her shame.' However, Thady and many others always thought that she had been married to Joyce, and that she was in the Fairy Castles.

Printed in NEILSON'S Irish Grammar, pp. 71—85.

NOTE.—The following is NEILSON'S note upon the above story, 'This story affords a specimen of the popular superstitions of Ireland. Such fictions prevail more or less in all countries, according to the degree of information which the common people possess. And it is much to be regretted that they should be very prevalent in the country parts of Ireland, owing, in a great measure, to the want of more valuable knowledge. There is reason to hope, however, that the decay of such superstitions is not far distant, and that the diffusion of learning will remove every vestige of them. In the meantime these playful inventions of fancy will serve to amuse the reader; nor will they appear more extravagant than the poetic effusions of ancient times.'

12.—THE CHANGELING.

(BY JOHN ANSTER, L.L. D.)

‘The woman, in whose character these lines are written, supposes her child stolen by a fairy. I need not mention how prevalent the superstition is in Ireland, which attributes most instances of sudden death to the agency of these spirits.’

Introductory Note by the Author.

The summer sun was sinking
With a mild light, calm and mellow,
It shone on my little boy's bonny* cheeks,
And his loose locks of yellow.

The robin was singing sweetly,
And his song was sad and tender ;
And my little boy's eyes, while he heard the song,
Smiled with a sweet soft splendour.

My little boy lay on my bosom
While his soul the song was quaffing,
The joy of his soul had tinged † his cheek,
And his heart and his eye were laughing.

* Quere—Boney ? Bonny is a Scotch, not an Irish word ; and as DR. ANSTER's volume of poems appears to have been printed in Edinburgh, it is probably a printer's blunder.—ED.

† If the reading of boney be correct, we would suggest “ flushed ” for “ tinged.”—ED.

I sat alone in my cottage
The midnight needle plying ;
I feared for my child, for the rush's light
In the socket now was dying !

There came a hand to my lonely latch,
Like the wind at midnight moaning ;
I knelt to pray, but rose again,
For I heard my little boy groaning.

I crossed my brow and I crossed my breast,
But that night my child departed—
They left a weakling in his stead,
And I am broken hearted !

Oh ! it cannot be my own sweet boy,
For his eyes are dim and hollow ;—
My little boy is gone to God,
And his mother soon will follow.

The dirge for the dead* will be sung for me,
And the mass be chaunted meetly ;
And I will sleep with my little boy
In the moonlight churchyard sweetly.

Printed in Anster's Poems. Edinburgh, 1819.

* The *Caoine* pronounced *Keen*.—ED.

13.—THE ADVENTURES OF FUIN MAC CUAL.

A STORY-TELLER'S TALE.

(Now first published, and somewhat abridged, from the Manuscript of LUCIUS O'BRIEN, Esq., late M. P. for Clare.)

Fuin Mac Cumhal, Mac Coill, Mac Ceart, Mac Treine, Mac Morne, Mac Misgahain.*

Misgahain was found on the sea-shore on the coast of

* I remember having heard many such tales told. The recital of the pedigree with which they are usually commenced always appeared to me remarkable, being always the same; and I have as vainly asked for an explanation, as I have why the skilful narrator of an Irish fairy story commences with, 'Once upon a time, when pigs were swine, and turkeys chewed tobacco, when swallows built their nests in old men's beards,' &c., or the meaning of the chorus to a popular song. This is not the place to discuss such matters; nor can I at so short a notice offer you anything like argument on the point, but I am inclined to consider the whole of this pedigree as an allegorical one, and that *Fuin* is the name given to a successful Colonizer of Ireland. I venture this conjecture, upon genealogy, (as I need scarcely tell you *Mac* means the son of,) and upon the colonization of Ireland, with due deference to the opinions of my friend Sir William Betham. Allow me, however, to state my case: and I beg of you to mark the allegory. *Fuin* in the course of the story is explained as fair—why? because *Fuin*, (see O'REILLY'S Dictionary,) is a veil or covering worn by women, to protect them from the sun. Hence as a child whose birth was concealed, *Fuin* according to the custom of the time, receives his name from the veil or covering worn by his mother, to conceal her pregnancy; or from the secrecy in which he was brought up. *Fuin* is said to be *Mac* (son of)

Connemara,* but whither he came no one could tell. He was mighty of stature, but his son was mightier, and his grandson mightier still, and so with all his descendants; none of whom performed any exploits worthy of record until Cumhal ruagh† the father of Fuin.

Cumhal ruagh was attacked by Gluishne, a king of Connaught, whom he overthrew and kept in subjection until Lochlin,‡ a Danish king, arrived, bringing with him a large army of men and demanded his rescue.

Cumhal ruagh lived at Coimborogh, where there is a great fort still to be seen; and Gluishne lived in Gluishne Castle, near Ardraghin, in the county of Galway: it is so called now, and belongs to T. Lambert, Esq.

Cumhal ruagh, not knowing of the arrival of the Danes, went forth to observe the camp of the enemy. When Gluishne heard that he was coming he prepared an ambuscade, and sent out a party to attack him. Cullish, the daughter of Gluishne, hearing that her father had determined to slay Cumhal ruagh, threw herself in his way, and contrived the means of concealing him in a cave, where she remained with him until she became pregnant.

Cumhal, a compound word meaning union with the rock, and this again agrees with the story. *Cumhal* the son of *Coill*. Sin—Iniquity: who is the son of *Ceart*, i. e. *Ceard*, the smith, who is the son of *Treine*, Power: who is the son of *Morne*, which is probably the Sea; which is the son of *Mis-gahain*, a compound word signifying literally mouth-sand, or that which leave the mouths of rivers dry: an interpretation correspondent with the story, and no doubt intended by the proverbially thirsty narrator as a pun, to provoke the offer of a drink.

Note from Mr. CROFTON CROKER.

* A wild district of Galway.—ED.

† Cumhal (pronounced Cual) the red.—ED.

‡ Lochlin, means a Dane, i. e. a Laker or Lake-lander.—ED.

After this, Cumhal ruagh was slain by an arrow which was aimed at him by a man planted in ambuscade, but not before he had slain nine hundred and fifty of the most chosen men of his enemy's army. Cahirmon is the place where he died.

When Gluishne knew that his daughter Cullish was pregnant by Cumhal ruagh, he built a tower on Lough _____* in which he confined her, intending to destroy her offspring: and he sent into the tower twelve waiting women with provisions for nine months, and with them a governess with a horn, which was to be sounded when Cullish gave birth to the child.

Cumhal ruagh's nurse, Bornon, had followed him to the cave; and afterwards, when Cullish was shut up in the tower, Bornon watched for twenty-five days and nights the window out of which the offspring of Cullish was to be thrown into the lake. On the twenty-fifth, Cullish gave birth to twins. The first a daughter, which the nurse, upon rescuing, again threw into the lake. The second was a son which, when thrown in like manner into the lake, sunk to the bottom and came up again with an enormous eel in each hand;† when the nurse Bornon took him up and fled with him, with all speed, from Galway. She slept the first night at Kilvainhar, where the remains of an old fort and burying place are still to be seen. From thence she went to Cromline, on the sea-shore, where she lived until the boy was seven years old.

The governess, whose name was Cauglarna, blew the

* Name wanting in the MS.—Ed.

† This cannot fail of recalling to the reader's mind the picture of the infant Hercules.—Ed.

horn as she was ordered the night that the children were born, and her father came and took Cullish home as if nothing had happened. The governess told him of the birth of the twins which had been thrown into the lake; and that the second, which was a boy, was so strong, and looked so intelligent, and did so laugh and smile at the people about him, that he looked more like a child of six months old than a new-born babe. She likewise said that she had seen a very large woman, watching about the lake for some time, whom she suspected intended to rescue the child, and advised him therefore to send out spies to search the country for her.

He did so, and when Bornon found that she was pursued, she fled from Cromline to a wood on Slieveilvah, taking with her a carpenter, who cut a den out of a large tree; the door of which was so constructed that, when closed, it could not be perceived that the tree had been touched. Inside the tree he made rooms and places for the child to walk and sleep in. In the day-time Bornon used to leave him, and return at night to give him nourishment. When the carpenter had finished his work, Bornon asked him for his hatchet, and desiring him to stoop to look at something which she wished altered, when he did so, she cut off his head at one stroke, lest he should betray the place of their retreat.

Fuin afterwards built a house on this spot, where he often lived.

Gluishna, who knew all the people in his kingdom, made it a practice to give every one a name, and no one could remain in his kingdom who had not a name of his giving. Bornon therefore adopted the following means of getting a name for the son of Cumhal ruagh, who, whenever he left

his return, was so full of joy, and so light of foot after his long confinement, that he could excel all other boys in their sports, even those much older than himself.

Now the giants, and warriors, and bands, assembled for amusement once a week, at a place near the king's house; and the name of this place was Thorough clough. Thither Borman took him, and when she observed a party of little boys boxing,* and Glushan's was among them, she allowed him to join them: and he was so eager in the sport that he showed more activity and knocked the ball about better than any of the rest, and overturned his play-fellows, Glushan's sons, and all. Glushan was looking on and thought it singular that though he was younger and slighter than the others, he should be stronger and more active, and asked those about him, why is that fair-haired (Finn) little fellow overturning his companions? Borman, who was watching if anything should fall from Glushan, ran up to the boy, and clasping him on the shoulder, called him by the name of Finn, which Glushan had given him, and carried him off.

That little fellow, thought Glushan, could not have been reared in my kingdom and I not have heard of his activity and strength. He must have been reared in concealment: he must be the son of Criminal craft. So he dispatched his messengers to search for the warrior and the boy, ordering them to search in the country for the space of three miles every way from the place where he was. He gave them only three hours to do it in, and they returned without finding him. He was certain that the boy was the son of Criminal craft.

So they went and never found him, fifty days and fifty

* A remark that game played with ball and a mallet.—Ed.

horse on each of the seven roads that led from Thurlough clough, with orders that they were not to return until he was found.

One company came in sight of them within three miles of Galway. Bornon, who was one hundred and nine years old, was carrying Fuin on her back, and began to feel tired. 'I am growing tired,' said she to Fuin; 'look back and see if we are pursued.' He looked back and saw a hundred men following, and within a quarter of a mile of them.—'You must come down,' says she; 'and I fear, after all my trouble, I shall lose you now.' She then looked back and saw that the men were close upon them. 'What must I do?' says she, 'I shall surely lose you.'—'I should be an unworthy fellow,' says he, 'if, after all the trouble you have taken in rearing me, I would not do as much for you as you have done for me.' So he took her on his back: he did not mind her weight, but she was so very unhandy and her limbs were so long.

'Throw me off,' says she, 'and save yourself.' This he would not do. At length the company coming up desired him to go with them to the king. He asked to know what king? They told him the King of Connaught, who wanted to see him and know who he was. He said he was not ready to appear in the king's presence, as he did not yet know who his parents were. Upon their threatening to force him to go, he said, 'Shall I go, Bornon?'—'If you do, you will lose your head,' she replied. One of the men then told him to be quiet, for that they must be with the king by a certain hour.

When Fuin heard this, he flew at the man who spoke, and with his fist, knocked his head ten perches from his

body. He then took his old nurse, the hag Bornon, by the legs and using her as a club slew the rest. He fought in this way until she was worn to the stumps; not one of them escaped. He then took her scattered limbs and digging a grave for them with his own hands, buried her there, and raised a great pile of stones upon the spot. The place is called Laughli Bornon, (Bornon's Tomb,) and is now to be seen; it is three miles from Galway on the road to Gort.

Fuin then flew toward Connemara, but growing weary when he arrived at Coan-hausthla, (*a harbour for ships*), he entered a dwelling that stood by the road, in which he found an old man blind of an eye, sitting by the fire roasting a salmon on a wooden spit. Now this old man, who was a very wicked old man, and was full of enchantments and witchcraft, said to him, 'Come here, and turn this spit;'—Fuin did so. And then the old man went out, first telling Fuin that if he allowed the salmon to burn, his head would be placed on the spit in its place. And when the old man was gone, the spit became enchanted, so that it was impossible to turn it. Then there arose a blister on the salmon, and Fuin put his finger to it to press it down, and in doing so he burnt his thumb; and on putting his thumb into his mouth to assuage the pain he discovered that he possessed the power of being able to discover future events by chewing his thumb.

And by this means he learned, that the old man was going to kill him, when he returned, and that there was no other way of saving his life, than by concealing himself behind the door until the old man returned, and then when he came in poking out his other eye with a sharp pointed

stick. So he took his station accordingly, and when the old man came back he thrust the stick into his eye with such force that it came out on the other side of his head.*

And when he had thus slain the old man, he eat the salmon and went to bed. And in the morning he arose and not knowing whither to fly, remained in the hut, in which he found large heaps of money and ammunition, and indeed every thing he could wish. So that he remained in the hut three years; during which he made himself greatly beloved by the surrounding people, by teaching them the use of arms and raising an army among them. During this time too by chewing his thumb, he learned his own history, and the manner in which he was born.

At the end of three years he went back to Cromline, taking with him a hundred and fifty men, who carried with them money, arms, and clothes for seven hundred, which number he completed at Cromline, and took with him to Benathen.

And he made a woman called Crushawn, his mistress; and whenever he met with a strong woman or one that had strong relations, he took her as a mistress. So that in one year he had twenty one sons born unto him.

When he went to Benathen he left two sons behind him under the care of a man, who was to teach them the use of arms. One of these, Fiachra mac Fuin, unknown to his father, slew Gluishne, and threw him into the lake near this town; thence called Lough Gluishne. For this deed he was highly praised.

* The coincidence, between the adventure of Ulysses with Polyphemus, must recur to the reader's memory.—En

Fuin strengthened his forces by men collected from every part of the world, whom he required to go through a course of warlike practices, to fit them for entering his service. He was lord over twelve cities, each city containing twelve houses, each house twelve fires, and at every fire sat one hundred and one men, and the names of the cities were:—
 1. Cromline; 2. Aleinleon; 3. Benathen; 4. Inagounlie; 5. Cork; 6. Loughlein; 7. Inchiquin; 8. Newtown; &c.*
 Cormic Mac Corth (*Macarthy*,) was at that time king of the South of Ireland, and gave him a tract of country for which he paid tribute.

Once upon a time, when Fuin was in Cork, he discovered by chewing his thumb, that a mighty king whose name was Sprowna, and who came from Scotland by sea, was going to kill his sons. So he summoned all his champions to Inchiquin, that they might preserve the lives of his children. Oisin,* his eldest son, was one of the number, and entreated his father to chew his thumb and learn how many men would be sufficient to drive away Sprowna. He did so, and learned that Sprowna's hosts were so numerous, it would be useless to think of repulsing them by force, and that the only prudent way would be to wear them out by stratagems.

Goul mac Morne hearing this arose and said, 'Cowardly, to retreat can never be prudent; it were better said that we should die with glory now, than with shame hereafter.'

* 9, 10, 11 and 12, are blank in the manuscript. We have accurately followed the manuscript in the names, although we have reason for believing that some are not accurately given. But to enter the lists with an Irish Story-teller, upon his own ground, we freely confess our inability.—Ed.

† Evidently the celebrated Ossian.—Ed.

And they were encamped three days before Sprowna arrived. And the names of the two sons of Fuin, who were in Cromline, were Urruim and Hoah, and their governor's name was Harrim. Fuin sent to Harrim to desire that his sons should be brought to him, and put into a place of safety; but they answered him, 'We will never retreat, but stand before the enemy although we should stand alone.'

Harrim was the first to engage with Sprowna; and stood before him three days, and on the evening of the third day he felt that on the morrow he should certainly be slain; so he determined to obey the orders of Fuin, and fly with the boys to the camp, which had now removed from Inchiquin to Newtown. But on the fourth morning Sprowna came forth earlier than he was wont, so that he overtook them in their flight.

'Let me engage with Sprowna,' exclaimed Harrim, 'while you fly to the camp.' But instead of obeying him, they staid to witness the combat. For five hours did Harrim contend with Sprowna, and then supposing he had allowed the sons of Fuin sufficient time to reach their father's camp, he gave up the contest and was slain.

Urruim then said to his brother Hoah, 'I will take up the cause of Harrim, and be satisfied to avenge his death even with one wound only.' 'I too will stay,' exclaimed Hoah, 'and if you fall, I too will be contented to die, if I can but give one wound.' So Urruim and Sprowna fought for three hours in the valley, until Urruim was slain therein; Gloun Urruim (*the valley of Urruim*) they call the valley. Then Hoah who had been watching the combat on the hill, engaged with Sprowna for seven hours until he was slain on Sleaf Hoah, (*the mountain of Hoah*.) And the mountain and the valley are so called to this day.

Sprowna then proceeded to the camp of the Giants. Fuin finding by chewing that the enemy was within a mile of them, told the Giants they must act by stratagem, and assuring them he would provide for their safety, desired them to sleep in their tents. He then got a boy, and having first told him what to do and say, arranged so that he fell into the hands of Sprowna; who asked him why those Giants were assembled there. The boy told him they were stopping the tide that's running into Glanomon—(an arm of the sea near the new quay.)

When Sprowna heard this, he went into the tents where the giants were asleep, and gave each of them a kick that sent him seven perches from the spot where he was lying. Still they all pretended to be asleep. 'How can they stop the tide?' said Sprowna. 'I will tell you,' said the boy, showing him a canoe which four of them could not lift. 'It is with bowls like this, that they are baling it out.'

Sprowna took the canoe in his hands, saying he would do as they did; the boy then told him to place one foot on each bank, and throw the water between his legs. He did so, and in three hours it was all dry. 'I will lie in it,' said Sprowna, 'and keep the tide back, and go to sleep till it flows, and hark ye, boy, do you watch and tell me when it does so.'

So he went to sleep, and slept until the water rose and covered him twenty feet. The boy, who hoped he would be drowned, took care not to call him, but seeing him move, he was frightened and pretended to be asleep. Sprowna came up out of the water determined to kill the boy, but seeing him asleep, he thought it beneath him; and went to work again, and once more dried up the tide.

'How long do they fast, boy?' said he; 'Seven days'

seven nights.' 'And why do they work so hard to keep it dry?' 'To prove whether one shall ever come into the country, that will be able to do the like.' At the end of five days and five nights, the boy, although he had still some food concealed with him, told Sprowna that he could no longer stay with him, for he was starving.

'Go home,' said Sprowna, 'and when you have eaten enough, return and keep watch for me, for I am in a valley and cannot see if an enemy should approach to attack me.' Thereupon the boy departed, and went immediately to Fuin. 'Return,' said Fuin, 'and watch for him, and when the seven days are expired and he is weak with fasting, I will send some one to conquer him.'

Accordingly on the eighth day, Goul went and challenged him to single combat. 'What is thy name?' said Sprowna, 'and art thou one of the warriors of Fuin, whom I utterly despise?' 'My name is Goul, and I serve under the chieftainship of Fuin.' 'If thy name be Goul, then am I vanquished, for none can vanquish Goul if he resist.' And the combat lasted for three days, and Sprowna was slain by a blow of Goul's sword, which severed his head from his body; and the head fell upon Goul, and was so heavy that it felled him to the ground and kept him down until the rest of the giants came and lifted it from off him. Then they took the head of Sprowna, and by tracking his footsteps they found the bodies of Harrim and of the two sons of Fuin, which they buried in the monument in the castle of Newtown, where they are still to be seen.

Then they returned again to Benathen, where they had not been more than ten days before they were invaded by

the Danes and Grecians,* who laid siege to their castles.— They had defied Cormic Mac Corth, and threatened to drive him from Ireland, and he had applied for succour to the Giants. 'Do not,' said Fuin, 'let the threats of the invaders alarm you, neither pay any regard to them. We will all assist you, though we should fall in the contest.'

Both armies were put in array, and fought for a month and three days, and a pitched battle was fought upon every third day, and the victory rested with Fuin, who, except the eldest son of the King of the Danes, whose life he spared, slew all his adversaries without any assistance from Cormic.

Mihon Cullig, for such was his name, promised Fuin that he would, out of gratitude, spend his life in his service.— And after seven years were passed, Goul spoke to Fuin about the great services that Mihon Cullig had done for them, and said that a separate inheritance should be made for him, that he might enjoy it, and transmit it to his posterity. Mihon Cullig upon hearing of this proposal, said he could not for very shame ask for any reward for services rendered from motives of gratitude, but that he had long desired a separate inheritance, although he had forbore to ask for it, and that he was well pleased that the offer had been made to him. So they desired him to search over all Ireland, and whatsoever part he chose should be freely given to him.

Seven years was he absent, and they relying on his good faith, made no enquiries after him, for they supposed he

* This, coupled with the coincidences to classical mythology already pointed out, deserves notice.—E. v.

was searching out some chosen spot; but it was not so, for he was searching after witchcraft and enchantments, and gathering together forces and arms, and strengthening himself in a castle which he had built; which castle was called Briaraughan.

The seven divisions of Fuin's warriors were assembled at Benathen, when a messenger arrived from Mihon Cullig and invited them to his palace. Among those assembled, was a Druid, named Connan, who advised that they should not all go, but send twenty of their number only. So Fuin and twenty of his warriors set forth, saying, if they were hospitably treated they would send for the rest.

When they arrived at Briaraughan, they found it a place of such great magnitude, having seven grand entrances, that Fuin declared he had never seen its equal. They entered by one of the seven entrances, but saw no person within. Every thing was in the greatest magnificence, tables were spread with the most delicious viands, and in the greatest profusion, as for a great feast. The rooms were splendidly and luxuriously furnished, and the carpets of beautiful silk. With these carpets, Fuin and his companions were so delighted, that though there were plenty of seats for them, they laid themselves down that they might enjoy their softness; and were not content to lie in their clothes, but stripped them off, and lay on their backs on the floor.

They had scarcely done so before the doors were closed one after another, and the lights were extinguished, and the fires were quenched, and a smell of sulphur filled the whole place. One door yet remained open,* when Connan address-

* Here again, the similarity to the adventures of Ulysses with Polyphemus, is remarkable.—Ed

ing them, said, 'What strange thing is this? What does this change forbode? While there is yet means of escape, let us fly. If treachery is meant, 'twere better for us to go out into the field and die as warriors ought.' 'Let us be prepared,' said Fuin, 'if necessary, to force our way.'

Connan was the first who attempted to rise; when he did so, he discovered that he was fixed to the floor, and he says, 'What can this mean, we are prisoners here, and something dire awaits us.' All found themselves fixed to the floor so firmly, that they had not the power to move. 'Now,' says Fuin, 'we are at the end of our days; let us content ourselves that we have lived thus long, and prepare to die calmly.' Now, they had with them an instrument of music called Orth-Fian,* which was only played when some one was dying. 'Let us close our heads together and play it,' said Fuin, 'and die mournfully and sad.'

Among those who remained at Benathen, was one called Cuilthe Mac Rounaun, who said, 'Why do our friends tarry so long at the Briaraughan? They ought to have returned long since. Let us send forth two messengers to enquire after their safety.' And Fiocha Mac Fuin, and Incha Mac Tainah Shellag went forth

As they approached the Briaraughan, Incha Mac Tainah Shellag said, 'This is indeed a mighty place, and a mighty feast must be going on that we hear such delicious music.' Fiocha Mac Fuin, who knew the mournful strains of the Orth-Fian, answered, 'Alas, I fear that it is not so, but that we are in peril, for that is the music of death.'

Fuin, who heard the sound of their voices, asked from

* Sic in MS.—Quere, If Orth be not Cruit—a harp?—ED.

within who they were that had come. Fiocha Mac Fuin answered him that it was his son. 'Is there any other besides you?' said Fuin. 'There is,' replied he, 'my brother Incha Mac Tainah Shellag is with me.' 'Do you both return home as fast as possible,' said Fuin, 'for you are in the power of Mihon Cullig.' 'Ill would it become me,' said Fiocha, 'to return home, and leave my father in danger of his life.' 'I too will stay,' said Incha, 'nor leave my father's head in danger.'

Fiocha then advised that his father should chew his thumb and learn how they were to preserve his life and recover his liberty. Fuin did so, and found that his only hope of preservation was in obtaining the blood of three kings who were on an island in the sea, three miles from Ireland, called Insha na Thullah,* (*the Island of Flood.*) The king of the world, Rian Doult†, there guarded by Brian an Alien (*the strength of the island*) and his forces were assembled for the conquest of Ireland. Between this island and the mainland was a ford, of which Fiocha Mac Fuin gave his brother charge, while he went and observed the state of the camp.

Scarcely had he departed, before one hundred and one ‡

* A reference to the one hundred and ninety-six islands enumerated in that most valuable, but apparently unnoticed work, "Historical Sketches of Ancient Native Irish," by Christopher Anderson, Edinburgh, 1828, does not enable the editor to fix the locality of the island mentioned in the text, which may have been one of those floating isles described by old, and even modern voyagers.—ED.

† This means the king of the devils.—ED.

‡ The similarity of numbers with eastern story is worthy of observation.—ED,

Danish and Grecian nobles made their appearance on their way to take off the heads of Fuin and his companions. When the chief man of the Grecians entered the ford and encountered Incha, he demanded who he was that disputed his passage. Incha Mac Tainah Shellag said to him, 'First tell me who thou art, and whither thou art going, and then shalt thou know my name.' The Grecian replied, 'I am Meilcha, a Grecian chieftain, and I am going for the head of Fuin Mac Cumhal, to present it to the king of the world, Rian Doul.' 'Ill would it become me' said Incha, 'to quit this ford and leave you a free passage to behead my father.' 'Then,' said Meilcha to his warriors, 'force the ford at once, and behead this miscreant.'

Instantly a combat commenced between Incha and the hundred and one warriors. In three hours he had slain a hundred of them, when Meilcha their leader advanced, exclaiming, 'Shameful will it be for me if I retire, and not revenge the loss of my men.' They fought seven hours, and in the end Meilcha prevailed and slew Incha and cut off his head. He next met Fiocha, who accosted him, asking him who he was and whose head he was carrying. Meilcha said it was the head of a follower of Fuin, whom he had slain, for interrupting his passage, but not before one hundred men had fallen under his sword. 'Show me the head,' said Fiocha; Meilcha did so. And when Fiocha saw it, he kissed it seven hundred times, and said, 'Well didst thou become the body to which you belonged.' Then said the Grecian 'It seems you think but little of the body, since you think so much of the head.' 'Alas!' exclaimed Fiocha, 'there was no head amongst all my acquaintance so beloved; and as for you who have slain my brother, disgrace attend me if you pass without my being revenged—I

will lay this head upon the ground, where another shall soon be laid beside it.'

The combat then commenced, and at the seventh encounter Fiocha slew the Grecian chieftain and cut off his head, and carried both the heads to the Briaraughan where the captive heroes were lying. When Fuin heard him, he enquired what noise it was that he had heard at the ford. ' 'Twas the tumult of battle between your son Incha and the Grecian.' 'How went the fight between them?' 'Your son was slain and lies dead on the field.' 'Did he slay many before he fell?' 'He has left one hundred Grecian bodies stretched in death.' 'And who was he that at the last took off his head?' 'He was overcome by Meucha, a Grecian.' 'And did you see him and suffer him to go away after slaying your brother?' 'Had he gone, I should have suffered and seen him.' 'What is the token of your victory?' 'Here is a lump that once was vocal;' and so saying, Fiocha presented the head to his father.

Fuin desired him to return and affix Incha's head to his body that they might both be buried together, and to keep good watch at the ford, for that on his vigilance their safety depended. So he returned accordingly, and had scarcely arrived before he saw Mihon Cullig coming with three hundred chosen men to behead Fuin.

'Who dare stand at the ford to oppose my passage?' said Mihon Cullig, 'give way at once, or perish.' 'I know your voice,' said Fiocha; 'this time, thou treacherous Mihon Cullig, your plans shall fail.' 'Clear the way,' said Mihon Cullig to his men, 'and off with the head of that talkative fellow.' Fiocha advanced to the middle of the ford, and after fighting a short time, succeeded in slaying the three

hundred followers of Mihon Cullig, who then advanced, and they fought in single combat all the night.

When the sun arose, two of the giants who had followed from Benathen—namely, Dermod O'Dain, and Fahir Connain approached, and when they were a mile off, they heard the re-echoing of the blows that Fiocha and Mihon Cullig dealt to one another, and they feared lest Fiocha should perish before their arrival. Fahir Connain desired Dermod to throw his spear and pierce Mihon Cullig. He objected on account of the distance, and for fear of wounding Fiocha, but being persuaded by Connain, he cast his spear at Mihon Cullig and pierced his shoulder-blade. ' 'Tis the spear of Dermod,' exclaimed Mihon Cullig, ' if he approach I may not look for mercy at his hands ;' so he fought still more fiercely, and with one blow cut off the head of Fiocha at the very moment that Dermod came up to them. ' I am too angry,' said Dermod, ' to take advantage of your fatigue ; to satisfy my thirst for your blood, I will give you an hour's rest, that by maintaining a longer combat when we engage, I may quiet my anger.'

When the hour had expired, Mihon Cullig was the first to speak. ' It is time to begin,' said he, ' why should we delay, since it is the last battle I shall ever fight—I have no hopes of seeing another.' At the third blow he was beheaded. Dermod placed Fahir Connain as a centinel at the ford, while he carried the heads of Fiocha and Mihon Cullig to the Briaraughan.

Fuin asked him, when he arrived there, ' What noise was that at the ford ?' ' It was the tumult of battle between Fiocha and Mihon Cullig.' ' How went the fight between them ?' ' Your son is slain and beheaded.' ' Did Mihon

Cullig carry away his own head in safety, and you looking on?' 'He would have carried it home proudly,' says Dermod, 'if I had permitted him.' 'What token have you of victory?' enquired Fuin. 'I carry his head in my left hand, and that of Fiocha in my right.' Fuin then said to him, 'Return to the ford and affix the head of Fiocha to his body, and inter them beside those of his brothers; then keep watch at the ford until to-morrow, when I hope we shall have reinforcements from Benathen.' Dermod vowed to keep them safe till the morrow against all the forces in the world, and returned to the ford.

When he arrived there, he found Fahir Connain engaged with a fresh body of assailants, four hundred in number, with a captain to every hundred. Fahir Connain had slain two hundred before Dermod came up. Dermod begged him to sit down, and let him appease the anger with which he was yet burning by vanquishing the rest.

'I am not yet half done,' said Fahir Connain, 'so do not you raise your hand until I am done.' Dermod stood still, and Fahir Connain never ceased until he had slain them all. Their chief, whose name was Caihlain, then advanced. Dermod begged to be allowed to combat with him, lest Fahir Connain should from fatigue be overcome, but he refused, and was slain by a blow on the heel.

When Fahir Connain fell, Dermod advanced, exclaiming, 'I am here to revenge the death of my comrade, prepare for my attack.' 'You are indeed,' said Caihlain, 'and I am but a feeble one to stand against you;' he fought seven hours before he fell beneath the sword of Dermod. When Dermod came back to the Briaraughan, Fuin enquired who stood without. Dermod answered. 'What noise did I hear at the ford?' said Fuin. 'It was the tumult of battle between

Fahir Connan and the Danish forces.' 'How went the fight?' 'He separated all their heads from their bodies, except one.' 'And did you see that one go away safe?' 'I should have seen him if I had permitted him.' 'Is his body laid low and headless?' said Fuin. 'It is so,' answered Dermod. 'My darling that you are,' said Fuin, 'it is fortunate for us that you do not share our bondage, but are at liberty to defend and save us.'

Connan, the Druid cried out, 'I am hungry.' 'If I go to seek food for you,' said Dermod, 'your life will be in danger, for there is nobody to defend the ford.' 'Take no heed of the voracious Connan,' said Fuin, 'but watch the ford and protect our lives.' 'Then,' says Dermod, 'I engage to protect your lives, until I am reinforced by some of the Irish champions.'

So Dermod went back to the ford, and had not been there long before he was joined by Cuthullin and Cuilthe Mic Rounaun, two of his companions in arms. 'We will take your part,' said Cuthullin, 'Cuilthe Mic Rounaun and I, are sufficient to defend the ford, while you go and carry word to our brethren at Benathen.'

Dermod departed accordingly, and called on his way at Briaraughan. 'I am come from the ford,' said he to Fuin, 'Cuthullin, and a man who never failed in the hour of need, have arrived and taken my post.' Connan exclaimed that since their safety was so well provided for, Dermod might forth in quest of food. So Dermod went back to the ford and told Cuthullin that he must go and seek for food for Connan, to quiet him.

Now at the fort, which the Danes whom they had slain had occupied, there was abundance of food; but Dermod knew that Connan would despise him, if he took that

him, so he vowed that he would go into the midst of the enemy and bear it away in triumph from the most mighty of them. Accordingly, he advanced to the spot where all the hosts were assembled, on Brian-na-nail, and went up to the table that was spread with provisions, and demanded sufficient food for one man.

Achin, who stood by the table, said, 'This is Dermot, and he has slain Mihon Cullig, or he would long since have returned.' 'Enquire of him,' said Rian Doul, 'whether he has slain him.' Achin did so; and Dermot replied, 'It is well for thee that thou wast not present, or thou wouldst have shared his fate.' 'He is an arrogant knave,' said Rian Doul 'to confess, in the presence of all these warriors, that he slew Mihon Cullig.' Dermot replied, 'I did so; but I would have rather had thine head than his, oh, king! and if I commence the battle, it will not take me long to obtain it; but I am now in haste, and cannot stay long to dispute with you.' And so saying, he took up the table with every thing that was upon it, and marched off with it.

When he approached the ford, Cuthullin was rejoiced at seeing him return, and that not empty-handed, but with provisions enough for all those who were in prison. Dermot said, 'I do not wonder that you are glad; I am better pleased that those, from whom I take, should hunger, than that those to whom I take should starve.'

When he arrived at the Briaraughan, Connan enquired anxiously, whether he had brought them any refreshment? 'Yes,' said Dermot; 'but I cannot convey it to you.' 'You must climb to the top of the building,' said Connan, 'and then make a hole and let it fall into my mouth.' Dermot did so, and when he tried to let the food fall into his mouth, it dropped first on one side and then on the other, and

seldom fell in the right place. 'Ah!' said Connan, 'if it was a woman you were feeding, you would take care to supply her better.' When Dermod heard this he was angry, and threw down as much at once as covered Connan's mouth and his whole face.

'What ails you, Connan,' said Fuin, 'that you are so silent?' 'Why should I lose my time in talking,' he replied, 'until I have swallowed what, by great good luck, has chanced to fall into my mouth.' 'Dermod,' said Fuin, 'waste no more time in feeding Connan, but return to the ford, and contrive some stratagem for our release.'

So Dermod went back, and addressed Cuthullin and Coilthe Mic Rounaun. 'Cuthullin,' said he, 'let us leave Coilthe to watch the ford, and let us repair to the Brian-na-nail, where the forces are assembled.' 'I wish for nothing more,' answered Cuthullin.

They advanced together, and were not in any terror, and went to the Brian-na-nail (*the Island of Battle*) where all the hosts were assembled. They went to the Rian Doul and demanded combat to the death. He enquired whether they desired single combat. 'Oh, that is too tedious,' they exclaimed, 'send all that you will, we do not fear for numbers.'

And on the first onset, there came upwards of twenty thousand, and no scythe was ever seen to mow down grass more quickly, than the swords of Dermod and Cuthullin mowed off the heads of their enemies.

When the Rian Doul saw that his men were slain, he sent a party of five thousand by a private way to dispatch the prisoners at the Briaraughan. When they arrived at the ford, Coilthe, who stood there to guard the passage, demanded of them whither they were going. They replied,

' that they were going to slay Fuin and the rest of the prisoners at the Briaraughan.' ' You shall never reach it,' said Coilthe, ' neither shall you return back again; for every one of you shall fall beneath my sword.' Then a combat arose between them, and in five hours every man's head was severed from his body.

By the time the battle at the ford was ended, Dermot and Cuthullin had completed their conquest, and had slain the Rian Doui and all his men. But there were three other kings at Insha-na-Tullig, (*the Island of the Flood*,) who practised enchantments and sorcery.

When therefore Coilthe had slain this five thousand warriors, he bethought him that Dermot and Cuthullin, who had gone to attack Rian Doui, might want assistance. So leaving the ford, he went after them. As he approached them, Dermot exclaimed, ' Coilthe, have you left your post?' ' Do not reproach me,' replied he, ' you have not been more busy than I have. I have slain with my own good sword five thousand men, and if you need assistance, I am not so fatigued but I can render it to you.' ' Your aid would be right welcome, if it were wanted,' said Dermot.

They then determined to go and behead the three kings at Insha-na-Tullig. ' We are but one for each,' said Cuthullin, ' and I beseech let me encounter him who is mightiest.' So they went to Insha-na-Tullig, and slew the guards who surrounded the kings, and beheaded the three kings, and each took a king's head in his hand.

When they returned, Fuin heard them coming, and guessing by their conversation, for they were in high spirits, what good fortune had attended them, he said, ' You are heartily welcome, for you indeed, are the best centries that ever kept watch over the safety of a man. I hope you bring

my release in your hands.' Cuthullin said to Fuin, 'Our brethren who have been slain in this affair were as well fed as we were, and they ought to have fought as well as we have done.'

Fuin reproved him, saying, 'They did all they could; they fought while they lived, and should not now be reproached.' 'Enter Dermot,' said Fuin, 'bring in the heads, and leave the others to watch, lest any enemy should even now surprise us.' 'Do you both enter,' said Coilthe; 'I will defend you.'

Then they went in, and squeezing the blood from the heads, they rubbed a little on the backs of all those who were charmed down to the floor, and they all were released immediately. But when they came to Connan, there was not a drop of blood left with which to effect his release. 'I was never in peril,' said he, 'but I was sure to be neglected.'

On hearing this, Cuthullin became angry, and taking him by his two hands he wrenched him from the floor, though all the skin of his back stuck to the floor. So they got a black sheep-skin and stuck it on his back for a plaister; and it grew there and produced wool every year, with which he used to supply himself with stockings.

At length they all stood up free: and then the echo of their laughter was heard for the distance of seven miles, so great was their joy at their deliverance. Goul thought it too much trouble to go out at the door-way, so he just put his shoulder to the wall near which he was standing, and made a free passage for them all.*

* 'The gigantic man put his shoulder to the side of the iron house and forced it out.'—See Sketch of the Welsh tale of Bran, in third Vol. of Fairy Legends of the South of Ireland, p. 186.

When they were out in the open air they all, humbly kneeling down, thanked their deliverers. Connan was unwilling to leave the place until they had burnt the Briaraughan to the ground; when this was done, he exclaimed with a boastful air, that this matter was now happily ended, and they should hear no more of this Briaraughan.

NOTE.—The variations of the traditions concerning the adventures of Fuin Mac Cumhal, current in Ireland, are so numerous and lengthy that it would require many large volumes to embody them. Yet, there is not one of these traditions that we have seen, in which reference is not obvious to the points aimed at in the monotonous narrative of the Irish Story-teller. In support of our assertion, we venture to quote from the Rev. CMAAN OTWAY's *Sketches in Ireland*, a legend of Fuin Mac Cumhal, related by him in his peculiar and humorous style, and between the circumstances of the roasting of the salmon in which, and in our Story-teller's tale, no one can for a moment doubt the identity.

'In days of yore, Cormac, son of Art, ruled Ireland, and a hospitable prince was he. His house was always open, and many were the retainers kept in his hall, and thereby, like many modern princes, his expences outran both his ready money and his tardy credit, and he was at his wit's end how to supply with meat and strong drink, those who honoured his quality by feeding at his expence.

'After all, the most obvious recipe that can occur to any prince, when desirous of aggrandizing himself, is to go to war with one of his neighbours. The grand monarch of Versailles, and the celestial sovereign of Ashantee, have had recourse to the same expedient, and why not Cormac, son of Art? Now, Fiachadh Muillathan, King of

Munster, had some fat pasture lands on the banks of the Suir, which preserve their credit for fertility unto this day, and go under the name of the 'Golden Vein;' on these plentiful plains Cormac cast his longing eye, assuring himself, that were he once possessed of such menial lands, he should never want a sirloin or baron of beef to grace his board. Go to war, therefore, he should; but withal, Fiachadh of Munster was potent and wise, and he valued those fields as the apple of his eye; and his merry men of Ormond and Desmond were as fond of fighting as their descendants are at this very day.

In this difficulty Cormac resorted for advice to a Druid, who was a Caledonian; for even in those early days the Scotch itched after foreign travel, and were everywhere at hand to give advice to those who could pay for it; and he being an enchanter and depository of old prophecies, told the King that in one of those rivers that run under ground in the western land now called Mayo, and not far from that lofty mountain, now named Croagh Patrick, there was a salmon, which if caught and eaten, would communicate such wisdom, prowess, and good fortune to the eater, that from that day forth, fame and prosperity would attend him in all his wars. You may be sure Cormac lost no time in setting out on his fishing excursion into Connaught, and attending to the directions of his adviser; he came to the banks of a river that rises in the mountain chain surrounding the reek of Croagh Patrick, and pursuing the river's course through a fertile valley, he at length came to where the turbulent stream falls into a fearful cavern, and is lost to be seen no more; and whether it seeks by some unknown passage the depths of the ocean, or whether it plunges into the earth's abyss and goes to cool the raging of its central fires, was never yet ascertained; but close to the jaws of this

engulphing cavern, there is a dark, deep pool, where the stream, as if in terror, whirls about in rapid eddies, and here amidst multitudes of fish it was supposed the salmon of knowledge spent its days. On the banks of this pool, Cormac and his Caledonian adviser sat day after day ; and complain they could not of want of sport, for many a fine fish they caught and broiled on the live coals which they kept for their accommodation on the bank ; but still Cormac became not a whit the wiser ; and after feeding on salmon, firm and curdy enough to satisfy the ' gout ' of the Lord Mayor of Dublin, he at length grew so tired of fish, it palled so much upon his appetite, that the Milesian monarch began to sigh after the fat mutton that the broad pastures of Tara supplied.

' At length the fish were caught, with such rapidity, that if he got thereby the wisdom of Solomon he could not be brought to taste of every one taken in this populous pool. And now he and his adviser presumed to make selections ; and applying the arbitrary principles of physiognomy to fish, ventured to throw back some into the stream, while others, as more plump and well favoured, were elected to the honour of being broiled ; and here methinks the discretion of the King and his Druid was not evinced : for many a time and oft, ugly heads contain capacious brains, and sleek skins fail to enclose shining intellects ; so it proved here, for one evening a little fish was taken—a poor, long, lank, spent thing, with a hooked snout, just such another as a poacher spears by the light of a blazing wisp of potato-stalks, on a dark night in October. Now, who would suppose that any one who had his pick and choice would think of feeding on a spent salmon. So this good-for-nothing fish was thrown on the bank, leaving it to its own fancy to bounce and wriggle

has lost his hearing. Another stout soldier being on the same post, resolved to speak with it. It appeared to him like a black man with fiery eyes, grinning in his face. He strove to run away, but it threw him down thrice in twenty yards. He was taken up by another centinel and one of the smiths belonging to the fort, who heard the noise. He continued speechless twenty four hours, lost his hearing, is lame on one side, and walks on crutches.'

I doubt but your lordship will smile at this relation, as most of us did; yet they shew you the very centry-box where the soldier stood. We could not gather any further particulars of this terrible spirit; so we suppose he has been quiet ever since.

Printed in 'A Tour through Ireland, in several entertaining letters, &c. by two English Gentlemen.'—London, 1748.

NOTE.—Extensive as the Irish fairy nomenclature already is, we have the authority of an Irish MS. communicated to us by MR. CROFTON CROKER, for adding another name [*Duvra*] to it. Whether the *Duvra* is the same as the *Dullahan*, may admit of some discussion, as no decidedly satisfactory explanation of the latter has been given. *Duvra* however, when written with its superfluous letters to the English reader, *Dubhradh*, the Irish scholar will recognise as the common expression for an eclipse, or dark shade—See O'REILLY'S *Die*. It is compounded of *Dubh*—black, and *rad* or *red*, a shot, a cast, a throw; and is the name given to the apparition at Kinsale, which so closely resembles the Manks *Mauthe Doog*—See WALDRON, and SIR WALTER SCOTT'S notes to the last and standard edition of '*Peveril of the Peak*.'

FAUST'S attendant poodle, is no doubt well-known to all our readers. Not so perhaps the canine familiar of CORNELIUS HANSEN, of whom

"PAULUS JOVIUS says, in his elegies, that discarded by all the world he dy'd very poor at Lyons, and, that touched with some remorse of conscience, he dismiss'd a great black dog that had followed him all his life, taking off his neck a collar, full of images and magical figures, saying to him, with some exasperation, '*Abi perdisa bestia quæ me totum perdidisti,*' whereupon the dog went and cast himself into the Saône, and was never seen afterwards."—*NAUPHEUS' History of Magic—Englished by DAVIES, 1657.*

Of the *Belldo*, a Spanish spirit of this nature, we shall speak in the "*LAYS AND LEGENDS OF SPAIN.*"

15.—LEGEND OF THE BUILDING OF ARDMORE ROUND TOWER, BY SAINT DECLAN.

The round Towers of Ireland are universally regarded, by the peasantry, as the produce of supernatural agency. "As *cuid* as the hills, your honour, and troth an' they say it was all built in a night,"—is the general reply to any question about them; a saint or a devil, a fairy or a giant, are alternately the constructors, and the period of the work never exceeds one night. Latocnaye, in his '*Promenade d'un Français dans l'Irlande,*' already quoted by us, speaking of that at Cloyne, remarks—'*si c'est le diable qui l'a bâti le diable est un bon maçon.*' The visitor of Ardmore will hear abundance of tales, in which the Patron Saint, Declan, appears as the '*Minister of Miracles.*'"

The limb of a cross which surmounted this tower, frequently seen by our informant in the years 1804 and 1805, was said, by the country people, to be the thigh-bone of an old woman who came out one night and interrupted Saint Declan, when he was building this tower.

‘Yea, then,’ says she, ‘Saint Declan, will you built it up to the *shky*?’

‘You *ould* wretch,’ says he, turning to her, ‘I’ll build it no higher, and you’ll be sorry for *asing* me.’

In a moment the conical top was finished; and, seizing the old woman by the leg, the holy Saint whisked her high into the air: she descended and remained on the top of the tower; and piece by piece fell, and bone after bone, as the integuments perished, until this one alone remained.

NOTE.—In a Tract, on the *Irish Pillar Tower*, by COLONEL DE MONTMORENCY MORRES, this fragment of a cross is said to have been brought down by repeated discharges of musket balls; and the Colonel adds, he was informed on the spot, by persons who saw it, that it resembled a shoe, or monk’s sandal.

INDEX.

	Page
Introduction - - - - -	iii.
Legend of O'Donoghue - - - - -	13
Dermod Rush, (Darby the Red Cat) - - - - -	17
The Pilfered Corn - - - - -	22
Knop - - - - -	24
Curiosity punished - - - - -	28
Tales of the Palatines - - - - -	32
Introduction - - - - -	ib.
Of a man who married a witch - - - - -	33
Of the Palatine Charms - - - - -	34
Of the Magic Gun - - - - -	ib.
Of the Love Pledge - - - - -	35
Of the Cat Wife - - - - -	ib.
Of the Story of Old Espeel - - - - -	38
The Road the Plates went - - - - -	42
The Wise Women of Mongret - - - - -	45
Puck's Rock - - - - -	47
Legend of Lough Neagh - - - - -	49
Wife of Two husbands - - - - -	51
The Changeling - - - - -	60
The Adventures of Fuin Mac Cual, a Story-Teller's Tale	62
The Duvra - - - - -	91
Legend of the Building of Ardmore Round Tower, by <i>Saint Declan</i> - - - - -	



LAYS AND LEGENDS

OF

VARIOUS NATIONS:

ILLUSTRATIVE OF THEIR

TRADITIONS, POPULAR LITERATURE,

MANNERS, CUSTOMS, AND SUPERSTITIONS.

BY

WILLIAM J. THOMS,

EDITOR OF THE "EARLY ENGLISH PROSE ROMANCES."



Lays and Legends of Spain.



"He who desires to be well acquainted with a people will not reject their Popular Stories or Local Superstitions."—SIR JOHN MALCOLM.

LONDON :

GEORGE COWIE, 312, STRAND.

MDCCCXXXIV.

**G. COWIE, PRINTER,
13, NEWCASTLE STREET, STRAND.**

INTRODUCTION.

'Thanks to the pious care of the Inquisition,' says a distinguished writer in the *Quarterly Review*, 'there are but few memorials of the popular mythology of the Spaniards; it therefore becomes interesting to collect its imperfect vestiges.' To fulfil, as far as in us lies, this interesting duty, is one part of the task which we have proposed to ourselves in the following pages; another, and not less important one, being to gather together such legendary tales of Spanish origin, as now lie scattered and far apart; and the last, to exhibit to our readers specimens of Spain's world-renowned Romances,

The last portion of our self-imposed duty is by far the easiest, for the materials for its execution are abundant. while, on the other hand, the popular tales of Spain have never yet been collected, no feeling of patriotism has influenced the literati of that country in favour of these curious relics of her olden times; no share of that attention which the learned and the tasteful have lavished so unsparingly upon her ballads, has been bestowed upon those kindred emanations of the National Muse—her legendary tales.

From this circumstance it must not, however, be assumed that the popular fictions of that essentially poetical

country are insignificant, either in number or importance. Cervantes speaks of the 'old wives' tales, such as those of the *Horse without a Head*, and the *Rod of Virtue*, with which they were wont to entertain themselves by the fire-side during the long nights of winter;* and Calderon has introduced a fragment of a *Tale of the Giants* into one of his plays.

Here, then, is sufficient proof that such legends were commonly related in by-gone days. Our ignorance of their existence, therefore, at the present time, must not be considered a proof of their non-existence; while the distinctive features of the Spanish character are too strongly marked, and too deeply tinted with the glowing hues of Romance, not to be so vividly reflected in these emanations from the national mind, as to render them deeply interesting.

Such, at least, is our belief upon the subject; and upon our conviction that such belief is well founded we have ventured to lay before our readers this first part of 'THE LAYS AND LEGENDS OF SPAIN;' hoping and believing that through our own exertions, and the kind assistance of our friends, they will form by no means the least curious portion of the series to which they belong.

It would be unpardonable were we now to remain silent upon the subject of those ballads which form so important and valuable a portion of the early literature of Spain, and which have never ceased to retain a strong hold upon the affections of all classes of hearers and readers, from the

* 'Cuentos de viejas, como aquellos del *Cavallo sin cabeça*, y de la *Varilla de Virtudes*, con que se entretienen al fuego las dilatadas noches del invierno.'—(Colloq. entre Cip. y Berg.)

time when they were first composed up to the present moment.

Fortunately, for their admirers, a better lot awaited these chosen offsprings of the Spanish Muse, than has attended the national ballads of any other country. By great good fortune, the first collection of them was committed to the press in the commencement of the sixteenth century; at least, the invaluable Antwerp Edition of the '*Cancionero de Romances*' of 1555,* is probably only a reprint of a collection which had previously been formed in Spain, since it is expressly announced as enlarged and corrected.

The judicious editor, by whom it was formed, sought not to lay before his readers a selection from the cultivated and artificial poetry of his day, but rather to present them with a genuine, and as far as in him lay, a perfect collection of the ballad poetry of the people. He expressly announces, that there may be wanting in his work some of the old romances, which were either unknown to him, or too imperfect to be used. Neither does he attempt to deny that in those which he has given, many faults are to be found; but this he attributes to the copies which he had procured, and the imperfect memories of those who had recited them to him; but at the same time, he declares that he has used every exertion to publish them with as few faults as possible, and that the combining, correcting,

* *Cancionero de Romances, en que estan recopilados la mayor parte de los romances Castellanos que hasta agora se han Compuestos Nuevamente corregido enmendado y añadido en muchas partes. En Anvers, en casa de Martin Nucio M. D. L. V. in 12mo.* Among other later editions are Antwerp, 1576, Lisbon, 1591, and Barcelona, 1597 and 1626.

and joining together detached portions of some of them, was a work of no slight labour.*

The ballads themselves in the form in which they are now preserved, can probably boast of but little greater antiquity than the date of their being collected—namely, the beginning of the sixteenth century. That is to say, they are probably versions of that period, modernized from others of much older date. Many of them, doubtless, owe their origin to the very moment when the events which they celebrate took place—but gradually changing with the times, as more polished tastes prevailed, have without losing either their spirit or originality, come down to us representing with equal truth, but with the harmony which time gives to the choicest tints of the painter, such glowing pictures of the olden time and its chivalrous usages, that at the sight of them, ‘our hearts’ as Sir Philip Sidney said, ‘are moved more than with a trumpet.’ †

* The following is the passage in his preface to which we have alluded, and which our readers will perhaps thank us for extracting at length:—

‘Puede ser que falten aqui algunos (aunque muy pocos) de los Romances viejos, los quales yo no puse o porque no han venido a mi noticia, o porque no los halle tan cumplidos y perfecto como quisiera, y no niego que en los aqui van impressos aura alguna falta. pero esto se deve imputar a los exemplares, de adonde los saque, que estavan muy corruptos, y a la flaqueza de la memoria de algunos, que me los dictaron, que no se podian acordar dellos perfectamente. Io hize toda diligencia porque uviesse las menos faltar, que fuessa possible, y no me ha sido poco trabajo juntar los y enmendar y anadir algunos, que estavan imperfectos.’

† This very ballad, which called forth this well known eulogium from the gallant SYDNEY, namely, *Chevy Chase*, will serve as an ad-

Of course when we speak of the Spanish ballads being composed at the time, or shortly after the events which they relate to were enacted, we refer only to that class of them which are known as the *Romances Historicos*, of which the exploits of Bernardo del Carpio, of Fernan Gonzalez, of the Cid Rodrign,* and of many other characters who have figured in the pages of Spanish history, form the theme.

With regard to the *Romances Caballerescos*, which celebrate not only the chivalrous achievements of Charlemagne and his Paladins, of Arthur and the worthies of the Round Table, but also of Durandarte, of Gayferos, and of Bravonel,

mirable illustration of the gradual modernisation which old ballads undergo. Let the reader who wishes to examine this, compare the old version, printed by PRACY, (*Reliques* vol. i.) with the more modern one which formed the subject of Addison's critique in the *Spectator*.

* Of the ballads of the Cid, the most recent and accessible collection, is *Romancero e Historia del muy valeroso caballero El Cid Roy DIAZ DE VIBAR, en language antigua, recopilada por JUAN DE ESCOBAR*. Edicion Completa, añadida y adornada con una version Castellana de la historia, de la vida por el famoso Historiador aleman D. JUAN DE MUELLER. 12mo Francfort 1828.

These must not be confounded with the *Poema del Cid* printed by SANCHEZ in the first volume of his *Colleccion de Poesias Castellanas Anteriores al Siglo xv.* 'SANCHEZ is of opinion,' says DR. SOUTHEY, in his *Chronicle of the Cid*, 'that it was composed about the middle of the twelfth century, some fifty years after the death of the Cid; there are some passages that induce me to believe it the work of a contemporary. Be that as it may, it is unquestionably the oldest poem in the Spanish language. In my judgment, it is as decidedly and beyond all comparison the finest.'

For a long and curious article on the subject of the History of the Cid—the reader is referred to the 4th volume of the *Foreign Review*. DR. SOUTHEY's volume is too well known to require more than an allusion to it.

we should be inclined to attribute to such of them as are of Spanish origin, an age coeval with those in which the bold deeds of Spain's historical characters were married to immortal verse—and at the same period, probably the adventures of the fabulous heroes of Arthur's Court, and of the twelve peers of France, were naturalized upon the soil of Spain.

But there is another class of Spanish ballads which demand especial notice at our hands, the more particularly that they have ever been looked upon by the Spaniards themselves, as among the best portions of their literature. We allude to the Moorish romances—of which Quintana says (*Poesias Selectas Castellanas* 61. p. 88.—and we are indebted to an able article on this subject, in vol. 4 of the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, for the quotation ;) ‘The Moorish romances, especially, are written with a vigour and sweetness of style that absolutely enchant us. Those customs in which valour and love were so agreeably united, those Moors at once so singular and devoted, that country at once so beautiful and delightful, those names at once so sonorous and melodious, all contribute to give both novelty and poetic splendour to the compositions in which they are found. In process of time, however, poets became tired of investing gallantry in a Moorish habit, and they adopted the pastoral. Then to defiances, cavalcades, and devices, succeeded the fields, streams, flowers, and characters cut on the bark of trees ; and what by this change was lost in force, was gained in sweetness and simplicity.’

If the *Romances Moriscos* had not better deserved the eulogium here passed upon them, than these participators in it, the *Pastorales*, which are by no means in unison with our anti-arcadian notions, they would never have been

selected as objects of praise by Dr. Southey, who, in contradiction to the majority of Spanish scholars, holds the ballads of Spain, generally speaking, in very slight estimation, with the exception of those in the *Guerras Civiles de Granada*.

But as many of our readers are, no doubt, by this time perfectly tired of our lucubrations upon Spanish romances, we will bring this introduction to a close, by referring such as are not so, for further particulars, to the respective works which Southey, Lockhart, and Bowring have dedicated to these interesting portions of Spanish literature.

LAYS AND LEGENDS.

Spain.

1.—THE DEAN OF SANTIAGO AND DON ILLAN* OF TOLEDO.

It was but a short hour before noon when the Dean of Santiago alighted from his mule at the door of Don Illan, the celebrated magician of Toledo. The house, according to old tradition, stood on the brink of the perpendicular rock, which now crowned with the *Alcazar*, rises to a fearful height over the Tagus. A maid of Moorish blood led the Dean to a retired apartment, where Don Illan was reading. The natural politeness of a Castilian had rather been improved than impaired by the studies of the Toledan sage, who exhibited nothing either in his dress or person that might induce a suspicion of his dealing with the mysterious powers of darkness. 'I heartily greet your reverence,' said Don Illan to the Dean, 'and feel highly honoured by this visit. Whatever be the object of it, let me beg you will defer stating it till I have made you quite at home in this house. I hear my housekeeper making ready the noonday meal. That maid, Sir, will shew you

* *Illan* is we believe, the same as *Millan*, the Spanish name for *Emilianus*.

the room which has been prepared for you ; and when you have brushed off the dust of the journey, you shall find a canonical capon steaming hot upon the board.'

The dinner, which soon followed, was just what a pampered Spanish canon would wish it—abundant, nutritive, and delicate.—'No, no,' said Don Illan, when the soup and a bumper of Tinto had recruited the Dean's spirits, and he saw him making an attempt to break the object of his visit, 'no business, please your Reverence, while at dinner. Let us enjoy our meal at present ; and when we have discussed the *Olla*, the capon, and a bottle of *Yega*, it will be time enough to turn to the cares of life.'

The ecclesiastic's full face had never beamed with more glee at the collation on Christmas eve, when, by the indulgence of the church, the fast is broken at sunset, instead of continuing through the night, than it did now under the influence of Don Illan's good humour and heart-cheering wine. Still it was evident that some vehement and ungovernable wish had taken possession of his mind, breaking out now and then in some hurried motion, some gulping up of a full glass of wine without stopping to relish the flavour, and fifty other symptoms of absence and impatience, which at such a distance from the cathedral could not be attributed to the afternoon bell. The time came at length of rising from table, and in spite of Don Illan's pressing request to have another bottle, the Dean, with a certain dignity of manner, led his good-natured host to the recess of an oriel window, looking upon the river.—'Allow me, dear Don Illan,' he said, 'to open my heart to you ; for even your hospitality must fail to make me completely happy till I have obtained the boon which I came to ask. I know that no man ever possessed

greater power than you over the invisible agents of the universe. I die to become an adept in that wonderful science, and if you will receive me for your pupil, there is nothing I should think of sufficient worth to repay your friendship.' 'Good Sir,' replied Don Illan, 'I should be extremely loth to offend you; but permit me to say, that in spite of the knowledge of causes and effects which I have acquired, all that my experience teaches me of the heart of man is not only vague and indistinct, but for the most part unfavourable. I only guess; I cannot read their thoughts, nor pry into the recesses of their minds. As for yourself, I am sure you are a rising man and likely to obtain the first dignities of the church. But whether, when you find yourself in places of high honour and patronage, you will remember the humble personage of whom you now ask a hazardous and important service, it is impossible for me to ascertain.'—'Nay, nay,' exclaimed the Dean, 'but I know myself, if you do not, Don Illan.—Generosity and friendship (since you force me to speak in my own praise) have been the delight of my soul even from childhood. Doubt not, my dear friend, (for by that name I wish you would allow me to call you,) doubt not, from this moment, to command my services. Whatever interest I may possess, it will be my highest gratification to see it redound in favour of you and yours.' 'My hearty thanks for all, worthy Sir,' said Don Illan. 'But let us now proceed to business: the sun is set, and, if you please, we will retire to my private study.'

Lights being called for, Don Illan led the way to the lower part of the house; and dismissing the Moorish maid near a small door, of which he held the key in his hand, desired her to get two partridges for supper, but not to

him the Deanery, which is vacant by your promotion.' — 'My worthy friend, Don Illan,' replied the Archbishop elect, 'my obligations to you I can never sufficiently repay. You have heard my character; I hold a friend as another self. But why would you take the lad away from his studies? An Archbishop of Santiago cannot want preferment at anytime. Follow me to my diocese: I will not for all the mitres in Christendom forego the benefit of your instruction. The deanery, to tell the truth, must be given to my uncle, my father's own brother, who has had but a small living for many years; he is much liked in Santiago, and I should lose my character if, to place such a young man as your son at the head of the Chapter, I neglected an exemplary priest, so nearly related to me.' — 'Just as you please, my Lord,' said Don Illan; and began to prepare for the journey.

The acclamations which greeted the new Archbishop on his arrival at the capital of Gallicia were, not long after, succeeded by an universal regret at his translation to the see of the recently conquered town of Seville. 'I will not leave you behind,' said the Archbishop to Don Illan, who, with more timidity than he shewed at Toledo, approached to kiss the sacred ring in the Archbishop's right hand, and to offer his humble congratulations, 'but do not fret about your son: he is too young. I have my mother's relations to provide for; but Seville is a rich see; the blessed King Ferdinand, who rescued it from the Moors, endowed its church so as to make it rival the first cathedrals in Christendom. Do but follow me, and all will be well in the end.' Don Illan bowed with a suppressed sigh, and was soon after on the banks of the Guadalquivir, in the suite of the new Archbishop.

Scarcely had Don Illan's pupil been at Seville one year, when his far extended fame moved the Pope to send him a cardinal's hat, desiring his presence at the Court of Rome. The crowd of visitors that came to congratulate the prelate, kept Don Illan away for many days. He at length obtained a private audience, and, with tears in his eyes, entreated his Eminence not to oblige him to quit Spain. 'I am growing old, my Lord,' he said: 'I quitted my house at Toledo only for your sake, and in hopes of raising my son to some place of honour and emolument in the church; I even gave up my favourite studies, except as far as they were of service to your Eminence. My son—' 'No more of that, if you please, Don Illan,' interrupted the Cardinal. 'Follow me, you must; who can tell what may happen in Rome? The Pope is old, you know. But do not tease me about preferment. A public man has duties of a description which those in the lower ranks of life cannot either weigh or comprehend. I confess I am under obligations to you, and feel quite disposed to reward your services; yet I must not have my creditors knocking every day at my door: you understand, Don Illan. In a week we set out for Rome.'

With such a strong tide of good fortune as had hitherto buoyed up Don Illan's pupil, the reader cannot be surprised to find him, in a short time, wearing the papal crown. He was now arrived at the highest place of honour on earth, but in the bustle of the election and subsequent coronation, the man to whose wonderful science he owed this rapid ascent, had completely slipped off his memory. Fatigued with the exhibition of himself through the streets of Rome, which he had been obliged to make in a solemn procession, the new Pope sat alone in one of the chambers

■

of the Vatican. It was early in the night. By the light of two wax tapers which scarcely illuminated the farthest end of the grand saloon, his Holiness was enjoying that reverie of mixed pain and pleasure which follows the complete attainment of ardent wishes, when Don Illan advanced in visible perturbation, conscious of the intrusion on which he ventured. 'Holy Father!' exclaimed the old man, and cast himself at his pupil's feet: 'Holy Father, in pity to these grey hairs do not consign an old servant—might I not say an old friend?—to utter neglect and forgetfulness. My son—' 'By Saint Peter!' ejaculated his Holiness, rising from the chair, 'your insolence shall be checked—You my friend: A magician the friend of Heaven's vicerent!—Away, wretched man! When I pretended to learn of thee, it was only to sound the abyss of crime into which thou hadst plunged; I did it with a view of bringing thee to condign punishment. Yet, in compassion to thy age, I will not make an example of thee, provided thou avoidest my eyes. Hide thy crime and shame where thou canst. This moment thou must quit the palace, or the next closes the gates of the Inquisition upon thee.'

Trembling, and his wrinkled face bedewed with tears, Don Illan begged to be allowed but one word more. 'I am very poor, Holy Father,' said he: 'trusting in your patronage I relinquished my all, and have not left wherewith to pay my journey.'—'Away, I say,' answered the Pope; 'if my excessive bounty has made you neglect your patrimony, I will no further encourage your waste and imprudence. Poverty is but a slight punishment for your crimes.'—'But, Father,' rejoined Don Illan, 'my wants are instant; I am hungry: give me but a trifle to procure a supper to-night. To-morrow I shall beg my way out of

Rome.'—'Heaven forbid,' said the Pope, 'that I should be guilty of feeding the ally of the Prince of Darkness.—Away, away from my presence, or I instantly call for the guard.' 'Well then,' replied Don Illan, rising from the ground, and looking on the Pope with a boldness which began to throw his Holiness into a paroxysm of rage, 'if I am to starve at Rome, I had better return to the supper which I ordered at Toledo.' Thus saying, he rang a gold bell which stood on a table next the Pope.

The door opened without delay, and the Moorish servant came in. The Pope looked round, and found himself in the subterraneous study under the Tagus. 'Desire the cook,' said Don Illan to the maid, 'to put but one partridge to roast; for I will not throw away the other on the Dean of Santiago.'

NOTE.—The above story, which is admirably translated from *El Conde Lucanor*, was published some years since in the *New Monthly Magazine*, accompanied by the following note by our learned friend Mr. Douce, of the places where stories founded upon the same idea of the expansion of a moment into a life are to be found

SCOT'S *Mæna Philosophica*, a very rare book. BLANCHET'S *Apoloques*. In verse, from BLANCHET, by MR. ANDRIEUX, in *L'Esprit des Journaux*, for 1799. In English prose, in vol. vi. of ANDERSON'S *See*, probably from the French, by MR. JOHNS. *Tales from the French* 2 vols. 12mo. 1786. BOYER'S *Wise and Ingenious Companion*. TWINE'S *Schoolmaster* 1576.

El Conde Lucanor, the work above named, which has long ranked among the most esteemed productions of its kind, was composed by the INFANTE DON JUAN MANUEL, as early as the beginning of the

fourteenth century, and consists of a collection of short apologues, forty-nine in number, intended to illustrate some moral or political propositions. Of some of the tales the incidents are by no means striking, but the one which we have just printed, and two or three others which will be inserted hereafter, possess considerable interest combined, with no small talent and ingenuity.

2.—PETER DE CABINA.

There is in Catalonia, in the bishopric of Gerunda,* a very high mountain, by the natives called Cavagum. The approach to it is steep—inaccessible, indeed, as to much of the ascent; and on its summit is a lake of dark water, which is unfathomable:

There, according to report, is a Mansion of Dæmons built; palace-like, and with an entrance gate, which is closed. The mansion, itself, is invisible to the vulgar, as are the Dæmons themselves. Should any one throw a stone or other solid substance into the lake, a tempest instantly takes place, as if the Dæmons were offended. On one part of the mountain's top, snow and ice are perpetual, and there the presence of the sun is never felt. And now let the reader attend to what has lately happened in this spot:—

* *Gerona*, or as it was formerly called, *Gerunda*, is a considerable town on the east part of the province of Catalonia, twenty-one miles from the sea, and sixty north-east of *Barcelona*.—ED

There lived in a village, named Junchera, adjoining the Mount, a countryman, called Peter de Cabina. This man, one day, while employed on household matters, was annoyed by the continued crying of his little girl, and as people are too apt to do when angered, wished the devils might take her. This incautious exclamation was immediately taken advantage of, and the child was borne away on the instant by an invisible legion of fiends. Seven years after, as a native of the place was straying at the foot of the mountain, a man crossed his path, hastily and weeping. 'Woe to me!' said he, 'was ever wretch so unhappy as I?' Being asked what was the cause of his grief, he answered that he had been seven years in the Mount Convagum, under the power of the Dæmons, who used him daily as a beast of burden. In proof of the truth of his assertion, he added that there was also in the mountain, a girl, the daughter of Peter de Cabina, from the village of Junchera, who was a slave to the Fiends like himself, that they had grown tired of the task of educating her, and would willingly restore her, if her father would come to the mountain and reclaim her.

Peter accordingly ascended the Mount, approached the lake, and conjured the Dæmons to restore him his child. Immediately, like a sudden blast of wind, his daughter appeared, she was tall in stature, but withered up and filthy, her eyes rolling wildly, her skin hanging loosely to her bones, and her whole aspect appalling; she had no vestige of articulate speech, and was utterly wanting in every characteristic of a human being. The father astonished at the state of his child, and hardly knowing whether to

continue to bring her up as his own, consulted the Bishop of Gerunda.

Thus we may learn the danger of rashly commending a child to the devils, who are ever 'lurking privily about that they may ravish the poor when they have gotten him into their net.'

NOTE.—The above story, which is taken from GERVASE OF TILBURY's well known *Otia Imperialia*, (LEIBNITZ *Ser. Rerum. Brunsv. T. 1 p. 982.*) proves that in Spain, the fairies (for by the *Demonies* of MASTER GERVASE, our fairies are distinctly indicated) exhibit the same propensities for kidnaping children and adults, as their kindred in all the other countries of Europe.

3.—BERNARDO DEL CARPIO AND THE KING.

Before the King, Bernardo came
 With followers ten,—no more,
 And hat in hand did homage meet
 His sovereign liege before:
 But thrice a hundred wait his word
 Without the palace door

Then up and spake that angry King,
 'Foul fall thee! well, I wot,
 Traitor thou art, of traitors' born,
 In treason wast begot!"

‘ So, thou hast Carpio * to revolt
Against thy liege lord driven,—
But vengeance yet shall light on thee,
If there be truth in Heaven !’

‘ What marvel that a traitor thus
Should from a traitor spring ?
Nay, speak not thou,—not one just plea,
False vassal canst thou bring !’

Bernardo, who attent had stood,
With look of wrath replies ;
‘ The wretch who thus has told thee, King,
My noble sire belies !

‘ Worthy thine own most ancient blood,
So good and true was he,—
And well was known, both far and near,
A knight of high degree

‘ Whoe’er with tongue so basely false,
Dares brand him ‘ Traitor,’—I
—— Saving thy royal self, O, King !——
Throw in *his* teeth the lie !

‘ But thus are services repaid.
Thus ’tis men’s wont to do,
Acts are forgotten—that their meed
May be forgotten too !

‘ When sunk thy steed in Romeral fight,
Say, is thy memory flown ?
Did not I—Traitor as I am,
Remount thee on my own ?

* He held Carpio of the King in def.

‘ Then didst thou pledge thy kingly faith
With honied words good store,
To Freedom, without scorn or scathe
My father to restore !

‘ But ill hast thou redeemed thy pledge,
And small thy kingly faith,
Since he, the victim of thy rage,
In prison died the death !

‘ O ! were I what I ought to be,
My noble sire’s true son,
Right dearly should’st thou pay to me
The wrong so foully done !

‘ And dearly yet will I requite
His murder at thy hands’ ——
‘ Now seize him—seize him,’ said the King.
And slay him where he stands !

‘ Seize him, I say—the insulting slave.’
But no one there obeyed,
For stern Bernardo wrapped his cloak
Around his arm, and said

‘ Stir not a man ? Bernārd, am I—
I bear a trusty brand,
(’Tis keen—ye know it feelingly,)
Which Kings may not command !’

The ten approached, their blades they drew,
They loosed their mantles wide,
And fearlessly themselves they threw
By brave Bernardo’s side !

A sign is passed to those without,
Who quick the gates unclose,
And ' Glory to Bernard' they shout,
' And Death, to all his foes !'

Fiercely they press—then, said the King,
And smiled—' Methinks 'twere best
Ye should not treat as sober truth
What I but spake in jest !'

' Then as a jest I treat it, King,'
Bernardo coldly cries,
And without deigning a salute,
Out of the hall he hies !

Him follow the three hundred,
A gay and gallant show,
Their cloaks unloosened, and their arms
All glancing as they go !

So was injustice punished—the false King bearded so !

NOTE.—This ballad is No. 20, vol. 1, p. 49, of the collection of *Spanish Ballads*, originally published in Germany, by DARRING, and which were afterwards re-printed in London, with corrections, by a Spanish Refugee.

The readers of romance are probably better acquainted with the name of Bernardo del Carpio than with his history ; we have therefore extracted the epitome of it from SOUTHEY.—*Chronicle of the Cid*. p. 430—431.

, ' Bernardo was the only son of a secret marriage, between Count Sandias de Saldana and Ximena, sister to Alfonso the Chaste. As

soon as the King discovered the spawings, he put Count Sandias in irons, and imprisoned him in the Tower of Luna, vowing that he should never be delivered; his sister he forced into a convent—but he took the child and bred him up, and loved him as if he had been his own son; and Bernardo knew not who were his parents.'

'Alfonso had formerly requested aid of Charlemagne against the Moors, and having no issue, promised him the succession; but when his nobles understood what he had done, they advised him to annul the treaty, or they would drive him from his kingdom; for they would rather die than become the slaves of France. He necessarily yielded. Charlemagne was incensed against him, and threatened him with his utmost vengeance, unless he immediately became his vassal. Bernardo, who had been the most anxious to preserve the liberty of his country, obtained assistance from Marsi, the Moorish King of Zaragoza; the French invaded Spain, and the battle of Roncevalles was fought, in which Charlemagne himself escaped: and all his peerage fell, and Roland, the noblest of all, by Bernardo's hand.'

'Some kinsmen of Sandias let Bernardo know who was his father, and how he was imprisoned. As soon as he heard it, the blood in his body turned, and he put on his mourning garments, and went to the King and besought him to release his father. Alfonso refused: many times afterwards, when Bernardo saved him in danger, he promised to grant this request, and as often broke his promises, till at last Bernardo renounced his allegiance, and being then banished he made war upon Leon. During the two succeeding reigns he not mentioned.'

'When Alfonso the Great succeeded, he did him good as

against the Moors, and after every success demanded his father's liberty, which the King, like his uncle before him, often promised but never would grant. Bernardo at last took arms in despair; he forfeited the Castle of Carpio, from whence his name has been given him, and leagued with the Moors; many knights also joined him from the country round Benevente, and Toro, and Zamora. Alfonso besieged him in his Castle. Bernardo ever acting more generously than experience warranted, released two counts whom he had taken prisoners, and required his father in exchange; the reasonable demand was refused; he sallied, routed the besiegers, and plundered the royal camp. But this was proved so destructive, that the mew of the land gathered together, and came before the King, and insisted that Count Sandias should be released. He was compelled to yield, and bound himself to deliver him up to Bernardo in exchange for the Castle of Carpio. Bernardo without hesitation gave up his strong hold—the King sent to release his father, but the knights who went to the Tower of Lunia to deliver him, found him dead.

‘ When Alfonso heard this, he commanded them to dress the body in rich garments, and place it on horseback as if it were living, and bring it to Salamanca. As they drew nigh the city, the King and Bernardo rode out to meet them; and when Bernardo saw his father approaching, he exclaimed, ‘ O, God! is Count Sandias of Saldana indeed coming?’ ‘ Look where he is,’ replied the cruel King, ‘ and now go and greet him, whom you have so long desired to see!’

‘ Bernardo went forward, and took his father's hand to kiss it; when he felt the dead weight of the hand, and saw the livid face of the corpse, he cried aloud and said, ‘ Ah! Don Sandias, in an evil

hour didst thou beget me! thou art dead, and I have given my strong hold for thee, and now I have lost all.' Alfonso immediately banished him, and nothing is related of his after fortune.'

Cor. Gen ff. 30. 33 36, 45. *Rod. Tol.* l. 4. c. 2, 10. 15.

The foregoing ballad refers, however, to a tradition in which the death of SANDIAS is said to have been the result of the King's orders that before he was released his eyes should be put out, and the operation costing his life. This act of cruelty justly called forth the eloquent reproaches of BERNARDO, who rushed, unbidden, into the presence of the Monarch, and taxed him with cruelty and ingratitude.

MR. LOCKHART, in the introduction to his *Ancient Spanish Ballads*, speaking of the Moors and Spaniards having had much in common, says :

' Bernard de Carpio, above all the rest was the common property and pride of both people. Of his all romantic life, the most romantic incidents belonged equally to both. It was with Moors that he allied himself, when he rose up to demand vengeance from King Alphonso for the murder of his father. It was with Moorish brethren in arms that he marched to fight against the Frankish army for the independence of the Spanish soil. It was in front of a half-Leonese, half-Moorish host, that Bernard couched his lance, victorious alike over valour and magic,'

' When Rowland brave and Olivier,
And every Paladin and Peer
On Roncesvalles died.'

4.—LA SORTILEGA;
OR,
THE CHARMED RING.

In the province of Andalusia there lived a rich and noble cavalier, named Don Remigio de la Torre, who had to wife, Donna Ines Pauda, the most beautiful woman in all the land. Long and happily they lived together; so that their felicity had become a by-word among their neighbours, and they were held up as an example to all young persons entering into the blessed state of matrimony. Indeed neither tongue nor pen can describe how happily they were con-sorted.

One day as they sat together in the lady's bower, their talk turned upon death. The thoughts of a possible separation made each feel melancholy, and they remained silent for some time. At last Donna Ines said,

‘If you should die, my own love, I am sure I should die too.’

Don Remigio kissed her eyes, which were full of tears, and pressed her to his bosom.

‘What should I do,’ murmured he, half choked with his imaginary sorrow, ‘if you left me alone in this bleak world?’

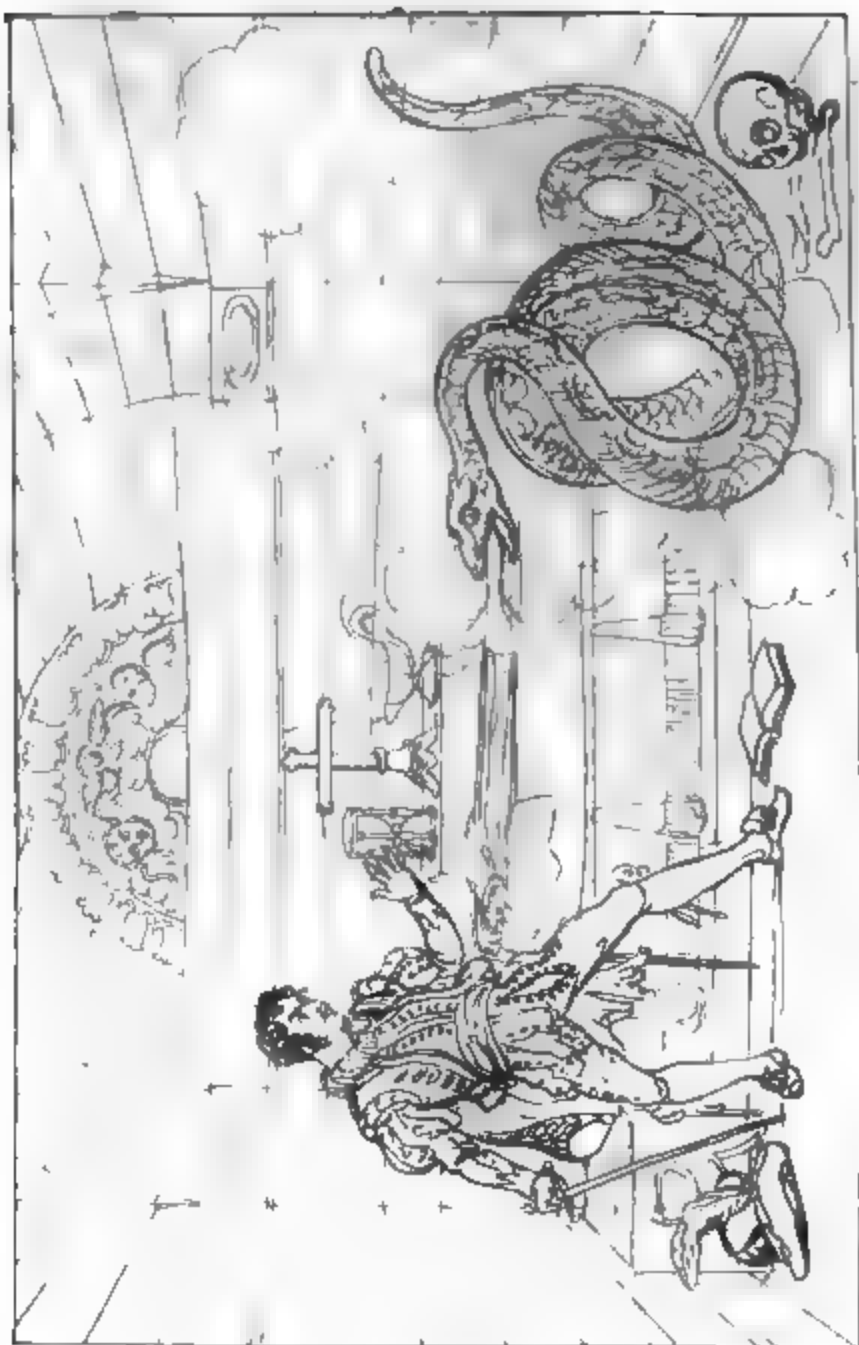
They kissed and comforted each other; and soon the momentary melancholy they had experienced was absorbed in sentiments of increased affection. However it was agreed between them that the survivor should watch nine succes-

sive nights in the sepulchre of the deceased, with the coffin opened and the face of the corpse uncovered; and that during that vigil, which was to commence an hour before midnight, and terminate an hour before dawn, his or her eyes should never for a moment be taken off the corpse.

Time fled, and a period was about to be put to their happiness. In one single week from the day on which this conversation occurred, Donna Ines was attacked with a deadly malady. Three days more and she departed this life, to the unspeakable sorrow of her agonized husband. Her funeral was celebrated with every possible pomp and magnificence. All the nobility and clergy of the neighbouring country accompanied the body, which was deposited in an old vault, at a short distance from the castle of Don Remigio, and which had been used by his ancestors since the days of Pelayo. The concourse then departed to their several homes, and the disconsolate husband retired to his chamber.

An hour before midnight, according to his compact with the deceased, he entered the vault in which lay the earthly remains of all he had loved in this world. In pursuance of his plighted word, he proceeded to unfasten the coffin-lid and to uncover the face of his beloved Ines. This done, he fell on his knees beside her, and alternately kissing her cold lips, eyes, and cheeks, prayed aloud, in the most fervent strain, for the eternal repose of her soul.

Midnight, which was announced by the giant bell of the castle, found him engaged in this occupation. Just as the last stroke of the bell reverberated on his ear, his attention was attracted by a sudden noise at the other side of the vault. He started back in momentary affright, as an enormous serpent, with eyes like fire, and scales sparkling like



polished steel, sprang forward to attack him. But his dismay was but momentary—he stepped aside instantly—the serpent shot past him—and before the reptile could again renew the attack, Remigio smote it with his trusty sword, and, behold, in its place he perceived a beautiful ring glittering with jewels, lying on a written scroll of paper, the letters inscribed on which were of burnished gold. Don Remigio approached and took the ring and the scroll; on the latter, he read in glowing characters the following verse :

Take this ring and straight apply it,
To the corse's lips that lieth,
In the sleep of death so quiet;
Quick to life you'll bring her by it,
In the blessed Trine's name try it!

While he read these mysterious lines, the air seemed to resound with strains of wild harmonious music. When he had finished, he did not delay a moment in trying the means for the recovery of his beloved wife from the grave, which had been so strangely revealed to him.

'In the name of the blessed Trinity, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,' said he, touching at the same time the corse's pale cold lips with the talisman, 'arise and live once more!'

Ines arose as if from a sleep.

'My beloved wife.' 'My beloved husband.' They could say no more for some minutes, so absorbed were they with each other. At last tears came to their relief, and they wept in joy until the day broke, and they left the sepulchre together.

Unconscious in the fulness of their happiness, whither they went, they wandered unwittingly the whole morning, until at noon they found themselves on a broad beach, the sands of which shone like diamonds in the sun; and the sea before them. They sat down at the water edge, and Don Remigio exhausted from contending emotions, laid his head on his lady's lap, and took his *Siesta* while she watched over him as a mother over her child.

But while he continued in this deep sleep, a gallant barque with all her sails set, neared the shore, the captain a young man of most comely presence, leaped from her deck, beside Donna Ines.

'Fair lady,' said he, enamoured at the first glimpse of her extreme beauty, 'what dost thou here in a place of such danger? Know ye not that this cave is the resort of Moorish Zebeques; and that if they find you here they will carry you off to captivity.'

Don Remigio slept on, and heard not a word of this discourse. Donna Ines unperceptibly shifted his head from her lap, until at last she laid it on a large stone which was beside them.

'Leave your drowsy, ungallant companion,' continued the captain, 'and come with me on board my brave barque. I love you more than I may say. We will go to my home in a distant country, and you shall be my bride and mistress of all my broad lands. Come, sweetest, come—you shall know neither fear nor sorrow; but your life shall be as one long sunny day of delight.'

The lady hesitated a moment and looked at her husband: she then rose, averted her head, put forth her hand to her seducer, and stepped on board his barque. A fair wind sprung up, the mariners bent on their oars—the sails

filled and bellied in the breeze, and in a very short period Inez and her new lover were out of sight of land.

When Don Remigio awoke and missed his wife, he stormed and raved like a man distracted. Now he thought she might have been carried off by the Moors, and he cursed his untoward drowsiness; anon, he deemed that she had returned home and left him to find his way as he best could, but his good opinion of himself did not suffer him to entertain this thought for more than a moment; and at last he imagined that it might be all nothing more than a dream. Filled with this idea, he sped back to the sepulchre; but he found the door open, and only the cerecloths, of which he had divested the body of Inez, in the coffin. His wife was not there, and he was convinced. He then hastened home.

Arrived at the castle he called to his servants, and anxiously enquired whether his wife had returned? But the servants, astonished beyond measure, one and all answered in the negative.

‘What does our master mean?’ enquired the hoary Castellan. ‘I have nursed him on my knee, when a child—I have shared in his sports, when a boy—I have waited and watched for him, a man—and never before heard I such a question from him.’

But Don Remigio, who had returned from an unsuccessful search in his lady’s bower, under the impression that she might have entered the castle unheeded by his servants, explained to them the cause of his question: and they all stood aghast with horror and surprise, at the strangeness of the tale.

‘Moreover,’ said he, ‘I mean to leave my castle to-morrow, never, perhaps, to return again; so make speed.

for my departure. Stay you here, however, and never want support while my demesnes afford it. Before the dawn I shall depart; and let no one, on his peril, seek for me or speak of me after I shall have gone.'

The menials bowed their heads; they were filled with grief, for he was a good and a kind master. They then went to eat their dinners, and discuss his project, as far as they could conjecture its significance. The hoary Castellan was so sad, that he retired to his ward-room—got intoxicated—and deranged his stomach for an entire week, on the strength of his sorrow.

Before the dawn, Don Remigio had departed from the hall of his fathers, disguised as a mendicant, but with a large sum of money and many valuable jewels concealed about his person. Two days and two nights he journeyed thus: in pursuance to a vow he had made previous to his setting out, of subsisting only on the alms of the pious, until he found once more his beloved wife, he eat the bread of charity. On the evening of the third day he fell in with a poor fellow, equipped at all points like himself, and bound like him also, on an eleesymonary expedition, with this difference, that it was not from inclination, but from necessity, that he undertook it. Short time sufficed to make these companions in misfortune known to each other, for there are not many formalities among the poor: 'and misery,' says the old saw, 'makes us acquainted with strange bed-fellows.'

Don Remigio proposed that they should join company, a proposal which the beggar most readily agreed to, since his partner renounced all claim to further share in the alms they received, than was absolutely necessary to his support: this done, they journeyed on together.

Many long days, and many weary miles did they wander on, they knew not whither. Many a kind heart did they meet in their course, many an unkind one—the kind hearts preponderated, and they were principally women. In the meanwhile, each had manifold opportunities of knowing the other. At length, one sultry afternoon, as they lay in the shade of a cork tree, high in the Sierra Morena mountains, Remigio's companion earnestly enquired of him, whither he was going? Remigio, moved by the poor fellow's sympathy, told him all. This drew closer the bonds of friendship, with which they had become insensibly attached to each other; and in reply to a suggestion of the former, that he might leave him if he chose, he said he would follow him while he had life and his permission. When the air cooled they pursued their journey together.

Days and days, and leagues and leagues they wandered on, over mountains and rivers, through vallies and gardens, on—on, until they arrived at last at a great city, fatigued, foot-sore, and anxious for a little repose after their toils. Here they made up their minds to remain and rest for a week. It would seem as if this resolve was the inspiration of some protecting spirit. They had been there but two days, when going to mass on the third, which was Sunday, they learned from their brethren in misery, whom they met with at the church doors in crowds, that the nuptials of a great Lord of the land, with a beautiful Andalusian lady, was to take place the same day, and that an entertainment was to be given in the court-yard of his palace to all the mendicants of the city and its vicinity.—After mass was over, they joined company with their brother beggars, proceeded to the palace of the great lord, and placed themselves at one of the long tables which

were laid out in the court-yard, covered with wholesome and savoury food.

Seated behind the *jalousies* in her balcony, the Andalusian lady and her lord, saw, with curiosity, the concourse of mendicants to the banquet provided for them.—All of a sudden the lady started back, uttered a half-suppressed shriek, and grew deadly pale.

‘What ails you, my love?’ asked the lord, in the utmost alarm.

‘My husband—my own husband,’ she exclaimed, her straining eye-balls starting almost from her head.

‘You are mad,’ said her lord, half in anger and half in jest.

‘My husband!’ she exclaimed, ‘see, he is setting at yon table disguised as a mendicant. Look—look—oh God! what shall I do.’ The mendicant looked up and saw her and fell backwards, for the Andalusian lady was poor Remigio’s ungrateful wife.

The lord of the castle looked also, and seeing that Remigio was no common mendicant, believed what the Andalusian lady had spoken.

‘Take your lady to her chamber,’ he said to her maiden, who entered at his call, ‘and send Guzman to me.’

Guzman came, and after conversing apart with his lord, received a purse of money and descended to the court-yard of the castle, while the bridegroom sought the chamber of his lady.

‘’Tis all arranged,’ said he, ‘he shall trouble us no longer.’ He then told her his scheme for getting rid of her husband without violence on his part, and with due observance of every form of law. There was a statute in force in that city that visited with the punishment of

death all those who stole the sum of ten ducats or any thing over it.

'I have sent Guzman,' said he, 'to conceal a purse to that amount on his person; Guzman will do the business dexterously, I warrant you, for he was once a brigand; we shall then have the fool tried, and I will deal with him accordingly. That will not be our faults.'

'No,' said the Andalusian lady, 'No, it will not be our faults, 'twill be all Guzman's'—

Guzman, meanwhile, had executed his commission, under pretence of helping the mendicant from his swoon, he concealed the purse in the large sleeve of the beggar's garb. In a few minutes after, he made an outcry—said he was robbed of ten ducats in a purse—and commanded the castle gates to be shut. A search was immediately begun among the beggars. It came to Remigio's turn to be searched last, when, just as they touched him, out fell the purse from his sleeve, where it had been hid by the treacherous Guzman.

This was all Guzman wanted. So they hurried poor Remigio before the lord of the castle for judgment. After a mock trial, which was secretly witnessed by his wife, concealed behind the judgment seat, Remigio was condemned to death. From the audience chamber, he was quietly transferred to the castle chapel; and then left to prepare himself for eternity, while the gibbet on which he was to be hanged was getting ready.

Innocent of all guilt, and sad at the idea of such a fate, poor Remigio remained in the castle chapel during the period preceding the time appointed for his execution. However, the godly assistance of his confessor reconciled him in some degree to death; and he resigned himself, ulti-

mately, to his departure from a world where, after all, he had latterly experienced nothing but misery and misfortune. The confessor shrived him and sained him; and then took his leave. At this juncture, Remigio bethought him of the talisman. He made up his mind, at once, to the course he should pursue; and taking leave of his confessor, he prayed him as a final favour, that he would seek out his brother mendicant, and send him to him without delay.

‘*Vulgate Dios*, my son,’ said the confessor, ‘thy will shall be done.’

The Confessor departed, and in a short time the beggar arrived.

‘Brother,’ said Remigio, ‘you have proved yourself a real friend: will you do me one favour after I die.’

The beggar replied that he would if it was in his power.

‘Take this ring then,’ said Remigio, giving him the charmed circlet—‘take also this purse which contains all my money. When I am removed from the gallows touch you at midnight my lips with the middle stone of this ring, in the name of the Blessed Trinity, and keep the contents of the purse for yourself when you have done so.’

The mendicant promised all that was required of him, and left the chapel, taking with him the ring and the purse.

In a few minutes after the executioners came in and took Remigio to the gibbet, where they hung him at once. When he was dead they cut him down and carried his corpse to the castle chapel: there, leaving it on the steps of the altar until morning, they departed.

At midnight, the mendicant, faithful to his promise, crept into the chapel on tip-toe, sadly frightened at the

solemnity and singularity of the scene in which he was to perform a part.

'In the name of the Blessed Trinity, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,' said he, as with the charmed ring he touched the lips of the corse.

That which was the corse at once stood up, and the mendicant swooned from fear on the floor of the chapel.

'Fear nothing,' said Don Remigio, 'follow me—all is right.'

They left the city together in the silence of the night, and went on their ways rejoicing in the darkness. Days on days, and nights on nights they wandered on, until at last they came to the capital city of the kingdom. Just as they entered the gates, they heard a herald proclaim the sore illness of the king, and offer a third of the realm to whoever would cure him of his grievous malady.

'Come,' said Remigio, who had resumed possession of the talisman, to his mendicant companion, 'I'll go and cure the king.'

His companion, who now, of course, nothing doubted his ability, did as he desired. They proceeded together to the royal palace. After considerable difficulty, they obtained access to the monarch; and Remigio at once proposed to make him whole again. The king wished him to try the experiment in the presence of his council; but this he would not consent to. The chamber was accordingly cleared of all but the patient and his new physician. After a few words of good cheer to the dying monarch, Remigio touched his lips with the ring, and bade him be healed in the name of the blessed Trinity. He arose at once in mind and body, from the couch on which he had sorrowed and in pain for many long years. The

the monarch had no bounds. At the end of five days he summoned Remigio before him; and in the presence of his council, proceeded to partition his kingdom according to the proclamation made by the royal herald. But Remigio, who had been lodged in the palace during that period, would not hear of this; and he simply asked to be made commandant and governor of the city in which he had, through the instrumentality of his wife and her gallant, suffered so much in mind and body. This the king conceded to at once, and entertained him sumptuously until his departure.

Accompanied by a magnificent cavalcade, and followed by a sumptuous retinue, he set out for this city. After some days pleasant travel, he reached it in safety. Arrived there, he immediately convoked the nobility and gentry, and invited their wives and daughters to accompany them to a great entertainment to be given in his palace. They all hastened to the scene of festivity. Among them, the causes of his misery were not the slowest in coming.

What must have been his feelings at seeing his wife and her lover, may be better guessed than described. However, he made a great show of kindness to them, and especially singled out his wife, to whom he was completely unknown, as the object of his particular attention. He seated her and her lord beside him, and induced her by degrees to relate to him her whole history. She omitted, however, those portions of it which reflected on her own character, and threw all the blame of her former husband's death on her lord. At last he discovered himself to her.

‘Do you know me?’ cried he in a voice like thunder.—
‘Look, I am your much injured husband!’——

She fell down in a swoon. The whole company was in

consternation, for no one knew the cause. At last Remigio cleared up the mystery by calling in his guards; and after ordering them to carry the two delinquents off to prison, related to his nobles the nature of their offence and the whole of his own history. Every one pitied him and approved of his proceedings.

Next day they were put on their trial and condemned to be hanged first, and beheaded afterwards. Guzman was the principal witness against them. At the time appointed they were accordingly executed, and you may be sure Remigio did not apply the ring to the mouth of either.—Guzman was sent to the quicksilver mines. Their heads were set on the principal gate of the city, where they remained at the time the story was written.

NOTE.—This tale is remarkable for its similarity to one of the German popular stories—'Die drei Schlangenblätter,' related by the Brother's GRIMM, in their *Kinder und Haus Märchen*, Band. 1. n. 83. and which will be given in the Second Part of the LAYS AND LEGENDS OF GERMANY. The inconstancy of the wife, observe the GRIMM, after her revivification, appears originally only meant to express that she had entirely forgotten her former life and commenced a new one. In one of the Lays 'of the olde gentil Bretons,' the Lad d'Eliduc a weazel, by restoring one of its kind to life, through placing a scarlet flower in its mouth, points out the means by which the heroine is recalled to this world.

In the LAYS AND LEGENDS OF GREECE, we shall give a Grecian story, resembling, in many particulars, the one which has called forth these remarks.

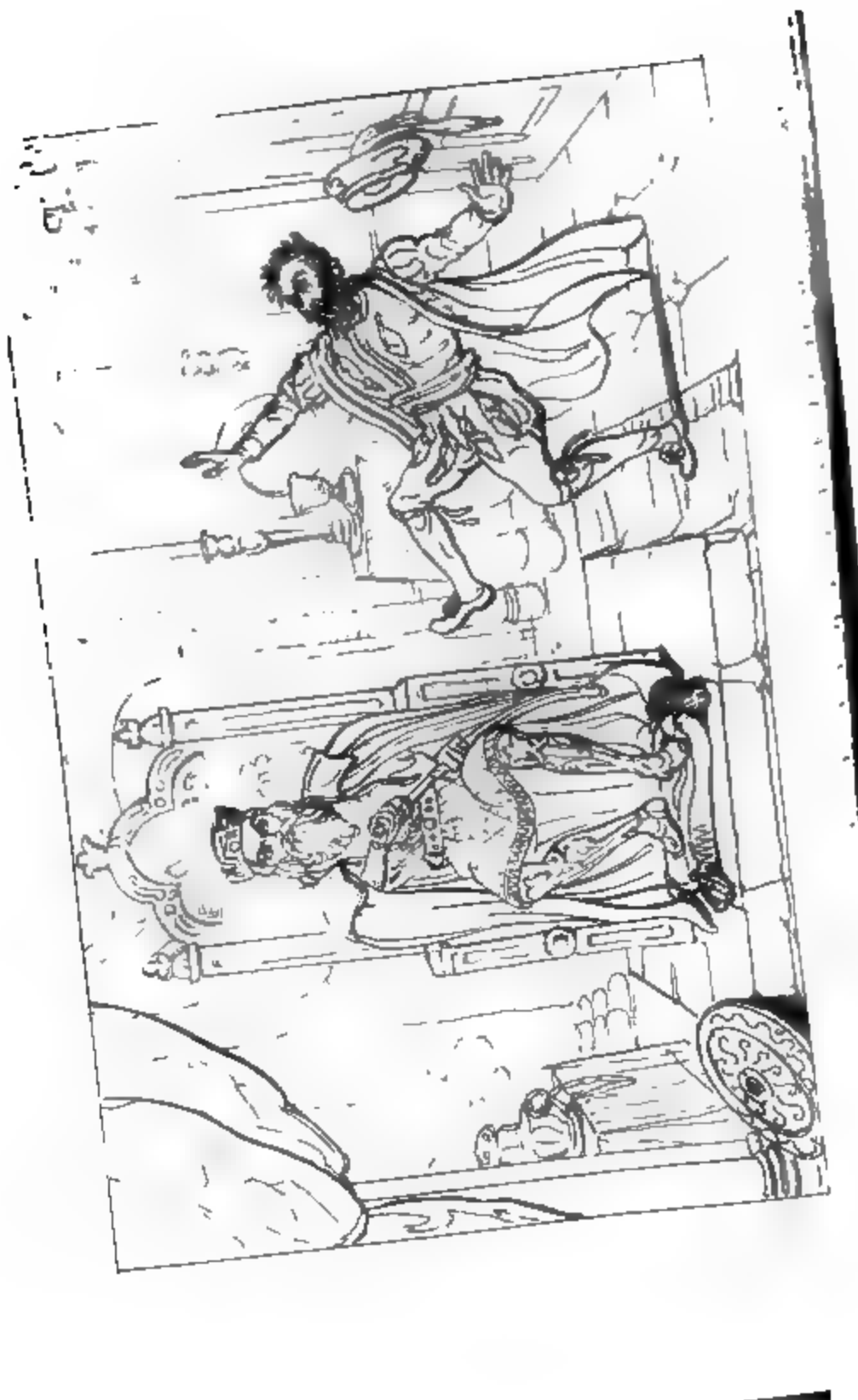
5.—THE CID AND THE JEW.

OF WHAT HAPPENED TO A JEW WHO WOULD HAVE
TAKEN THE CID BY THE BEARD.

Now Don Garcia Tellez, the Abbot, and the trusty Gil Diaz, were wont every year to make a great festival on the day of the Cid's departure, and on that anniversary they gave food and clothing to the poor, who came from all parts round about. And it came to pass, when they made the seventh anniversary, that a great multitude assembled, as they were wont to do, and many Moors and Jews came to see the strange manner of the Cid's body.

And it was the custom of the Abbot Don Garcia Tellez, when they made that anniversary, to make a right noble sermon to the people; and because the multitude which had assembled was so great that the church could not hold them, they went out into the open place before the monastery, and he preached unto them there.

And while he was preaching, there remained a Jew in the church, who stopt before the body of the Cid, looking at him to see how nobly he was there seated, having his countenance so fair and comely, and his long beard in such goodly order, and his sword Tizona in his scabbard in his left hand, and the strings of his mantle in his right, even in such manner as King Don Alfonso had left him, save



only that the garments had been changed, it being now seven years since the body had remained there in that ivory chair.

Now, there was not a man in the church save this Jew, for all the others were hearing the preachment which the Abbot made.

And when this Jew perceived that he was alone, he begun to think within himself, and say, 'This is the body of that Ruydiez, the Cid, whom they say no man in the world ever took by the beard while he lived—I will take him by the beard now, and see what he can do to me.' And with that he put forth his hand to pull the beard of the Cid;—but before his hand could reach it, God, who would not suffer this thing to be done, sent his spirit into the body, and the Cid let the strings of his mantle go from his right hand, and laid hand on his sword Tizona, and drew it a full palm's length out of the scabbard.

And when the Jew saw this, he fell upon his back for great fear, and began to cry so loudly, that all they that were without the church heard him, and the Abbot broke off his preachment and went in the church to see what it might be. And when they came, they found the Jew lying upon his back before the ivory chair, like one dead, for he had ceased to cry out, and had swooned away.

And then the Abbot, Don Garcia Tellez, looked at the body of the Cid, and saw that his right hand was upon the hilt of his sword, and that he had drawn it out a full palm's length; and he was greatly amazed. And he called for holy water, and threw it in the face of the Jew, and with that the Jew came to himself.

Then the Abbot asked him what all this had been, and he told him the whole truth; and he knelt down upon his

knees before the abbot, and besought him of his mercy that he would make a Christian of him, because of this great miracle which he had seen, and baptize him in the name of Jesus Christ, for he would live and die in his faith, holding all other to be but error. And the Abbot baptized him in the name of the Holy Trinity, and gave him to name, Diego Gil.

And all who were then present were greatly amazed, and they made a great outcry and great rejoicing to God for this miracle, and for the power which he had shown through the body of the Cid, in this manner; for it was plain that what the Jew said, was verily and indeed true, because the posture of the Cid was changed. And from that day, forward, Diego Gil remained in the monastery as long as he lived, doing service to the body of the Cid.

NOTE.—This most miraculous adventure in the history of the *Cid Ruy Diaz*, which is taken from SOUTHEY'S *Chronicle of the Cid*, pp. 347—349, presents a picture strongly resembling that of *FREDERICK BARBAROSSA*, which the reader has already perused in the first part of the 'LAYS AND LEGENDS OF GERMANY,' and of *HOLGER DANSKE*, the Danish Chieftain, whose adventures will be duly recorded in the 'LAYS AND LEGENDS OF DENMARK.'

Barbarossa, Holger Danske, our long-expected Arthur, and Sebastian of Portugal, all of whom are to come forward and help the countries in the hour of need, must bow before the Cid, who, if we are to believe the *Chronicle of his Exploits*, (pp. 352, 353,) actually came forward after his death and did the state some service. We hope our readers will be gratified by our extracting the particulars of this strange event:—

Moreover, when the Miramamolin brought over from Africa, against Don Alphonso, the eighth of that name, the mightiest power of the mis-believers that had ever been brought against Spain, since the destruction of the Kings of the Goths, the Cid Campeador remembered his country in that great danger. For the night before the battle was fought at the Navas de Tolosa, in the dead of the night, a mighty sound was heard in the whole city of Leon, as if it were the tramp of a great army passing through. And it passed on to the Royal Monastery of St. Isidro, and there was a great knocking at the gate thereof, and they called to a man who was keeping vigils in the church, and told him that the captains of the army whom he heard were the Cid Ruydiez, and Count Ferran Gonzalez, and that they came there to call up King Don Ferrando the Great, who lay buried in that church, that he might go with them to deliver Spain. And on the morrow that great battle of the Navas de Tolosa was fought, wherein sixty thousand of the misbelievers were slain, which was one of the greatest and noblest battles ever won over the Moors.'

7.—OF THE MOOR WHO MARRIED A SHREW.

One day the Conde Lucanor, speaking with his counsellor Patronio, said, 'Patronio, I have a servant who informs me that he has it in his power to marry a very wealthy woman, but who is higher in station than himself.' 'It would,' he says, 'be a very advantageous match for him, only for one difficulty which stands in his way, and it is this. He has it, on good authority, that this woman is one of the most violent and wilful creatures in the world; and now I ask you for your counsel, whether I ought to direct him to marry this woman, knowing what her character is, or advise him to give up the match?'

'My Lord Conde Lucanor,' said Patronio, 'if your man hath any resemblance to the son of a certain good man, who was a Moor, I advise him to marry at all venture, but if he be not like him, I think he had better desist.'

And the Conde then inquired how that affair had been, and Patronio then told him the following history:—

In a certain town there lived a noble Moor who had one son, the best young man ever known perhaps in the world. He was not, however, wealthy enough to enable him to accomplish half the laudable things which his heart prompted him to undertake; and for this reason he was in great perplexity, having the will and not the power.

Now in that same town dwelt another Moor, far more honoured and rich than the youth's father, and he, too, had an only daughter who offered a strange contrast to this ex-

cellent young man, her manners being as violent and bad as his were good and pleasing, insomuch that no man liked to think of an union with such an infuriate shrew.

Now that good youth one day came to his father, and said, 'Father, I am well assured that you are not rich enough to support me according to what I conceive becoming and honourable. It will, therefore, be incumbent upon me to lead a mean and indolent life, or to quit the country: so that if it seem good unto you, I should prefer for the best to form some marriage alliance, by which I may be enabled to open myself a way to higher things.'

And the father replied, that it would please him well if his son should be enabled to marry according to his wishes. He then said to his father that if he thought he should be able to manage it, he should be happy to have the only daughter of that good man given him in marriage. Hearing this, the father was much surprised, and answered, that as he understood the matter, there was not a single man whom he knew, how poor soever he might be, who would consent to marry such a vixen. And his son replied, that he asked him as a particular favour that he would bring about this marriage: and so far insisted, that however strange he thought the request, his father gave his consent.

In consequence, he went directly to seek the good man, with whom he was on the most friendly terms, and having acquainted him with all that had passed, begged that he would be pleased to bestow his daughter's hand upon his son, who had courage enough to marry her.

Now when the good man heard this proposal from the lips of his best friend, he said to him:—'Good God, my friend, if I were to do any such thing, I should serve you

a very bad turn ; for you possess an excellent son, and it would be a great piece of treachery on my part, if I were to consent to make him so unfortunate, and become accessory to his death. Nay, I may say worse than death, for better would it be for him to be dead, than to be married to my daughter ! And you must not think that I say thus much to oppose your wishes ; for, as to that matter, I should be well pleased to give her to your son, or to any body's son who would be foolish enough to rid my house of her !'

To this his friend replied, that he felt very sensibly the kind motives which led him to speak thus ; and entreated that as his son seemed so bent upon the match, he would be pleased to give the lady in marriage.

He agreed, and accordingly the ceremony took place.—The bride was brought to her husband's house, and it being a custom with the Moors to give the betrothed a supper and to set out a feast for them, and then to take leave and return to visit them on the following day—the ceremony was performed accordingly. However, the fathers and mothers, and all the relations of the bride and bridegroom went away with many misgivings, fearing that when they returned the ensuing day, they should either find the young man dead or in some very bad plight indeed.

So it came to pass, that as soon as the young people were left alone, they seated themselves at the table, and before the dreaded bride had time to open her lips, the bridegroom looking behind him, saw stationed there his favourite mastiff dog, and he said to him, somewhat sharply, ' Mr. Mastiff, bring us some water for our hands ;' and the dog stood still and did not do it.

His master then repeated the order more fiercely, but

the dog stood still as before. His master then leaped up in a great passion from the table, and seizing his sword, ran towards the mastiff, who, seeing him coming ran away, leaping over the chairs and tables and the fire, trying every place to make his escape, with the bridegroom hard in pursuit of him. At length reaching the dog, he smote off his head with his sword, then hewed off his legs, and all his body, until the whole place was covered with blood.

He then resumed his place at table, all covered as he was with gore, and soon casting his eyes around he beheld a lap-dog, and commanded him to bring him water for his hands, and because he was not obeyed, he said, 'How, false traitor! see you not the fate of the mastiff, because he would not do as I commanded him? I vow, that if you offer to contend one moment with me, I will treat thee to the same fate as I did the mastiff;' and when he found it was not done, he arose, seized him by the legs, and dashing him against the wall, actually beat his brains out, showing even more rage than against the poor mastiff.

Then, in a great passion, he returned to the table, and cast his eyes about on all sides, while his bride, fearful that he had taken leave of his senses, ventured not to utter a word. At length he fixed his eyes upon his horse that was standing before the door, though he had only that one, and he commanded him to bring him water, which the horse did not do. 'How now, Mr. Horse,' cried the husband, 'so you imagine because I have only you, that I shall suffer you to live and not do as I command you? No, I will inflict as hard a death upon you as upon the others; yea, there is no living thing I have in the world which I will spare if I be not obeyed.' But the horse stood where he was, and his master approaching with the greatest rage.

smote off his head, and cut him to pieces with his sword.

And when his wife saw that he had actually killed his horse, having no other, and heard him declare that he would do the same to any creature that ventured to disobey him, she found that he had by no means done it by way of jest, and took such an alarm, that she hardly knew if she were dead or alive. For all covered with gore as he was, he again seated himself at table, vowing that though he had a thousand horses or wives, or servants, if they refused to do his behest, he would kill them all; and he again began to look around him, holding his sword in his hand. And after he had looked well round him and found no living thing near him, he turned his eyes fiercely towards his wife, and said, in a great passion, 'Get up and bring me some water to wash my hands!' and his wife expecting nothing less than to be cut to pieces, rose in a great hurry, and giving him water for his hands, said to him, 'Ah, how I ought to return thanks to God, who inspired you with the thought of doing as you have done! for otherwise, owing to the wrong treatment of my foolish friends, I should have behaved the same to you as to them.'

Afterwards he commanded her to help him to something to eat, and this in such a tone, that she felt as if her head were on the point of dropping off upon the floor; so that in this way was the understanding between them settled during that night, and she never spoke, but only did every thing which he required her to do. After they had reposed some time, her husband said, 'The passion I have been put into this night hinders me from sleeping; get up and see that nobody comes to disturb me, and prepare for me something well cooked to eat.'

When it came full day, and the fathers, mothers, and other relatives arrived at the door, they all listened, and hearing no one speak, at first concluded that the unfortunate man was either dead or mortally wounded by his ferocious bride. In this they were the more confirmed, when they saw the bride standing at the door, and the bridegroom not there. But when the lady saw them advancing, she walked gently on tiptoe towards them, and whispered, 'False friends that you are, how dare you to come up to the door in that way, or to say a word. Be silent as you value your lives and mine also.'

And when they were all made acquainted with what she said, they greatly wondered; but when they learnt all that had passed during the night, their wonder was changed into admiration of the young man, for having so well known how to manage what concerned him, and to maintain order in his house.

And from that day forth, so excellently was his wife governed, and well conditioned in every respect, that they led a very pleasant life together. Such, indeed, was the good example set by the son-in-law, that a few days afterwards, the father-in-law desirous of the same happy change in his household, also killed a horse: but his wife only said to him, 'By my faith, Don Fulano, you have thought of this plan somewhat too late in the day, we are now too well acquainted with each other.'

'And you, my Lord Conde Lucanor, if that servant of yours wish to marry such a woman, and hath as great a heart as this youth, in God's name, advise him to take her, for he will surely know how to manage in his house. But should he be of another kidney, and not so well know what is befitting him, then let him take his chance. And

I further advise you, that with whatever manner of men you have to do, you always give them well to understand on what footing they are to stand.' And the Conde held this for a good example, and made it as it is, and it was esteemed good. Also because Don Juan found it a good example, he ordered it to be written in this book, and made these lines, which say as follow :—

If at first you don't show yourself just what you are,

When you afterwards wish it, you'll find it a bar !

NOTE.—This story, curious for its resemblance to SHAKESPEARE'S *Taming of the Shrew*, forms the forty-fifth chapter of the *Conde Lucanor*, from which it was translated for an amusing article upon the Novelists of Spain, in the *Foreign Quarterly Review*. It is not, however, likely that our great bard derived his plot from the work of DON JUAN MANUEL,—inasmuch as there exists an English Story, popular in Yorkshire, upon this very subject, and which we expect to be able to lay before our readers, among the curious stores which we have in reserve for them in the LAYS AND LEGENDS OF ENGLAND.

8.—OMAR.

(A LUSIAN LEGEND.)

In all the realms of Moorish rule, no peer had young Omar,
A lamb in ladye's bower he was, a lion in the war.
But fortune smiled not on him, for his lovely Moorish May,
A captive 'mongst the Christians, in Arcillas' towers did
stay.

Full many a message sped to her the young and gallant
Moor,

'Twas thus they ran,—' To Almeida's spring prithee sweet
love come o'er.'

But ever to such biddings bland—and they were every
day,—

In answer, all so sorrowful, she still would weep and say,

' My life, my soul, Omar, my love, oh! why would'st thou,
my all,

That captived twice I should remain, twice held should be
in thrall.

My heart, my soul, thou hold'st, my love, my body holds that
Lord

Arcilla's Captain fierce, who ne'er to Moor did grace ac-
cord ?'

But vain is all resistance to the will of one beloved;
Her way, at length, she thither wends, by his entreaties
moved.

•

The trysting place, where lurked grim death, the trembling
maid scarce neared,

When, save us, Alla! wild with rage, her Lusian Lord
appeared.

He sprang from forth the covert close, where he so still
had lain,

He seized the maiden, spurred his steed, and swept back
o'er the plain.

Where tarries now her loitering love! He nears when
all's nigh o'er,

And for a single word with her, thus humbly did implore:

‘ Oh, lowly thus I kneel to thee, fierce chief, if thou
hast felt

The anguish of a lover's heart,’—and on the sward he knelt,

I pray thee, I implore thee, oh grant my earnest prayer!

And let me speak a last farewell unto that ladye fair!’

The Lusian lists; he licence gives. The Moor to Ziza
spake,

‘ Sweet spouse, by Alla's power I swear, these bonds I soon
shall break

Before yon waxing moon half wanes, which in the heaven
you see,

I shall be gathered to the dead, or thou, my love, be free.’

But she with sighs, and tearful eyes, upon him sad did
gaze,

And to his troubled speech, in grief—deep, bitter grief,
she says,

‘ ’Tis now too late, to change my fate—too tardy thou hast
come—

Go! heed Alcaida better, go! keep her more safe at
home!’

With shame and sorrow mad, the Moor, high in his stirrup
stands,

He bares his blade, upheaves his shield, bursts on the
hostile bands.

But idle were his efforts all against a host so great,
By numbers overwhelmed he fell, dead from his saddle-
seat.

Then quick his lovely May, her form upon his cold corse
flung,

And o'er his pallid face her long black locks like cypress
hung.

'Pierce deep this heart, thou dagger keen,' 'twas thus she
wild did grieve,

'Since here I came in evil hour, with life I'll never leave.

'For it is meet, my soul should fleet, that with him I should
dwell,

Within the dark and dismal tomb—' she stabbed herself—
and fell—

'A beacon light to lovers all, shall shine our memory,

While summer burns, or winter blights, the blossom and
the tree.'

That Lusian Lord he sorrows much—to see his captive dead,
He turns him to Arcilla's tower, his host he thither led.

A marble monument he reared above those lovers' grave,
And sculptures deep, sweet Ziza's fate—and that of Omar
brave.

NOTE.—This is one of the very few Spanish Morisco Ballads or
Romances which contain a story. The original is in the '*Roman-
cero de Romances Morescos*,' published in Madrid, 1829, and edited
by DON AUGUSTINE DURAN.

9.—ANTHONIO COSTILLA.

There lived about thirty yeeres since, in Fuentes de Ropell, a gentleman of good account, called Anthonio Costilla, who (of the which I myself can give good witness) was one of the valiantest and hardiest men of all the country, for I have been present at some broyels and bickerins of his, in which I have seene him acquite himself with incredible courage and valour. in so much that being somewhat haughtie, and suffering no man to overcome him, he had many enemies thereabouts, which caused him wheresoever he went, to goe always well provided : so that one day riding from his own house, to a place called Valla Nueva, having under him a good Ginet, and a strong launce in his hand, when hee had done his buysinesse, the night coming on, and the same very darke, he leaped a horse back, and put himselfe on his way homeward.

Coming to the end of the village, where stood the chappell, in the forepart or portall of which, there was a lettice window, and within the same a lampe burning, thinking that it should not be well done to passe any further without saying his prayers, he drew neere unto the same, saying his devotions a horseback, where, while he remained looking into the chappell, he saw three visions, like ghosts, issue out of the middest thereof, seeming to come out from under the ground, and to touch the height of the roof with their heads.

After he had beheld them awhile, the haire of his head began to stand an end, so that being somewhat affrighted, he turned his horse's bridle, and rode away; but he had no sooner lifted up his eyes, when he saw the three visions going together a little space before him, seeming as it were to beare him companie, so that commending himself to God, and blessing himself many times, he turned his horse, spurring him from one side to another, but wheresoever he turned, they were alwaies before his eyes; whereupon, seeing that he could not be rid of them, putting spurs to his horse, he ranne at them as hard as he could with his lance, but it seemed that the visions went and moved themselves, according to the same compasse wherein hee guided his horse, for if hee went, they went: if hee ranne, they ranne, if hee stood still, they stood still; alwaies keepinge one even distance from him, so that he was perforce constrained to have them in his company, till he came to his owne house, before which there was a great court or yard, opening the gate of which, after he was lighted off his horse, as hee entered hee found the same vision before him, and in this manner came he to the doore of a lodging where his wife was, at which, knocking and being let in, the vision vanished away; but he remained so dismayed and changed in his colour, that his wife, thinking he had received some wound or mishap by his enemies, often asked him the cause of this his deadly countenance and alteration, and seeing that he would not reveale the same unto her, shee sent for a friend of his that dwelt thereby, a man of good qualitie, and of singular learning and integritie of life, who presently comming, and finding him in that perplexitie, im-

portuned him with such instance, that he
unto him the particularity of each of

He being a very discrete man,
of wonder or amazement, bad him
shake off that dismayment, with
perswasions, causing him to goe
brought him to his bed, in whi
light burning by him, he went
have him take his rest and sle
out of his chamber, when Ant
a loud skritch, to cry out to
the rest, entering into the
cause of this outcry; he
left alone, but that the three
and made him blinde with
which they had scraped
truth, they found it to
therefore, they never left
fited nothing—for the s
ague or any other accide

NOTE.—This fearful legend
house of marvellous narra
of *Miracles*. We have
FERDINANDO WALKER
further extracts from *Mos*
is the portion of the book
Spirits, Enchanters, Char
of *Trasgos y Duendes* de
goodfellows and Hobgob

11.—THE HELL-HOUNDS.

Many things have happened and happen daily in this world, to search the depth and bottome of whose secrets were great presumption, at which, though sometimes by signs and tokens we may give a gesse, yet wee must alwaies thinke, that there is something hidden from us, and of this sort, is that which happened to a Gentleman in this our Spaine, whose name for the foulennesse of his endeavour, and many respects beside, I conceale, and the name of the towne also where it happened.

This gentleman being very rich and noble, delt in matters of dishonest love with a nunne, the which, to the end shee might enjoy his abominable embracement, willed him to make a key like unto that of the church doore, and shee would finde time and meanes (through her turne which she had about the service of the Sacristie and other such occasions) to meet him there.

The gentleman, exceedingly rejoicing at this match, caused two keyes to be made, the one for the dore of the church portall, and another of the church doore itself, which being done, because it was somewhat farre from his house, he tooke one night his horse, and for the more secrecie of this matter, rode thither alone.

Being come thither about midnight, leaping off his horse, and tying him by the reines of the bridel to convenient place, he went towards the monastery, of wh opening first the doore of the portal, he found that

the church open of itselfe, and in the church a great light and brightnesse of torches and wax candles, and withall he heard voyces, as it were, of men singing, and doing the funeral service of some one that was deceased.

At which matter, being amazed, he drew neerer, better to behold the manner thereof, where he might see the church to be full of friars and priests singing these obsequies, having in the midst of them a coffin covered with blacke, about which were many lights and tapers burning, each of the fryers, priests, and many other men besides, that seemed to assist at these funerals, having also a wax candle burning in their hands, but his greatest astonishment of all was, that he knew not one of them.

After he had remained a while beholding them, he approached neere one of the fryers, and asked him for whom those honourable solemnities were done, who answered him, that such a gentleman, naming his own proper name, was dead, and that they were now performing the honours of his buriall. The gentleman laughing, replied saying, 'he whom you speake of liveth, and you are deceived.' 'Nay,' quoth the frier, 'you are deceived, for he is assuredly dead and his body heere present to be buried,' and therewith fell to his singing again. The gentleman being herewith in a great confusion, asked another, of whom he received the self-same answer, so that being stricken with a great amazement, without more attending he went out of the church, and getting upon his horse, beganne to ride as fast as he could homeward; but he had no sooner turned his horse's head, when hee was ware of two great black mastives that accompanied him, on each side of his horse, one: who, doe what he could, with rating and striking at them with his sword, would never leave him, till he came

to the gate of his house, where lighting off his horse, and entering in, his pages and servants coming to receive him, wondered to see the color of his face so pale and deadly, assuring themselves that some great mischance had happened unto him, beseeching him with such instance to tell them what ayled him, that at last, he recited unto them all the particulars of this before rehearsed history; having made an end of which, and entering into his chamber, the two black mastives of a sudden rushed in upon him and worried him, so that his servants not being able to succour him, he dyed presently, veryfying that of his funeral, which he had seen done while he lived.

NOTE.—This is another terrific tale from *TORQUEMEDA*. The ‘two great blacke mastives’ which figure so conspicuously in the course of this notable history, and which terrify the sinner—

‘Like him of whom the story ran,

He spoke the Spectre Hound in Mann;’

are clearly related to the Manks *Mauthe Doog*; to the *Duura*, see No. 14 ‘*LAYS AND LEGENDS OF IRELAND*’; to the *Bellado*, whose history will appear in the Second Part of the *LAYS AND LEGENDS OF SPAIN*; no less than to the *Cwn-wybir* (sky dogs), and *Cwn-annwn*, (dogs of hell), which figure so conspicuously in the popular stories of the Welsh.

12.—TALE OF THE GREEN TAPER.

A LEGEND OF SEVILLE.

Among the unfortunate families of Spanish Moriscoes, who were forced to quit Spain in 1610, there was one of a very rich farmer, who owned the house we speak of.* As the object of the government was to hurry the Moriscoes out of the country without allowing them time to remove their property, many buried their money and jewels, in hopes of returning from Africa at a future period. Muley Hassam, according to our popular tradition, had contrived a vault under the large Zaguán, or close porch of his house. Distrusting his Christian neighbours, he had there accumulated great quantities of gold and pearls, which, upon his quitting the country, were laid under a spell by another Moriscoe, deeply versed in the secret arts.

The jealousy of the Spaniards, and the severe penalties enacted against such of the exiles as should return, precluded Muley Hassam from all opportunities of recovering his treasure. He died, intrusting the secret to an only daughter, who, having grown up at Seville, was perfectly acquainted with the spot under the charm.

Fatima married, and was soon left a widow, with a daughter, whom she taught Spanish, hoping to make her pass for a native of that country. Urged by the approach

* Casa de Duende.—The Goblin House.

of poverty, which sharpened the desire to make use of the secret trusted to her, Fatima with her daughter Zuleima, embarked on board a corsair, and were landed secretly in a cove near Huelva, Dressed in the costume of the peasantry, and having assumed Christian names, both mother and daughter made their way to Seville, on foot, or by any occasional conveyance which offered on the road. To avoid suspicion, they gave out that they were returning from the performance of a vow to a celebrated image of the Virgin, near Moguer. I will not tire you with details as to the means by which Fatima obtained a place for herself and daughter in the family then occupying her own paternal house. Fatima's constant endeavours to please her master and mistress, succeeded to the utmost of her wishes; the beauty and innocence of Zuleima, then only fourteen, needed no studied efforts to obtain the affection of the whole family.

When Fatima thought that the time was come, she prepared her daughter for the important and awful task of recovering the concealed treasure, of which she had constantly talked to her since the child could understand her meaning. The winter came on; the family moved to the first floor as usual, and Fatima asked to be allowed one of the ground floor rooms for herself and Zuleima.

About the middle of December, when the periodical rains threatened to make the Guadalquivir overflow its banks, and scarcely a soul stirred out after sunse Fatima, provided with a rope and a basket, anxious awaited the hour of midnight to commence her incantatio Her daughter stood trembling by her side in the porch, which they had groped their way in the dark. The large bell of the cathedral clock, whose sound, you are well

aware, has a most startling effect in the dead silence of the night, tolled the hour; and the melancholy peal of supplication (*Plegaria*) followed for about two minutes.

All now was still, except the wind and rain. Fatima unlocking, with some difficulty, the cold hands of her daughter out of hers, struck a flint, and lighted a green taper not more than an inch long, which she carefully sheltered from the wind in a pocket lanthorn. The light had scarcely glimmered on the ground, when the pavement yawned close by the feet of the two females. 'Now, Zuleima, my child, the only care of my life,' said Fatima, 'were you strong enough to draw me out of the vault where our treasure lies, I would not entreat you to hasten down by these small perpendicular steps, which you here see. Fear not, my love, there is nothing below but the gold and jewels deposited by my father.'

'Mother,' answered the tremulous girl, 'I will not break my promise I have made you, though I feel as if my breathing would stop the moment I entered that horrible vault. Dear mother, tie the rope round my waist—my hands want strength—you must support the whole weight of my body. Merciful Allah! My foot slips! Oh, mother, leave me not in the dark.'

The vault was not much deeper than the girl's length; and upon her slipping from one of the projecting stones, the chink of coins, scattered by her feet, restored the failing courage of the mother. 'There, take the basket, child, quick! fill it up with gold—feel for the jewels—I must not move the lantern. Well done, my love! Another basketfull, and no more. I would not expose you, my only child, for . . . , yet the candle is long enough: fear not, it will burn five minutes Heavens! the wick

begins to float in the melted wax—out, out, Zuleima! . . . the rope, the rope! . . . the steps are on this side!’

A faint groan was heard, Zuleima had dropped in a swoon over the remaining gold. At this moment all was dark again; the distracted mother searched for the chasm, but it was closed. She beat the ground with her feet, and her agony became downright madness on hearing the hollow sound returned from below. She now struck the flints of the pavement till her hands were shapeless with wounds. Lying on the ground a short time, and having for a moment recovered the power of conscious suffering, she heard her daughter repeat the words, ‘Mother, dear mother, leave me not in the dark.’

The thick vault through which the words were heard, gave the voice a heart-freezing, thin, distant, yet silvery tone. Fatima lay one instant motionless on the flints; then raising herself upon her knees, dashed her head with supernatural strength against the stones. There she was found lifeless in the morning.

On a certain night in the month of December, the few, who, ignorant that the house is haunted, have incautiously been upon the spot at midnight, report that Fatima is seen between two black figures, who, in spite of her violent struggles to avoid the place where her daughter is buried alive, force her to sit over the vault, with a basketfull of gold at her feet. The efforts by which she now and then attempts to stop her ears, are supposed to indicate, that for an hour she is compelled to hear the unfortunate Zuleima crying, ‘Mother, dear mother, leave me not in the dark.’

NOTE.—The above interesting Legend of Seville was communicated to the ‘*Forget Me Not*,’ for 1823, by the REVEREND BLANCO

WHITE, who has kindly permitted it to be reprinted in these pages. From the introduction to it in the '*Forget Me Not*,' we learn that stories of enchanted treasures are as common in Spain as in some parts of Germany; a remark which will cause the lovers of the wild and wonderful to agree with the writer as to 'how desirable it would be to have a collection of tales of enchantment from the traditionary legends of this part of the country.'

It should be added, that the same gentleman is the translator of the '*Dean of Santiago*,' No. 1 of these LAYS AND LEGENDS OF SPAIN

13.—THE DUENDE AN ENEMY TO GAMBLING.

A Duende, a grave Signor,
Who studied hard astrology,
Was taken with a notion that
He should a lucky gamester be.

Although the seven planets, he
Did for his council choose,
Such their advice, ere he grew old,
Poor man, his feet lacked shoes.

Then vexed withal, and penniless,
When too late he repented,
He to a garret took himself,
And there his sorrows vented.

Then by his skill in sorcery.

Himself a Goblin made,
And in his new shape, threatened war
'Gainst all the gambling trade.

Next by his tricks so terrified,
And filled with such affright,
The dwellers in the Posada,
That they all took to flight.

And when sole master of the house
From whence they all had fled,
His conduct served but to increase
The public awe and dread.

But, aye, so wilful is a man,
Whose sole desire is pelf,
His gambling he'd continue still,
Spite of Old Nick himself.

Accordingly a gambling set,
Straight this dread house selected
As one where they might game at will,
And never be detected.

Although they were but few at first,
They by degrees increased,
Until to curse the Sprite, one chanced
Who had been sorely fleeced.

Their squabbles and their quarrels too,
So much annoyed the Sprite ;
He joined their party suddenly,
Which caused them no small fright.

He spoke, with voice did harshly grate,
But manners bland and winning,
And said 'his master owned that house,
That house that they were then in,

'He dwelt up stairs, and begged they'd hence
More quiet course pursue,
Else, gamblers as they were, he would
Show them a trick or two.'

No little wonder seized the groupe
At what they saw, and heard,
And one more hardy than the rest,
To seize the Sprite prepared.

But all in vain was his attempt :
By what means ne'er was known,
Whether he flew into the air—
But lo! the Sprite was gone.

At this event, while one blasphemes,
With fear another quakes ;
Another rants and raves with rage,
But he had lost his stakes.

Then 'fore them came a second time,
The messenger, now grown
A full half yard, of bolder front,
And spake in angry tone :—

'My master of this lonesome house,
Is master absolute,
And put up with your gambling tricks
He vows he'll never do't.'

'Bestir yourselves, pack off at once!
Delay on no pretences,
For if you do, his honour vows
You'll rue the consequences.'

On this, some of the boldest there
Essayed to seize the Sprite ;
But he in the confusion 'scaped,
And vanished out of sight.

Their fears began now to increase,
Reflection pointed out,
That he, 'gainst whom they would contend,
A Goblin was, no doubt.

But as it always is with those
Who thorough gamblers are,
They hoped they might by cozening
Bespeak the Goblin fair.

They thought that by his science he
Might make them rich as Jews ;
So settled that they'd yield to him
What place he pleased to choose.

But the Goblin who had listen'd to
Their every why and how, .
Vowed vengeance on the worthies,
And soon fulfilled his vow.

He grew a giant instantly,
With a cloak of sable hue,
With horns and claws fearfully formed
And beard most strange to view.

With cudgel high uplifted,
 And breathing smoke and flame,
 He said, ' You gambling varlets,
 I' faith I'll spoil your game.'

' For gamblers have deprived me
 Both of my coin and life,
 And for murdering your victims,
 Od's blood I know you are rife.'

' So I'm determined none of you
 'Mongst educated men,
 Your trade of thieves and gamblers,
 Shall ever ply again.'

Then uttering a dreadful groan,
 His club so quick he whirled,
 That all of them were soon dispatched,
 Not one left in the world.

But the Goblin clearly did not,
 Their seed destroy outright ;
 Since gamesters we may daily see,
 Shirtless, as was the Sprite.

NOTE.—In the above story, which is called by the writer *Cuen Morál*, a moral tale, the Spanish domestic spirit, the *Duend* figures conspicuously, and his pranks fully bear out the definition which has been given of him, '*DUENDE.—Espíritu que el vulgo cree que infesta las casas y travesa, causando en ellas ruidos estruendos.*' Our readers have seen the form in which the *Duend* figures in the above ballad. We subjoin another description of hi

from CALDERON'S *Dama Duende*, by which it is clear he can, at will, like other spirits, any shape assume:—

‘ Era un Frayle
Tamanisto, y tenia puesto,
Un cucurucho tamaño;
Que por estas señas creo,
Que era Duende Capuchino.

14.—THE CONCEALED SIN.

In one of the little villages to be found scattered among the *sierras* of Granada, lived a poor but honest couple.—They had one son, named Pelayo, who grew up in goodness, so that he became a pattern of all virtue to the youth of the surrounding country. When he had attained man's estate, his parents sent him forth to the mountains, and entrusted to him the care of a small flock—their whole property. Near the pasture which he frequented was a cell, in which lived a holy woman, renowned for her sanctity far and near among the mountains, and even in the plains. To her prayers the parents of Pelayo recommended him; and he followed up their recommendation by his assiduity in the performance of all the religious duties which she enjoined him. No one knew whence she came, and few troubled themselves to enquire; but she was evidently a woman of rank, and still possessed a considerable share of youth and comeliness. Several months passed in this

manner, and Pelayo's reputation for religious observances spread over the land. He was the wonder of the whole of the simple community which inhabits those remote regions.

At last the demon, stung, no doubt, by his fame, and envious of his reputation, commenced the work of temptation. Several ways he essayed, but succeeded only in one. He inspired the ardent temperament of the youth with unclean thoughts; the result of which was, an outrage against the pious occupant of the cell, and to conceal that, her murder. He buried her in a corner of the cave, and then betook himself to flight.

Where to go he knew not, but wandered wildly among the forests in the mountains. In the night alone he travelled—by day he hid himself in the cork trees which covered the sierras. At length on the third day, he saw a monastery in the distance, and before he was aware of the presence of any one, a young man of benign aspect, clad in pilgrim's weeds, stood by his side.

'Pelayo,' said he, 'take counsel, seek refuge in yon monastery—confess thy sins without reservation, and thy soul shall be saved.'

Pelayo, astonished, glanced first at the pilgrim then at the monastery, and then he turned round to look at the pilgrim again, but he was gone. He had disappeared as if by magic, and not a trace of him was left. After a short struggle within himself, Pelayo resolved to take his advice in one respect—that is, to seek refuge in the monastery. He did not, however, decide upon confessing his crime. He reserved that for future consideration. He applied to the monastery—told a feigned tale, and was admitted under assumed name.

Years rolled away, and Pelayo grew old; still he kept his sin a secret. It gnawed his heart, however, like a vulture; and all the works of penitence he performed, could not for a moment assuage his anguish.

At last the hour of his departure from the world arrived. It may be easily supposed that his struggle with himself was great. The effect of disclosure would be to blight his fair fame for ever, and brand him in his grave as a sacrilegious murderer; the effect of concealment would be the preservation of his fame, but the loss of his salvation. The abbot himself shrived him, and saw his struggles. Pelayo, however, persisted in his silence. The abbot entreated him to confess all, as he saw that some secret sin stuck in his thoughts. Pelayo seemed shaken. The abbot again entreated. Pelayo was dying fast.

‘Make but a sign,’ said the holy friar, ‘and you are forgiven.’

Pelayo, however, made no sign. He died impenitent. The abbot concluded that he had mistaken the struggles of death for those of a seared conscience. He was buried with all the pomp and ceremonies of the order; and his name was put on the roll of candidates for canonization.

‘He died,’ said the abbot, concluding the funeral oration, ‘in the odour of sanctity.’ ‘Amen,’ said the brotherhood, ‘let him be canonized.’

On the night of his interment, Father Anselm, the sacristan, passing through the church, as was his wont, at the hour of midnight, to chime the matin bells, saw, to his great surprise, the corpse of the buried brother, exhumed and extended on the earth beside his grave. The grave appeared not to have been stirred.

Somewhat astonished, he hesitated a moment, but eventually thought the corpse might have been left there by accident, as he was not at the interment. So he took mattock and spade and interred it again. He then rang the matin bells and retired to his dormitory.

He did not mention the circumstance to any of the brotherhood, as he had to go forth early in the day to the next town, and did not return until all in the monastery, save the pater, had retired to rest. At midnight he passed through the church as usual on his avocation, and lo and behold ! there lay the corse he had interred, stretched out before him. He became alarmed this time, and determined to tell all about it to the abbot.

He buried it afresh, however, that the brotherhood might not be scandalized by its exposure when they should come to matins in the church. Next morning he told the abbot all he knew ; and after a consultation among the brotherhood, it was determined that they should go in a body to the church at midnight. Midnight came, and found them in the church, and the corpse as usual on the earth.

‘ How is this ? ’ said the Abbot, exorcising it, ‘ Say, brother, hast thou a wish left unperformed ? Thou who wast in life the model of obedience—wilt thou disobey me in death ?—Answer ! ’

The corpse, which now glowed from head to heel, like iron in a white-heat, and smelt awfully of brimstone, made answer, in a sepulchral voice, ‘ I am damned to all eternity for concealing a crying sin at confession.’ And then it recited all the history of his fall and its consequences.

The abbot was horror-struck, and the brotherhood were stupified.

‘Take from my mouth,’ continued the fearful corse, ‘the holy wafer which I received on dying. It sticks in my throat—it choaks me.’

The abbot approached and did so; the sleeve of his garment, which came into contact with the chin of the defunct, was, however, reduced to ashes before he could withdraw his hand. The holy wafer was deposited in the tabernacle of the high altar.

‘Now,’ said the corse, ‘thrust me forth from the church, and from consecrated ground, and fling me into a dunghole, or other deep pit. Let my bed be dust and ashes. It is God’s will.’

‘God’s will be done,’ said the abbot. The brotherhood bore him unscathed to the cavern on the rock, where all the offal of the monastery was thrown; and flung him into its hideous depths. Since then he has never been heard of more.

NOTE.—This characteristic story bears in its nature generally, no inconsiderable resemblance to the *Contes Devots* of the French, a species of story invented by the Monks, who sought to beat the Minstrels with their own weapons—thus anticipating John Wesley’s remark, when he adopted his hymns to the popular airs of the day, ‘that there was no reason that the devil should have all the best tunes.’

15.—THE GOBLIN OF SALAMANCA.

There was in the city of Salamanca, a widow, very principall and rich, somewhat aged in years, which kept in her house foure or five mayde servants, of the which two were young and very beautiful. There was a common report bruted abroad in the towne, that there should be in this widdowes house a Hobgoblin or Spright that plaid daily sundry strange pranks, of which the most usuall was, that hee threw stones from the roofe of the house, not onely upon the persons therein, but also upon others that came to visite the widdow, in such quantity, and with such noise, as though whole showers of them had beene rained out of the element, yet alwayes harmlessly, without hurting any man.

This matter grew so publique, that the brute thereof came at last to the ears of the magistrate, who desiring to know the truth thereof, went presently to the widdowes house, with at least twenty in his company; entring into which, hee commanded a sergeant, accompanied with foure other men, to seeke round about the house with a burning torch, willing him not to leave any corner above or beneath unsearched, wherein by any possibility a man might be hidden; which hee and his fellowes executed so neerely, that unless they would have untiled the house they could doe no more: so that returning they made relation, that there was no seeking any farther, for all was safe; whereupon the magistrate told the gentlewoman of the house,

that she was abused and deceived, and it was most likely by her young maydens, who might bring into her house their lovers, by whom these stones might be so throwne up and downe; and therefore willed her for avoyding of all inconveniences, to look more narrowly into them, least emboldened through this simplicity of hers, they might in time attempt some greater matter.

The good gentlewoman was the most ashamed of the world, not knowing what to reply, yet still persisted to affirm that of the throwing of the stones to be most true.

The magistrate and the rest, jesting at her simplicity, tooke their leave to be gone, but they were scarcely off the staires, but there came such a whirling of stones about their eares, and such a noyse, as though they had been throwne with three or four slings together, as thicke as might be; which, falling on their legs, arms, and feet, did them no harm at all.

The magistrate caused the self-same man which had searched before, to search again, with great diligence and haste, but it was all in vain, for there was nobody to be found; at which, as they stood wondering, there fell of a sodaine in the portal of the house, such a shower of stones amongst them, that it farre exceeded the former, at which their amazement encreasing, one of the serjeants tooke up amongst the rest that lay on the flower, a markt stone, and throwing it over the top of the house that stode on the other side of the street in front, 'If thou be a right devill,' quoth he, 'returne me this stone again,' at which very moment, the self-same stone fell from the rooffe of the house and hitte him on the brimme of his hatte over his eyes; and the stone was evidently knowne of them all to be the

very same that hee had throwne over the other house, so that the magistrate, with the rest of those that were there present with him, departed out of the house, with the greatest astonishment that might be; and not long after there came thither a priest, of the little Tower of Salamanca, who, through certaine conjurations which hee wrought, delivered the house both of this throwing of stones, and all other such molestations.

NOTE.—This 'strong touch of the marvellous' which must recall to the mind of the reader the celebrated affair of the Stamford Ghost, that created so great a sensation some twenty years since, and in which, if the Editor's recollection serves him rightly, the celebrated and eccentric author of *Lacon* figured very conspicuously, is another contribution from TORQUEMEDA'S *Spanish Mandeville*.

16.—PEPITO THE HUNCHBACK.

There was not in all Spain a merrier fellow, or one who was a greater favourite with the women, than Signor Pepito,* humpbacked as he was withal; and which peculiarity had served to obtain for him the bye-name of El Corcovado, by which he was always designated by his familiars.

Pepito El Corcovado was, in sooth, just the man to travel through the world without finding an enemy; he was of that smooth and oily disposition which enabled him to glide through all vexations, as he would through a crowd, with a good-natured, by-your-leave smile upon his face, which compelled the surliest to grant him free passage.—If the Olla was none of the best, Pepito did not destroy what little relish it did possess, by his ill temper and imprecations; not he—he consoled himself by thinking that bad as it was—why, it might have been worse. If, when performing, as was his wont to do, the choicest romances, the first string of his guitar snapped treacherously in his tenderest and most effective passage, Pepito did not fall to swearing at and re-stringing the unfortunate instrument; not he, indeed—he just did as well as he could without it, and won the applause of his hearers by the skill and good-nature with which he got out of the scrape.

* *Pepito*, the diminutive of *Pepe* or *Jose*, used to express affection.

Now, this last proof of our hero's good temper will be looked upon as the more decisive, when it is considered that Pepito was celebrated all round the country for his musical skill, and for the exquisite taste with which he was used to sing all the plaintive love-songs of his native land; by these drawing tears from beauty's eyes, while he wound up to the highest pitch of enthusiasm all his hearers of the rougher sex, who listened to the fire and energy with which he poured forth the Romances of the Cid, of Fernan Gonzalez, of Durandarte, and, in short, of all the numberless Spanish heroes, real and imaginary, whose histories were preserved in Signor Pepito's budget of songs.

This extraordinary skill, which it was popularly said, would have satisfied the critical judgment even of Lope de Rueda, the founder of the Spanish Opera, or of that still more important personage, whose name we have unfortunately forgotten, but whose epitaph, in the cathedral of Seville, informs us that from his musical powers he had been selected to sound the trumpet on the day of judgment, rendered Pepito el Corcovado a desirable guest at all the village feasts and merry makings.

Had Pepito been a well-made handsome fellow, it might have been a question with the lords and masters of the fair dames who invited him to participate in all these rustic gaieties, how far it would be prudent to sanction the invitations; but Pepito's hump, which his good temper hindered from becoming a burden to him, proved in this respect a lump of good fortune; for it lulled the proverbial jealousy of Spanish fathers, husbands, and brothers, who exclaimed with one accord, 'Pepito el Corcovado is certainly a devilish insinuating fellow, but then, thanks to the Saints, he is most confoundedly ugly.'

To one of the merry makings to which we have just alluded, had Signor Pepito been duly invited—an invitation which he had accepted, and on the evening to which we refer, duly fulfilled. He had left the festivities somewhat earlier than it was his practice to do, generally, having an especial engagement of the same agreeable nature to attend to at a very early period on the following morning.

The sun had, however, long descended before he struck the last chords on his most tuneful of guitars, and turned his steps homewards. His road lay through the Sierra Morena, (the precise locality is not clearly defined,) and he amused himself, as he trotted nimbly through the forest, by ever and anon striking a few wild notes on his guitar, to wake the sleeping echoes, or by singing such unconnected snatches of old ballads, as his active fancy continually suggested to him.

Whether he was too much occupied with these songs of olden times, or had partaken too freely of the good liquor with which his host had plied him, is not clearly known; but this much is certain—Signor Pepito, after a couple of hours walking, found himself in a part of the mountain with which he was totally unacquainted; a lonely dell overshadowed by the surrounding cork trees, carpeted with a most luxuriant and mossy turf, and rendered inexpressibly fragrant by the myriads of wild flowers, whose party-coloured blossoms sparkled on every side.

‘By Santiago,’ exclaimed Pepito, ‘but in sooth this is a pretty business—here am I, lost in the Sierra, which I have traversed man and boy this thirty years. Well, it might have been worse—so I’ll e’en wait till day-break gives me light enough to find the right path.’ So saying, with *philosophic calmness* he wrapped his mantilla round

him, and after muttering an ave or two, and a short prayer to his patron Saint, laid himself at the foot of a cork tree, and slept soundly.

His sleep was not, however, of long duration. He was presently awakened by the joyous clamour of thousands of little elves who were sporting on the dewy grass, singing with might and main a fragment of an old and wild air, which Pepito speedily recognised.

Pepito gazed with wonder and delight upon the scene before him: he had often heard of the fairies, but it was the first time in his life that he had had the good fortune to encounter them. He was amused beyond expression with the fantastic mazes of their fairy dances—he was charmed with the sweetness and harmony with which they carolled forth their lay of ‘Lunes y Martes y Miercoles tres,’* and marvelled greatly that they should not sing the rest of the tune.

‘Humph, my little masters,’ quoth he, ‘if you don’t know the rest of the song, I’ll just give you a hint of it’—and so saying, he swept his fingers tastefully across the strings of his guitar, and sang with one of the sweetest voices ever heard—‘Jueves y Viernes y Sabado seis.’†—The hint was not lost upon his elfin auditors; a thousand little pipes maddened with delight at this addition to their former chorus, took up the strain, and for an hour, at least, did hill and valley echo and re-echo with

‘Lunes y Martes y Miercoles tres,

Jueves y Viernes y Sabado seis,’—

* Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday—three.

† Thursday, Friday, Saturday—six.

Pepito accompanying the little songsters with his voice and his guitar.

At the end of that period, the fairies began to think it was high time to thank the musician for his song, and reward him for his skill. They crowded round him, and bade him ask of them whatsoever he wished. Now Pepito had scarcely ever known what it was to wish for anything, and when told they would grant his request whatever it might be, he could scarcely think of any request, to make. At last, leaning back against the cork-tree to consider for a few minutes what to ask for, the pressure of the tree reminded him of his greatest burden in this world—his hump; so with a knowing look, he pointed to it with his thumb over his right shoulder, without saying a word.

This hint was not lost upon the fairies; a thousand tiny hands were instantly laid upon the hump which decked Pepito's shoulders, it was carried off in triumph, and Pepito rose from the ground as straight a man as any in Andalusia.

'Artsatisfied?' enquired the Sprites. 'That I am, indeed, my little masters,' replied our hero. 'Then give us another sample of thy skill,' cried they. Pepito took the hint, struck up the air which they had been singing, and the fairies took their departure piping in merry chorus. —

'Lunes y Martes y Miercoles tres,

Jueves y Viernes y Sabado seis;

one and another, ever and anon, breaking the harmony with 'Good bye, Pepito! thankee, Pepito! good luck to you, Pepito!'

Day now broke, and Pepito having carefully reconnoitred the scene of his adventure, returned home to his friends,

none of whom recognised at first Pepito el Corcovado, in the trim-built fellow that stood before them, and henceforth lived on as merrily as ever, although he was now looked upon somewhat more jealously than before; but his story, which was spread far and near, rendered him a still greater favourite with the women folk.

Now in the next village to that in which Pepito lived, dwelt another hunchback, whose name was Cirillo, who was in every respect the very opposite to Pepito, whom he hated thoroughly. Signor Cirillo found his life as great a burden as his hump. He was dissatisfied with himself, and more so with every body else—and if Pepito had been an object of his envy before, how much more so was he now that he had got rid of the load which nature had placed upon his shoulders.

Cirillo was anxious to bring about the same happy consummation, though he felt little disposed to be indebted to Pepito for any information as to the precise place where he had the good fortune to encounter the fairies. Finding, however, that there were no other means of acquiring this knowledge than from Pepito himself, he called upon him, and with as much politeness and urbanity as he could muster, asked him for the particulars of his adventure.—Pepito readily narrated them, and pointed out to him the scene of it, so distinctly, that Cirillo had no difficulty in finding the spot, when he went in search of it on the following night.

Now Cirillo was by no means a likely man to propitiate the fairies—he had but little harmony in his nature, and less in his voice—and the result of this undertaking proved how unwise he was to venture upon it.

Cirillo reached the dell, seated himself at the identical

cork tree, and saw and heard all that Pepito had seen and heard before him. He heard the fairies lilting away, without heeding his presence.—

‘Lunes y Martes y Miercoles tres

Jueves y Viernes y Sabado seis :’

and’ recollecting that Pepito was rewarded for his addition to their song, he burst in without regard to rhyme or harmony, or the prejudices which the fairies have against the mention of anything holy, with—‘Y Domingo siete.’ *

This violation of all melody, and of all fairy notions of propriety, incensed the elfin choristers most exceedingly. Kicks, blows, and pinches were liberally inflicted upon the unharmonious intruder; and what was worse than all, amidst laughter, jeers and derision, they added the hunch which they had removed from Pepito, to the one which already loaded the shoulders of the unfortunate Cirillo, and dismissed him as a warning against all disturbers of Fairy harmony.

NOTE.—This story, which bears an extraordinary resemblance to the *Legend of Knockgraston*, in CROFTON CROKER’s *Fairy Legends*, was related to a friend of the Editor, by the late Sir John Malcolm, who heard it in Spain. It has already been told very briefly in the *Quarterly Review*, No. LXIII. An Italian version of the same story, is referred to in LAYS AND LEGENDS OF IRELAND, No. 4, where likewise references are made to other forms in which the tale is preserved.

* And Sunday seven. ‘Y Domingo siete’ is now a common Spanish comment upon any thing which is said or done, *mal à propos*.

17.—DURANDARTE.

Durandarte, Durandarte—
Son of fame, and heir of praise ;
Durandarte if you love me,
Let us talk of former days ;
Tell me if thou hast forgotten
Thy enamoured time of youth,
When with sports and songs of music,
Thou didst show thy love, thy truth ;
When the Moors retired before thee,
When my smile conducted thee :
Now, alas ! am I forgotten,
Why hast thou forgotten me ?
Words are all deceitful, warrior !
‘ Lady ! if I broke my vow,
Thou wert treacherous—thou unfaithful—
Thou didst breath thy pledge—even thou.
Lady ! thou didst love Gayferos
When I roam’d an exile drear ;
Such was not the love I sigh’d for,
Though thou hadst been far more fair,
Rather than submit to insult,
I would die in lone despair.’

NOTE.—The above Ballad (printed in DEPPING, vol. 2, p. 260), was translated in the *London Magazine* for August, 1823, by BOWRING ; and refers to that *Durandarte*—“ the gallant, the admirable, the enamoured, the valiant Cavalier of his age,” as he is called by *Don Quixote*, so well known for his heroic actions which are duly chronicled in the books of Chivalry.

18.—THE SPIRIT HORSE.

When I was a student, it was my chance to be familiarlie acquainted with another young man that studied phisick, in which he proved so excellent, that hee was preferred for a phisition to the emperour, Charles the Fifth. He and I being one day in company, discoursing of such matters as these of which we now speake, he affirmed to me with great othes, that when hee studied grammar in the monastery of Guadalupe, as he went forth one evening to solace himself in the fieldes, he saw ryding on the highway, a man in a religious habit, upon a horse leane, and to the outward shew so tyred, that hee seemed scarcely able to stande upon his feete, within a while the passenger comming to the place where he walked, after salutations on both sides, desired him of all favour to goe unto the towne, and to buy him somewhat for his supper, because for divers causes he could not goe himselfe, promising him not to be unthankfull for so great a curtesie. The student gently answered, that he was most willing to doe him that or any other measure he could; whereupon receiving money, he departed presently to the towne, and returned with speed, bringing such things as the other had required him to buy. The stranger being hungry, spread his cloake, over that a napkin he carried with him, uppon the grasse, and fell to his victuals with an appetite, constraining the student to sit downe and to eate with him. Where, amongst other talke, the schol^r asked him whether he rode that way, who answered

Granada, the schollar told him that if hee had beene provided of meanes, he would willingly have undertaken that voyage with him, to visite an old mother of his that lyved in that cittie, whom in many yeeres he had not seene. That shall not be your stay, answered the passenger, for if it shall please you to beare mee company, I will defray your charges thither, and withall, I will promise you to take such order, that you shall neither be annoyed nor wearied with the length of the way, but upon condition that wee depart presently, for I cannot stay long by any meanes. The schollar beeing poore, and the onely thing that letted him to undertake this journey, being the want of mony, accepted willinglie his offer, desiring him onely to attend so long, till he had taken leave of some of his friends in the towne and fetcht a shirt or two. The passenger beeing therewith contented, he went his ways and returned againe with great speede, but make as much hast as he could, the night was coming on, so that he requested the other to stay till next morning, which hee would in no wise doe, saying that it was rather better to travaile by night, and to rest by day, because being in the midst of June, the heate was most extreme : so that they began to goe onwards on theyr voyage, the one a foote and the other on horsebacke, telling old stories, and discoursing upon sundry matters, till when they had so gone a little while, the passenger importuned the student to gette up beinde him on the croupe of his horse, at which the schollar laughing, tolde him that his horse, in respect of his passing leanenesse, seemed to be fitter for dogs meate, than to carry two men at once on his backe. Well, quoth the passenger, if you knew my horse so well as I doe, you would not say so, for I assure you, howe ill favoured soever he looke, there is not his fellow world, neyther woulde I sell him for his weight in

gold ; and if you doubt of his ability to cary us both, get but up, and you shall, ere it be long, confesse the contrary ; at which perswasions, and others which he used, the student got up behind him on his palfry, which carried them away with such smoothnesse, and so swiftly, that hee thought hee never rode pleasantlier in his life ; and every foote, his companion askt him what he thought of his leane beast, assuring him that he would not be tyred or alter his pace, though the journey were never so long. After they had ridden all night, at last the dawning of the day began to appeare, and the student saw before him a goodly country, full of gardens and pleasant trees, and not far off a very great city ; asking of his companion what countrie and cittie the same was ; hee made him aunswere, that they were within the precincts of Granada, and that the same was the cittie which they saw before them, instantly desiring him, in recompence of his easie voyage, not to utter this matter of him and his horse to anie man living ; and so tooke his leave of him, bidding him to goe where it pleased him, for hee was to take another way. The student, after many thanks, dispatching himselfe out of his company, went to the towne, the most amazed man of the world, thinking it unpossible to finish a voyage of so many miles in one night, unlesse there had been some devill within the horse, as it is most likelie there was.

NOTE.—Spirits, in the shape of horses, figure conspicuously among the popular Legends of Spain. The one, which is the subject of the present narrative, (extracted from the work of *Torquemada*, already frequently referred to,) bears some resemblance to the *Phooka*, which forms so important a personage in the Fairy Mythology of Ireland.—See the 1st volume of *CROFTON CROKER's Fairy Legends*.

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and addresses of the members of the committee. The names are listed in alphabetical order, and the addresses are listed below each name. The list is as follows:

Name	Address
Mr. A. B. C.	123 Main St., New York, N. Y.
Mr. D. E. F.	456 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
Mr. G. H. I.	789 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.
Mr. J. K. L.	1010 Third St., New York, N. Y.
Mr. M. N. O.	1111 Second St., New York, N. Y.
Mr. P. Q. R.	1212 First St., New York, N. Y.
Mr. S. T. U.	1313 Fourth St., New York, N. Y.
Mr. V. W. X.	1414 Sixth St., New York, N. Y.
Mr. Y. Z. A.	1515 Seventh St., New York, N. Y.
Mr. B. C. D.	1616 Eighth St., New York, N. Y.
Mr. E. F. G.	1717 Ninth St., New York, N. Y.
Mr. H. I. J.	1818 Tenth St., New York, N. Y.
Mr. K. L. M.	1919 Eleventh St., New York, N. Y.
Mr. N. O. P.	2020 Twelfth St., New York, N. Y.
Mr. Q. R. S.	2121 Thirteenth St., New York, N. Y.
Mr. T. U. V.	2222 Fourteenth St., New York, N. Y.
Mr. W. X. Y.	2323 Fifteenth St., New York, N. Y.
Mr. Z. A. B.	2424 Sixteenth St., New York, N. Y.
Mr. C. D. E.	2525 Seventeenth St., New York, N. Y.
Mr. F. G. H.	2626 Eighteenth St., New York, N. Y.
Mr. I. J. K.	2727 Nineteenth St., New York, N. Y.
Mr. L. M. N.	2828 Twentieth St., New York, N. Y.
Mr. O. P. Q.	2929 Twenty-first St., New York, N. Y.
Mr. R. S. T.	3030 Twenty-second St., New York, N. Y.
Mr. U. V. W.	3131 Twenty-third St., New York, N. Y.
Mr. X. Y. Z.	3232 Twenty-fourth St., New York, N. Y.
Mr. A. B. C.	3333 Twenty-fifth St., New York, N. Y.
Mr. D. E. F.	3434 Twenty-sixth St., New York, N. Y.
Mr. G. H. I.	3535 Twenty-seventh St., New York, N. Y.
Mr. J. K. L.	3636 Twenty-eighth St., New York, N. Y.
Mr. M. N. O.	3737 Twenty-ninth St., New York, N. Y.
Mr. P. Q. R.	3838 Thirtieth St., New York, N. Y.
Mr. S. T. U.	3939 Thirty-first St., New York, N. Y.
Mr. V. W. X.	4040 Thirty-second St., New York, N. Y.
Mr. Y. Z. A.	4141 Thirty-third St., New York, N. Y.
Mr. B. C. D.	4242 Thirty-fourth St., New York, N. Y.
Mr. E. F. G.	4343 Thirty-fifth St., New York, N. Y.
Mr. H. I. J.	4444 Thirty-sixth St., New York, N. Y.
Mr. K. L. M.	4545 Thirty-seventh St., New York, N. Y.
Mr. N. O. P.	4646 Thirty-eighth St., New York, N. Y.
Mr. Q. R. S.	4747 Thirty-ninth St., New York, N. Y.
Mr. T. U. V.	4848 Fortieth St., New York, N. Y.
Mr. W. X. Y.	4949 Forty-first St., New York, N. Y.
Mr. Z. A. B.	5050 Forty-second St., New York, N. Y.
Mr. C. D. E.	5151 Forty-third St., New York, N. Y.
Mr. F. G. H.	5252 Forty-fourth St., New York, N. Y.
Mr. I. J. K.	5353 Forty-fifth St., New York, N. Y.
Mr. L. M. N.	5454 Forty-sixth St., New York, N. Y.
Mr. O. P. Q.	5555 Forty-seventh St., New York, N. Y.
Mr. R. S. T.	5656 Forty-eighth St., New York, N. Y.
Mr. U. V. W.	5757 Forty-ninth St., New York, N. Y.
Mr. X. Y. Z.	5858 Fiftieth St., New York, N. Y.
Mr. A. B. C.	5959 Fifty-first St., New York, N. Y.
Mr. D. E. F.	6060 Fifty-second St., New York, N. Y.
Mr. G. H. I.	6161 Fifty-third St., New York, N. Y.
Mr. J. K. L.	6262 Fifty-fourth St., New York, N. Y.
Mr. M. N. O.	6363 Fifty-fifth St., New York, N. Y.
Mr. P. Q. R.	6464 Fifty-sixth St., New York, N. Y.
Mr. S. T. U.	6565 Fifty-seventh St., New York, N. Y.
Mr. V. W. X.	6666 Fifty-eighth St., New York, N. Y.
Mr. Y. Z. A.	6767 Fifty-ninth St., New York, N. Y.
Mr. B. C. D.	6868 Sixtieth St., New York, N. Y.
Mr. E. F. G.	6969 Sixty-first St., New York, N. Y.
Mr. H. I. J.	7070 Sixty-second St., New York, N. Y.
Mr. K. L. M.	7171 Sixty-third St., New York, N. Y.
Mr. N. O. P.	7272 Sixty-fourth St., New York, N. Y.
Mr. Q. R. S.	7373 Sixty-fifth St., New York, N. Y.
Mr. T. U. V.	7474 Sixty-sixth St., New York, N. Y.
Mr. W. X. Y.	7575 Sixty-seventh St., New York, N. Y.
Mr. Z. A. B.	7676 Sixty-eighth St., New York, N. Y.
Mr. C. D. E.	7777 Sixty-ninth St., New York, N. Y.
Mr. F. G. H.	7878 Seventieth St., New York, N. Y.
Mr. I. J. K.	7979 Seventy-first St., New York, N. Y.
Mr. L. M. N.	8080 Seventy-second St., New York, N. Y.
Mr. O. P. Q.	8181 Seventy-third St., New York, N. Y.
Mr. R. S. T.	8282 Seventy-fourth St., New York, N. Y.
Mr. U. V. W.	8383 Seventy-fifth St., New York, N. Y.
Mr. X. Y. Z.	8484 Seventy-sixth St., New York, N. Y.
Mr. A. B. C.	8585 Seventy-seventh St., New York, N. Y.
Mr. D. E. F.	8686 Seventy-eighth St., New York, N. Y.
Mr. G. H. I.	8787 Seventy-ninth St., New York, N. Y.
Mr. J. K. L.	8888 Eightieth St., New York, N. Y.
Mr. M. N. O.	8989 Eighty-first St., New York, N. Y.
Mr. P. Q. R.	9090 Eighty-second St., New York, N. Y.
Mr. S. T. U.	9191 Eighty-third St., New York, N. Y.
Mr. V. W. X.	9292 Eighty-fourth St., New York, N. Y.
Mr. Y. Z. A.	9393 Eighty-fifth St., New York, N. Y.
Mr. B. C. D.	9494 Eighty-sixth St., New York, N. Y.
Mr. E. F. G.	9595 Eighty-seventh St., New York, N. Y.
Mr. H. I. J.	9696 Eighty-eighth St., New York, N. Y.
Mr. K. L. M.	9797 Eighty-ninth St., New York, N. Y.
Mr. N. O. P.	9898 Ninetieth St., New York, N. Y.
Mr. Q. R. S.	9999 One hundredth St., New York, N. Y.



